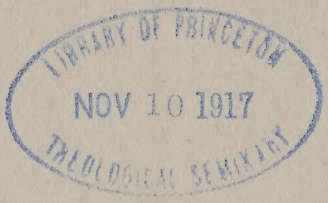

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Life, writings and
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Lavengro. 12°, gilt top . . . $1.00

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK AND LONDON

LIFE, WRITINGS, AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

GEORGE BORROW

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LIFE, WRITINGS

AND CORRESPONDENCE OF

GEORGE BORROW

(1803–1881)

AUTHOR OF "THE BIBLE IN SPAIN," "LAVENGRO"
"ROMANY RYE," "WILD WALES," ETC.

BASED ON OFFICIAL AND OTHER AUTHENTIC SOURCES

BY

WILLIAM I. KNAPP, PH.D., LL.D.

AUTHOR AND EDITOR OF FRENCH AND SPANISH COLLEGE TEXT-BOOKS
EDITOR OF "LAS OBRES DE BOSCAN," "DIEGO DE MENDOZA," ETC.
AND LATE OF YALE AND CHICAGO UNIVERSITIES

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME II.

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LIFE, WRITINGS, AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

GEORGE BORROW

CHAPTER XXXVIII

(1842–1851)

Lavengro, or Part First of the Autobiography of George Borrow—The Journal of *Lavengro*, Compiled from the Correspondence, Disclosing its Origin, Progress, and Character—An Autobiography with an *Inferno*.

RATHER than interrupt the continuity of this literary period by the introduction of other and more personal phases of our hero's life, we shall proceed to discuss the genesis and development of his next composition, now known as *Lavengro*, but primarily intended to be his autobiography.

This third original work grew out of the *Bible in Spain*, or rather, out of the suggestions which emanated from friends who knew that book while as yet in its manuscript, or, at least, unpublished, state. In 1841 Mr. Ford wrote:[1]

"How I wish you had given us [in the *Gypsies*] more about yourself. . . . I shall give you [in my paper] a hint to publish your *whole* adventures for the last twenty years. Would you like me to furnish a few hints?—

[1] April 24.

What countries have you been in? What languages do you understand?—All this would excite public attention and curiosity and sell the future book."—Again, June 7th: "I would preface these rambles in Spain with a short *biography*—beginning at the beginning, and touching lightly on every country where I had been; what people I had lived with, what languages I had learnt, and what books I had translated. Do this in a natural manner, as if there was nothing in it. I am sure it will tell. The more curious the biography you put in, the better."

And the publisher's critic, the gentleman who was to report on the manuscript *Bible in Spain*, suggested, in article sixth of his paper, words of a similar cast.[1]

These three letters determined Borrow to write *his own life*—not as the preface to a book, but as a distinct publication which should follow the *Bible in Spain*.

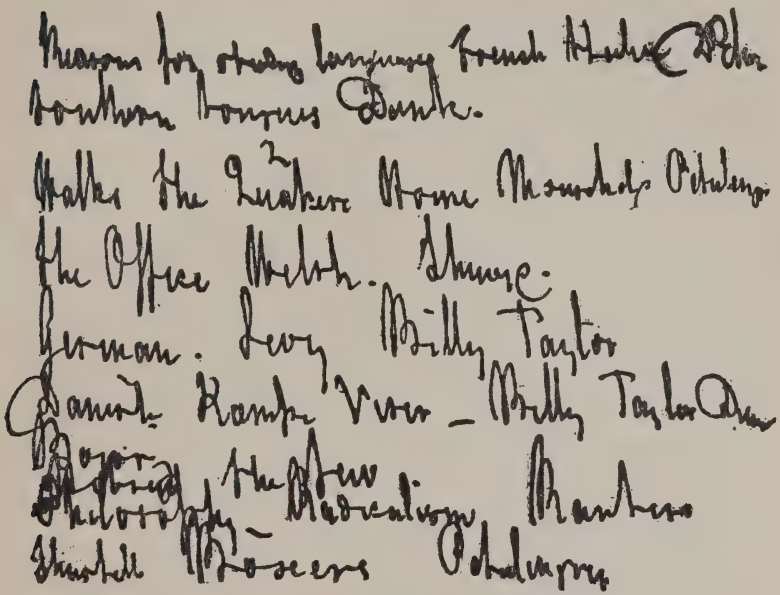
So we find him the same year inquiring of his St. Petersburg friend, with whom he drank the *brorskål* seven years before, whether he might introduce his name into the Russian part of his "AUTOBIOGRAPHY."[2] And now, when the *Bible* was about to be issued, he wrote Mr. Murray (December 1, 1842): "I hope our book will be successful; if so, *I shall put another on the stocks.* Capital subject: early life; studies and adventures; some account of my father, William Taylor, Whiter, Big Ben, etc., etc."

This, then, was the genesis of "LAVENGRO, AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY," as its title stood in the advertisements of 1849 and 1850. Shall I go through the history of that prolonged gestation, or condense it into a folio? But the story of the book is the story of the man who pro-

[1] See vol. i., p. 359.

[2] "Du spörger mig om Du maa omtale mig i *Din Levnetsbeskrivelse.* Mit Svar er: 'Hellere end gjerne.'"—Letter of July 19/31, 1841, to Borrow's of July 18th.

duced it; and how can I omit any trait that will aid the reader to form a fairly just opinion of the strange being that he was? No; the only right way is the long way;



EARLIEST AUTOGRAPH NOTES FOR "LAVENGRO," 1842.[1]

to take the reader into the confidence of our correspondence, let him see our author labouring with his burthen

[1] Reasons for studying languages: French, Italian, D'Eterville.
Southern tongues. Dante.

2

Walks. The Quakers Home. Mousehold. Petulengro.
The Gypsies (*pencilled*).
The Office. Welsh. Lhuyd.
German. Levy. Billy Taylor.
Danish—Kœmpe Viser—Billy Taylor—Dinner.
Bowring.
Hebrew—The Jew.
Philosophy—Radicalism—Ranters.
Thurtell—Boxers—Petulengres.

of creation till his image is reproduced on the immortal page.

George Borrow's plan was, in its inception, more rational than that which he finally developed, and which led him into a path of vituperation and evasion. Of course, I include *The Romany Rye* in the original *Lavengro*, for they are both one work in the manuscripts—with certain posterior interpolations, as we shall discover when we reach the year 1857.

What, then, was the primitive plan of the "Life"?—for an autobiography it was everywhere claimed by him to be, notwithstanding his denial in *The Romany Rye*.[1] The whole work was to have comprised three vols. of 400 pages each, instead of the five volumes in which it finally appeared. The first of the three was to contain his personal history down to his father's death in March, 1824. This promise was literally and faithfully fulfilled. The second would consist of his early literary struggles in London with Sir Richard Phillips, from April, 1824, to May, 1825; his Gypsy escapade or adventures on the "Big North Road"—evidently much reduced in detail from the form in which we have it; then some account of his travels abroad—*Constantinople* is mentioned, where he had never yet been. Finally, in the third volume he would ignore the rest of the "veiled period," suddenly turn up in Russia, explore Barbary in search of his "Witch Hamlet," and Turkey *where he would yet go.* But in the reduction of his thought to writing, circumstances occurred in the interim, which, with his peculiar moral constitution, stimulated him to extend his narrative of the Gypsy escapade into such proportions that he was compelled in 1850 to cut short his book with the postilion's tale; for the third volume *must* finish then and there. The rest he reserved for a new work with a new name, but which did not see the light of day till *six years*

[1] See No. 71, chap. xxxix.

had elapsed after *Lavengro* was born! This killed *The Romany Rye* for that generation, and obscured public interest in both books for his time.

I shall now proceed to form a kind of *Journal* or *Annual*, consisting of extracts from letters in chronological order, running over a period of eight or nine years, from 1842 to 1851, to show the development of Borrow's *Lavengro-Romany Rye*, and the economic urgency which forced him to separate them.

A JOURNAL OF "LAVENGRO"

(1842–1851)

1. *Advertisement to "Lavengro," p.* v.—"The author begs leave to state that *Lavengro* was planned in the year 1842, and all the characters sketched before the conclusion of the year 1843. The contents of the volumes here offered to the public have, with the exception of the Preface, existed in manuscript for a very considerable time."

2. *Advertisement to the "Romany Rye," p.* v.—"The author takes this opportunity of saying that the principal part of *Lavengro* was written in the year '43, that the *whole* of it was completed before the termination of the year '46, and that it was in the hands of the publisher in the year '48."

1842

3. *G. B. to Mr. Murray, Dec.* 17 :—"I hope our book [*Bible in Spain*] will be successful. If so, I shall put another on the stocks. Capital subject—early life, studies, and adventures ; some account of my father, William Taylor, Whiter, Big Ben, etc., etc."

4. *Dec.* 26 :—(Interview between Borrow and Ambrose Petulengro at Oulton. First published in the 2nd ed. of the *Gypsies of Spain*, March 1st, 1843—ii., pp. *145–147 ; sm. ed., p. 261).

5. *G. B. to J. M., Dec.* 27 :—"Petulengro, the Gypsy king,

visited me yesterday, dressed in true regal fashion. He sang me Rommany songs and drank me two quarts of *levina*."

6. *G. B. to F. M., Dec.* 31 :—"I frequently meditate on the 'Life,' and am arranging the scenes in my mind."

1843

7. *G. B. to F. M., Jan.* 21 :—"I meditate shortly a return to Barbary in quest of the *Witch Hamlet*,[1] and my adventures in that land of wonders will serve capitally to fill the Third Volume of 'My Life, a Drama. By George Borrow.'"

8. *Hasfeldt* (Russia) *to G. B., Feb.* 9/21 :—"In order to hold on to you as long as possible, it is my duty to counsel you *not* to begin on your *wonderful Life* until you have gathered the necessary strength, for you have the bad habit of overworking yourself. When you once begin, you take neither rest nor relaxation. The presses rattle day and night until you are done."

9. *G. B. to F. M., Feb.* 25 :—"I have begun my *Life*. D.V. it shall beat anything I have yet accomplished."

10. *G. B. to F. M., March* 13 :—"Occasionally I write a page or two of my *Life*. I am now getting my father into the Earl of Albemarle's [Orford's] regiment,[2] in which he was Captain many years. If I live, and my spirits keep up tolerably well, I hope that within a year I shall be able to go to press with something which shall beat the *Bible in Spain*."

11. *G. B. to F. M., April* 4 :—"I have just received a very kind letter from the Secretary of the Bible Society. They are going to return me all my letters from *Russia*, which will be of great assistance in the *Life*, as I shall work them up as I did those relating to Spain. The First Volume will be devoted to England entirely, my pursuits and adventures in early life. I must not, however, risk, by over haste, what reputation I have acquired. The difficulty of writing a book which is no hum-

[1] *Zincali*, 66–67.
[2] Vol. i., p. 119.

bug is enormous ; and in the *Life* I propose to blend instruction of a peculiar kind [philology] with huge entertainment. I think such a book will take and only such a book. The public has of late become 'fly,' exceedingly fly."

12. *Ford to G. B., June* 13 :—"Now your name is up in the market, anything will go down. Never fear the 'rum and the rare ;' make the broth thick and slab.[1] Truth is great and always pleases. Never mind nimminy-pimminy people thinking subjects *low*. Things are low in manner of handling. Draw Nature in rags and poverty, yet draw her truly, and how picturesque ! I hate your silver fork, kid glove, curly-haired school—one cuckoo note of common-place conventionalities. *Hechos ! Hechos !* Lay about you boldly and manfully, and your good ship will sail over these puddle stones. . . . Lay it on thick ; butter the bread on both sides."

13. *G. B. to F. M., June* 17 :—"About a week ago I received a letter from Ford. He tells me to get on with my *Life*, and bids me fear nothing. I don't fear much, but occasionally feel tremendously lazy, on which account I get on very slowly. What I do write, however, will, I believe, pass muster."

14. *G. B. to F. M., July* 14 :—"I am getting on with my *Life*. Some parts are very wild and strange, but others contain a vast quantity of useful information. Whenever it appears I have strong hopes that it will take. One advantage it will possess—originality ; nothing like it in the market."

15. *G. B. to F. M., Oct.* 2 :—"I wish I had another *Bible* ready ; but slow and sure is my maxim. The book which I am at present about, will consist of a series of Rembrandt pictures interspersed here and there with a Claude. I shall tell the world of my parentage, my early thoughts, and habits ; how I became a *sapengro*, or viper-catcher ; my wanderings with the regiment in England, Scotland and Ireland, in which latter place my jockey habits first commenced. Then, a great deal about Norwich, Billy Taylor, Thurtell, etc., etc.; how I

[1] "Make the *gruel* thick and slab."—*Shakespeare*.

took to study and became a *lav-engro*. What do you think of this as a bill of fare for the *First* Volume? The *Second* will consist of my adventures in London as an author in the year '23 ['24], adventures on the Big North Road in '24 ['25], Constantinople (!!!), etc. The *Third*,——but I shall tell you no more of my secrets. Whenever the book comes out, it will be a rum one and will equal the *Bible*."

16. *Ford to G. B., Oct.* 3 :—" How goes on the *Biography?* Lay it on thick—*buena manteca de Flándes.*[1] Stick to your own original style and defy the critics—unless you put *my* porcupines up. However, I am like Balaam (his *borrico?*[2]) and commonly say what the *ruah* and truth inspire.[3] I am sure you are none the worse for my cutting and carving—merely a cropping about the pasterns.[4] I reserve your Biography for the *Ed. Rev.* I am a Tory, *y despues de años mil vuelve el rio á su cubil.*" [5]

17. *G. B. to F. M., Oct.* 25 :—" *LAVENGRO, A BIOGRAPHY.*[6] I have just been working at a scene. The First Volume will be ready at Christmas. Slow work you will say. Alas! Alas! what shall I do when it is *finished?*[7] That 's the question which I often ask myself. However, ' sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' "

18. *G. B. to F. M., Nov.* 6 :—"*Lavengro* is getting on capitally. I hope it will be ready by next October ('44). It is full of grave fun and solemn laughter like the *Bible*. I am now in a blacksmith's shop in the south of Ireland, taking lessons from the Vulcan in horse charming and horseshoe making."

[1] Good Flemish butter.

[2] Ass.

[3] *Ruah* (*rûakh*) = Spirit.—See *Bible in Spain*, p. 68.

[4] Alluding to his articles on the *Zincali* and *Bible in Spain*.

[5] (And after a thousand years the river returns to its bed.)—*Spanish Proverb*.

[6] The second title he has given his book. See No. 7.

[7] Because, as he never created, his materials would be exhausted at the close of the *Romany Rye*. Hence his tours, 1853–67.

19. *G. B. to F. M., Dec.* 6 :—"I do not wish for my *Life* to be advertised yet ; I have a particular reason. The Americans are up to everything which affords a prospect of gain ; and I should not wonder that, provided I were to announce my title and the book did not appear forthwith, they would write one for me and send forth their trash into the world under my name. For my own part I am in no hurry. I am writing to please myself, and am quite sure that if I can contrive to please myself, I shall please the public also. Had I written a book less popular than the *Bible*, I should be less cautious ; but I know how much is expected from me, and I also know what a roar of exultation would be raised by my enemies (and I have plenty) were I to produce anything that was not first rate. But I 'll disappoint them. I have only to take time and the game is my own. I have the book already arranged in my head ; every scene, every chapter, is stowed there in its place, and as the fit takes me I draw them forth and commit them to paper."

1844

20. *G. B. to Dawson Turner, Jan.* 15 :—"The work on which I am at present engaged is a kind of Biography in the Robinson Crusoe style."

[Ford at Oulton, Jan. 24 to 27.]

21. *G. B. to F. M., Feb.* 5 :—"What a sale the *Bible in Spain* appears to have had ! Fifteen editions, as I suppose we may say, great and small, in the course of one year ![1] This success, however, makes me only the more anxious for the fate of the book on which I am at present engaged ; people will expect so much. I go on, however, scribbling away, though with a palpitating heart, and have already plenty of scenes and dialogues connected with my *Life*, quite equal to anything in the *Bible in Spain*. The great difficulty, however, is to blend them all into a symmetrical whole."

[1] In 1843, *ten* edd. of the *Gypsies* and *Bible* were disposed of, aggregating 15,250 copies. In 1844 *four more* edd., aggregating 5,250, were sold.

22. *Ford to G. B., Feb.* 17 :—"I hope the *Lavengro* progresses. I have often thought of the eight years [1825–1833] over which you propose to drop a curtain."

23. *Ford to G. B., Feb.* 24 :—"If I were you I would not let any one see a page of the *Lavengro*. Now that your name is up, it is a bank note, and they must buy at your terms."

[March to April in London.

April 27 to November 23: Journey to Paris, Vienna, Hungary, Transylvania, Rumania, Constantinople, Salonica, Janina, Prevesa, Corfù, Venice, Rome, Marseilles, Paris, Havre, London.]

24. *Ford to G. B., Dec.* 1 :—"Now when you have unpacked your *alforjas*, saluted your beloved Señoras (*c. p. b.*) *y descansado*,[1] take pen in hand, and strike on the anvil while the iron is hot and the impressions vivid ; knock off a thousand fiery thoughts, daughters of new excitement. 'Sit by the anvil and set thy mind to finish the work and watch to polish it perfectly !'[2] . . . I shall be most anxious to hear you tell your own story and recent adventures ; but first let us lift up a corner of the curtain over *those seven years*" [1826–1833].

1845

25. *G. B. to F. M., March* 15 :—"*Lavengro* progresses steadily ; but I am in no hurry. It is my third work. Hitherto the public has said : 'Good ! *Better !*'—I want it to say to No. 3, 'Best !'"

26. *G. B. to F. M., April* 11 :—"I am hard at work about *Lavengro*. Whenever it appears I trust I shall have no occasion to be ashamed of it."

1846

27. *F. M. to G. B., Sept.* 17 :—"When I saw you last in town, you told me that your new MS. might be ready by the

[1] Saddle-bags ; Ladies, whose feet I kiss (*cuyos piés beso*), and rested.
[2] Alluding to *Gypsies*, p. 38, sm. ed.

latter part of this year. As the most favourable period for new publications is now approaching, I consider it worth while to apply to you on the subject. If, however, you are not ready and not disposed to write, silence will be a sufficient reply to this."

28. *G. B. to F. M., Sept.* 19 :—"My work will be ready next year, and about Christmas I shall be thinking of advertising it. It will appear in three volumes of about 400 pages each. I trust it will be considered quite as good as my last, if not better. I have of late been very lazy," etc.

29. *Rev. F. W. Cunningham* (of Harrow) *to G. B., Sept.* 24 :—"I long for your book, of which I remember the only two sentences you showed me : 'That Norman Cross had been a sad cross to many a Norman,' and 'What is truth?' On a true answer to the last depend all our hopes in time and eternity. I thank an infinitely merciful God that I have *no doubt* as to the answer, and I believe that you have none. *Mais, nous verrons.*"

—— (See No. 2, here.)

1847

[Jan. 6 to March 17: The Magistracy of Oulton. April 12 and 29: The Affair of Dr. Bowring.]

30. *G. B., London, to Mrs. G. B., Feb.* :—"Saw M., who is in a hurry for me to begin [printing]. I will not be hurried, though, for any one."

31. *Ford to G. B., April* 27 :—"You may well ask if I be *dead*, and I might return the compliment. When is the *Life*, about which I am so constantly asked, to come out? How fares the *Lavengro?*"

32. *Ford to G. B., Aug.* 25 :—"I rejoiced to see your handwriting. I began to despair of the *Lavengro*, and thought you were giving that and *this* life up. I grieve to hear that you are still in the *shadow*. Occupation and publication may

afford the stimulus of excitement, and the public may well *pester* you for more provender. *Perge fidens.*"

33. *G. B. to J. M., Dec.* 12 :—"I hope to be in London some time next month in order to make arrangements for the publication of my work. I am thinking of beginning to print about April."

1848

34. *J. M. to G. B., July* 1 :—"I hope you will not object to my announcement of your book—as a temporary one. It does not commit you, and may be altered hereafter. I was obliged to print off part of my *List* before I got your advertisement on a separate note."—See *Quarterly Review* for June–Sept., as below :

ALBEMARLE STREET,
July 1, 1848.

MR. MURRAY'S LIST OF

NEW WORKS IN PREPARATION

LAVENGRO, AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

By George Borrow, Author of the "Bible in Spain," &c.

3 vols. Post 8vo.

35. *J. M. to G. B., Oct.* 7 :—"My object in writing is to ask you now to send up to Woodfall the MS. of *Lavengro* in order that we may *begin printing*.[1] It is of consequence to the extensive circulation of the work that I should be enabled to offer it to the Trade at my annual Sale-dinner, which will take place early in December. The Editor of the *Quarterly* has applied to me for the sheets (*supposing it already at press*), which indicates a wish or intention to review it. Such an opportunity, I think you will agree with me, ought not to be lost. You are not unaware how an article in the *Q. R.*, provided it be favourable, operates on the success of a work."

[1] Borrow, then, had completed his MS. in 1846, as declared in No. 2, but not in the form we now have the text.

36. *October :*—(The First Volume of *Lavengro* goes to press. See Nos. 38 and 45, and Mr. Murray's List below :—)

ALBEMARLE STREET,
October, 1848.

MR. MURRAY'S

LIST OF FORTHCOMING WORKS

LAVENGRO, AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

By George Borrow, Author of the "Bible in Spain," &c.

3 vols. Post 8vo.

37. *November and December :*—(Mr. Murray advertises *Lavengro* under the title of *Life—A Drama*, in the *Athenæum* and *Quarterly* for one month and then gives it up. Borrow ailing).

CHAPTER XXXIX

(1842–1851)

Lavengro, or the Autobiography of George Borrow, Continued—The Journal Concluded.

1849

38. *J. M. to Mrs. G. B., Jan.* 5 :—"I trust Mr. Borrow is now restored to health and tranquility of mind, and that he will soon be able to resume his pen. I desire this on his own account, and for the sake of poor Woodfall, who is of course inconvenienced by having his press arrested *after the commencement of the printing*."

39. (Title-page of the First Vol. of *Lavengro*, as it was printed in February, 1849. See opposite.)[1]

40. In *Quarterly Review*. Mr. Murray's Announcements for July, 1849. "List of Works in the Press:"

LAVENGRO, AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

By GEORGE BORROW, Esq.

Author of "The Bible in Spain," "The Gypsies of Spain," &c.

3 vols. Post 8vo.

41. *Rev. Francis Cradock, Co. Waterford, Ireland, to G. B., Aug.* 18 :—"You may well judge that when we saw a work of yours advertised last Christmas—and previously—which was announced for February, we were in anxious *expectation.*

[1] From my unique Collection of Borrow's Works in the original *proof-sheets* with his autograph corrections.

LIFE, A DRAMA.

BY

GEORGE BORROW, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF "THE BIBLE IN SPAIN," ETC.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1849.

The book was styled: *Life—a Drama.* However, winter passed off, spring followed, and summer came; but no such publication as *Life*, by George Borrow," *etc.*

42. *G. B. to Cradock, Aug.* (*n. d.*):—"With respect to my forthcoming work, there is every probability that it will be published about Christmas next."

43. *Woodfall to G. B., Sept.* 20:—"The public is quite prepared to devour your books, should you find it no longer a task to resume the *pen.* Nothing would be further from Mr. Murray's wish than that you should go on if you find it irksome, and I am sure I need not say what my feeling is, though we should all be glad were the matter out of hand. I think about one and a half sheets [36 pages out of 426] of the 3d vol. are set up."

44. *Athenæum, Nov.* and *Dec.*:—"During January: LAVENGRO, AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. BY GEORGE BORROW, ESQ. 3 vols., post 8vo."

45. *J. M. to G. B., Nov.* 27:—"I think you will be disposed to give me credit for not bothering you unnecessarily on the subject of your book. I know that you are fastidious, and that you desire to produce a work of distinguished excellence. I see the result of this labour in the sheets as they come from the press, and I think when it does appear it will make a sensation. At the same time, the long period which has elapsed since the work was first sent to press—*now nearly eighteen months ago*—has given rise to great evils and inconvenience both to Woodfall and myself, but, what is of more importance, is now acting detrimentally to the reception of the book. Last year in December ['48] I offered it to the booksellers at my annual sale and large purchases of copies were made. A whole year has since elapsed, and when I again produce an imperfect book they will hardly look at it, unless I can give them some positive assurance when it will *bonâ fide* be finished. For this reason I have determined to write and urge you without further delay to send up to Woodfall some more copy and to *finish* your work out of hand, re-

turning also for press some of the numerous sheets in type. I entreat you to do this. . . . I really think, if I could get the sheets of the last volume to place in the hands of the Editor of the *Quarterly*, he might give a notice of the book in his Christmas number. Pray do not allow these golden opportunities to be thrown away. . . . I am delighted with the last sheet [*E* of Vol. III.]. The character of Winifred and the Sunday under the old oaks—are *capital*."

46. *G. B. to J. M., Dec.* 1 :—"With respect to your enquiries about the work, I think that it is going on satisfactorily. I shall return the greater part of the proof sheets to the printer in a day or two. Think not, my dear friend, that I am idle. I am finishing up the concluding part. I should be sorry to hurry the work towards the last. I dare say it will be ready by the middle of *February*."

47. *J. M. to G. B., Dec.* 11 :—"Upon the strength of your assurance that your book would be finished in February, I offered it to the Booksellers at my sale last week, and I have disposed of more than one thousand copies. Now I entreat you not to slacken in your labours, or I shall be in bad plight, and your book will most certainly suffer if its publication be further delayed. . . . I beg you to answer by return of post, whether you would like the book reviewed in the next *Quarterly*. If you are willing, I will give the sheets to Lockhart."

48. *Mrs. G. B. to J. M., Dec.* 12 :—"In compliance with your request, I write a line *by return of post* to say, that my husband does not wish his book reviewed in the next *Quarterly*. He is, I assure you, doing all he can, as regards the completion of his book."

49. *Ford to G. B., Dec.* 24 :—"Everybody is asking me when the *Lavengro* will come out. I am most curious to see it, as I am sure it will be *the* book of the year when it is duly brought forth. . . . Let me have a line to say when it is to come out. I rather think Lockhart will review it in the *Q. Rev.*, and I know a friend of mine who is very anxious to do the same for the *Ed. Rev.*"

1850

50. In *Quarterly Review*.—JANUARY, 1850.—MR. MURRAY'S "LIST OF BOOKS—NEARLY READY FOR PUBLICATION."

LAVENGRO, AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY
BY GEORGE BORROW, ESQ.

3 vols. Post 8vo.

51. *Mrs. G. B. to Woodfall, March* 4 :—"I begged my husband to allow me to write and tell you that he has of late been complaining. At one time he probably overworked himself, having written one hundred and thirty pages since you were here [Dec., '49]. He has still some more to do, in which he must not be worried or pressed too much. He is anxious to do all he can, which, as you remarked in your letter, is all his friends expect or desire. Perhaps one of your kind encouraging notes shortly, will do Mr. Borrow good."

52. *Mrs. G. B. to Woodfall, April* 13 :—"My husband begs me to thank you for your letter [of the 11th] and kind enquiries. He has of late been very indifferent. We returned home from Yarmouth last Saturday, where we had been in Lodgings for a few weeks' change. He had many plunges into the briny Ocean, which seemed to do him good. . . . He trusts you may hear from him before long."

53. *Woodfall to G. B., Aug.* 30 :—"I confess I have been not a little disappointed at not hearing from you on business matters. I do not, God knows ! wish you to overtask yourself ; but after what you last said, I thought I might fully calculate on your taking up, without further delay, the fragmentary portions of your 1st and 2nd volumes and let us get them out of hand ; as I have told you the locking up the types for so long a time is a decided inconvenience to me."

54. *Mrs. G. B. to Woodfall, Sept.* 1 :—"I beg to assure you that my husband has been doing something since you were here ; indeed, all he is able to do. It strikes me that if he is taken off about the proof sheets, it will stop the rest from going on (!). You can scarcely judge of him from seeing him,

as you did, for two or three days, with spirits cheered by the company and conversation of a friend. I feel quite sure he will do all he can ; but when once he feels himself hurried, it puts a stop to his getting on. I hope in time your patience may be rewarded."

55. *Mrs. G. B. to F. M., Nov.* 13 :—"I received your letter ; but as I hope to see you soon, I think there is no need to comment thereon. I beg, however, to state that my last letter to Mr. Woodfall, in which I proposed to bring up the MS. to town, was written previous to my hearing from you. My husband is quite willing that I should go to London next week for a few days and arrange with you and Mr. W. for the printing of the book at once."

56. [Mrs. Borrow takes the remainder of the MS. to London, November 19, 1850.]

57. *F. M. to Mrs. G. B., Nov.* 26 :—" My present object in writing is to tell you that, relying upon the speedy publication of Mr. Borrow's book without further delay, I have determined on engraving Phillips' portrait (of him) as a frontispiece to it.[1] I trust that this will not be disagreeable to you and the author —in fact I do it in confident expectation that it will meet with *your* assent ; I do not ask Mr. Borrow's leave, remember. . . . I beg and entreat that the proof may be quickly returned. My sale is fixed for December 12th, and if I cannot show the book then—I must throw up."

58. *Mrs. G. B. to F. M., Nov.* 28 :—" With regard to the engraving, *I* like the idea of it, and when Mr. Borrow remarked that he did not wish it (as we expected he would) I reminded him that *his* leave was not asked. I trust that my husband will progress as fast as he can with the proofs, and that you will have reason to be quite satisfied."

59. *Ford to G. B., Nov.* 29 :—" Our friend John M. tells me that the *Lavengro* is really coming out very shortly, whereat

[1] Taken by H. W. Phillips in May, 1843, in London. Engraved in December, 1850, by W. Holl. A *photograph* of the original portrait may be seen in *Good Words*, Feb., 1895, p. 91, as well as in the present work.

I must rejoice. He was most anxious to have a review of it in the next *Q. Rev.*, but the number is unfortunately full. Now, as I reviewed your *Bible* in the *Edinburgh Rev.*, and Empson, the editor, is a friend of mine, I think that could be managed. Are you quite sure you will be out by January? If so, could I see the sheets as they are printed, so as to get my article ready? It is a question of time."

60. *Mrs. G. B. to F. M., Dec.* 11 :—"With regard to the Title page, we will consider that and let you know. I think my husband is willing that the book should come out about the first of January, 1851, if you wish it; but perhaps you will write a few lines. I heard him say that he hopes no copies will be struck off, at present, so as to get about."

61. *Mrs. G. B. to F. M., Dec.* 12 :—"My husband will write a short Preface for the book. We hope that no sheets will be sent anywhere without his *last corrections*. He is getting on as well as he can. I think a cheering letter from you will do Mr. Borrow good."

62. *F. M. to G. B., Dec.* 13 :—"I am very glad indeed to find that your book is now really making progress towards conclusion. I am very sanguine of its reception by the public, if you can finish it before the end of this year. In that case, I would guarantee to you a sale at once of two thousand copies! You may rely upon my complying with your wishes as to letting no copies out until you have corrected them. I trust you will steadily work on to the end, and I will do my best to please you in all points. There are passages in your book equal to De Foe; if there are others which I wish away, they are not worth alluding to in comparison with the brilliant scenes, and perhaps what may please me least may have a different effect on others. . . . Ford is constant in his enquiries after you and your book. He wanted to review it; but he can now find neither time nor place for it at present."

63. *The "Athenæum" for Dec.* 14 :—"Just Ready." "LAVENGRO; THE SCHOLAR—THE GYPSY—THE PRIEST. BY GEORGE BORROW. 3 vols., post 8vo. With Portrait."

64. *Dr. Hake* (of Bury), *to Mrs. G. B., Dec.* 19 :—" I see by the last *Athenæum* that *Lavengro* in his triple character of Scholar, Gypsy, and Priest, is about to issue forth ; is, as Mr. Murray notifies, '*just ready.*' I now look forward to the intellectual feast ; and I am charmed to see that a portrait is to accompany the work."

65. *Mrs. G. B. to Mr. Murray, Dec.* 28 :—" The three proofs arrived safely, I hope, at the printing office this morning ; the rest will follow in a few days. My husband had no idea that Mr. W. was stopped in the printing for want of them (!!) We were unavoidably idle at Christmas for several days. Mr. Borrow is now writing the Preface and I hope you will not press him for a few days. However, if it is of very great importance you had better write again either to him or to me. I did not show him your letter of *to-day*,[1] as I thought it would vex him ; but I told him that I had heard from you and that you are anxious there should be no further delay. If the Preface is not sent by the time Mr. Woodfall requires it, perhaps he had better write a few lines to Mr. Borrow asking for it to be sent at once. . . . *P.S.* The other day I received from a physician at Bury, *a true friend of ours*, a letter in which he says : ' I see that *Lavengro* in his triple character of Scholar, Gypsy, and Priest, is about to issue forth,' etc., etc. This observation rather annoyed me, lest the title should give the public an impression that Mr. Borrow personates all three ; but I thought it would do no harm to mention it to you, although I have not done so to my husband, as I am fearful of placing the slightest impediment in his way with regard to the title or anything else connected with the book. My husband has very nicely touched upon the three separate characters in the Preface."

1851

66. *Mrs. G. B. to Mr. Murray, Jan.* 3rd.:—" By this day's post we send the Preface for *your* inspection and opinion. If

[1] J. M. to Mrs. G. B., Decr. 27—*lost ;* but it was evidently Mr. Woodfall's request of December 21st *emphasised.*

you think it too long, or wish anything omitted or altered in it Mr. B. will do it as quickly as possible."

67. *Mr. Murray to Mrs. Borrow, Jan.* 8 :—"I read the Preface in MS., but thought it advisable to have it set up, as one can judge better of a thing in type than even in the best handwriting. It is quaint, but so is everything that Mr. Borrow writes ; and the only objection I have to urge against the latter part of it is, that, as it seems to me, it looks too much as though got up for the present time and what is called Papal aggression. For this reason, if it were possible, I would have the latter portion—pp. x. to xii.—curtailed and some of the violent expressions, especially the words so often repeated, 'Damnation cry,' omitted.[1] You have asked for my opinion ; I have given it. Mr. Borrow will use his discretion in adopting or not my suggestions. I am most anxious not to offer any obstruction to the completion of the book. We have just now a most excellent opportunity for publishing it ; there is no other book of consequence before the public, but in a few weeks will begin the excitement of the Exhibition when people will *not* read. I hope the last sheet will be returned this week to Mr. Woodfall."

68. *Woodfall to Mrs. G. B., Jan.* 10 :—"Revises of *Q* and *R* will be sent by this post. I hope we shall now get the running heads of *F*, *G*, and *H*. I like the Preface very much. If I were to take exception, I should say it might be fancied that the book was written to suit the crisis. If so, it could be well got over by simply saying that it was penned, and indeed a good portion printed, long before we thought old 'Daddy' [Pius IX.] could be so rampant in his old age." [See No. 2.]

69. *Mrs. Borrow to Mr. Murray, Feb.* 7 :—"The book is beautifully got up, and I think the portrait is a good one ; so do many of our friends. I have received likewise some encouraging remarks upon the contents of the work from good judges ; but of the general impression we shall hear something soon."

[1] The *autograph* Preface contains this expression many more times than the published text.

70. Preface to *Lavengro*, Feb. 8 :—"In the following pages I have endeavoured to describe a *DREAM*, etc."

71. Appendix to *Romany Rye*, 1857, ii., p. 336 ; sm. ed., p. 221 :—"But '*Lavengro* pretends to be an autobiography,' say the critics. . . . This assertion of theirs is a *falsehood*. . . . The writer *never said it was an autobiography ;* never authorised any person to say it was one."

72. *MS. Autobiography*, *Oct.* 13, 1862 :—"In 1851 he published *Lavengro*, in which he gives an account of his *early life*."

REVIEWS OF 1851

Athenæum : February 8th and 15th, pp. 159 and 188.—*Mr. Dilke.*

Blackwood : March, p. 322.

Britannia : April 26.—*Thomas Borrow Burcham.*

Dublin University Magazine : June, p. 711.

Eclectic Review : April, p. 438.—*J. W. Robberds* (Norwich).

English Review : June, p. 362.

Fraser's Magazine : March, p. 272.—*Wm. Stirling.*

Gentleman's Magazine : March, p. 292.—*Mr. "Urban."*

Literary Gazette : February 8 and 15.

New Monthly Magazine : March, p. 290.—*W. H. Ainsworth.*

New Monthly Magazine : April, p. 455.—*Dr. T. G. Hake* (of Bury).

Quarterly Review : (April, '57, with R. R.).—*Rev. W. Elwin.*

Sharpe's London Magazine : April, pp. 184 and 229.

Tait's Edinburgh Magazine : May, p. 270.—*Wm. Bodham Donne.*

Review (not identified): "G. B. by Parson Frank," p. 144.

CHAPTER XL

(1851)

Some Remarks and Some Revelations—*Lavengro* and his Critics—Extracts from the Reviews of 1851.

IN the two foregoing chapters I have allowed the autograph correspondence to tell its own tale of the origin and progress of *Lavengro-Romany Rye*. But other data have been appealed to, and not in vain—data of which the Murrays, the Woodfalls, the Hepworths, the Hakes, of the time, had not so much as a suspicion. These reveal what I shall present in as succinct a form as I am able to command.

The first of the *five* volumes of which these works consist, was written in 1843 and the first two months of the following year. That volume, as we have said, embraced the period from the author's birth and earliest recollections down to his father's death. It is strictly autobiographical and authentic, as the whole was at first intended to be. The second volume was interrupted from March to December, 1844, to permit the journey to the East, so that it was not begun till 1845. That and the succeeding volumes, including a portion of the fifth, were written consecutively to the end of 1848. They formed, however, three volumes—all under the name of *Lavengro, an Autobiography*. But in 1847, certain very humiliating experiences intervened, which fired Borrow's latent spirit of revenge, and he resolved to modify his Manuscript so as to introduce a few *episodes* based on

fact. Hence the Gypsy escapade of 1825 was extended so as to admit new characters in new situations—the postilion, the Lord Lieutenant, the jockey, the Hungarian and Murtagh.

The postilion relates the experience of Dr. Bowring and his family in Italy. Murtagh is made to recount as his own the author's travels in 1826–27, and the Hungarian is introduced to exhibit certain bits of information picked up in Hungary and Transylvania, particularly at Debreczen and Koloszvā, in 1844. Other instances of occult vengeance for home consumption I leave to be inferred in the course of our history. They will easily be discerned by the watchful reader. This new departure which involved the third volume of *Lavengro* was the cause of the delay in handing in the Manuscript in 1849–50. Perceiving that the whole programme could not be reduced to three volumes, he was forced to make an abrupt pause at the conclusion of the postilion's story. This left the last volume visibly out of all proportion with either of the others—by fifty-three pages; but there was now no remedy for it—it must go forth. The remaining matter was reserved for a fourth volume which was to be issued later, the title of which I find among my papers :

"*Shortly will be published in one vol. Price* 10*s.*"

THE ROMMANY RYE

BEING THE FOURTH VOLUME OF "LAVENGRO."

BY

GEORGE BORROW

AUTHOR OF "THE BIBLE IN SPAIN."

"Fear God and take your own part."
Isopel Berners.

1852

Why the Fifth Volume was subsequently added to make the two of which the *Romany Rye* in its published form consists, will be seen when we reach the year 1857. There is too much material connected with that work to introduce any of it here.

Reverting, then, to the *Lavengro* of 1851, the "Old Radical" recognised his portrait as drawn by the postilion in his amusing narrative. Let the reader's memory go back, or rather forward, to the Appendix of *Romany Rye*, and note these lines (ii., 372):—

"This feeling (of malignity) on the part of the writer's friend was wonderfully increased by the appearance of *Lavengro*, many passages of which the Radical in his foreign appointments (at Hong Kong) applied to himself and family—one or two of his children having gone over to Popery, the rest become members of Mr. Platitude's chapel, and the minds of all being filled with ultra notions of gentility."

But here I suspend the interpretation of the book, which has not been an agreeable duty.

Lavengro made its appearance on the 7th of February, 1851. The Magazines and Reviews passed an all but unanimously *unfavourable* judgment upon it. Mr. Borrow himself had the bad taste to write in 1855:[1] "If ever a book experienced infamous and undeserved treatment, it was that book. It was attacked in every form that envy and malice could suggest." So in the Appendix of 1857 he held up his critics, "blood and foam streaming from their jaws!" In the *Preface* to the same he declared that the book had had the honour of being rancorously abused and execrated "by every unmanly scoundrel, every sycophantic lacquey, and every political and religious renegade in Britain." The quoted portion stands as I have given it, in the autograph original. By

[1] Mrs. G. B. to J. M., Jan. 29, 1855. Mrs. B. *copied* it, but Borrow wrote the first draft.

the admonition of Mr. Murray it was modified thus: "by the very people of whom the country has least reason to be proud." In the Preface to the Second Edition of *Lavengro* (1872), the author says:—"*Lavengro* made its first appearance more than one and twenty years ago. It was treated in anything but a courteous manner. Indeed, abuse ran riot, and many said that the book was killed. If by killed was meant knocked down and stunned, they were right enough. It was not dead, however, O dear no," etc. To all of which the *Quarterly* calmly replied: "Mr. Borrow is very angry with his critics." Let us see, then, what they said:—

The Athenæum.—"Few books have excited warmer expectations than this long-talked-of autobiography; and great is the disappointment which it will leave in the minds of those who expected anything beyond a collection of bold picaresque sketches. It is not an autobiography, even with the licence of fiction. . . . Since the interest of autobiography is lost and the book comes to us seemingly as a work of fiction, it must, in spite of some striking scenes, be pronounced a failure. It can scarcely be called a book at all. The scenes have little connexion with each other; they have no story, no purpose. Beyond their interest as sketches, they count for nothing. . . . Mr. Borrow is never thoroughly at his ease except when among Gypsies. As, however, his two former books have given us abundance of these things, we cannot highly prize this third version of the same."

Fraser.—This paper on "*Lavengro*—'the Master of Words,'" was written by William Stirling, later known as Sir Wm. Stirling Maxwell. I learn this by a passage of one of Dr. Hake's letters to Borrow, in which he says that the article in *Fraser* was "by a rich Scotch dandy named Stirling—a writer of bulky volumes on Spanish pictures," and which a reviewer in 1857 called "a foolish and low-minded attack."[1] The paper was hardly worthy

[1] Letter of March 13, 1851.

of the author of *Don Juan de Austria*, although quite equal to the French scholarship displayed in the *Mémoires du Marquis de Villars*. Witness in the present article his "*il y a péril dans la demeure.*" We would counsel such writers to stick to their Latin and Greek—their critics are all dead.

The article is hard to quote, because diffuse :—"Mr. Borrow would choose that men should hold their breath at the mention of him. He wishes *monstrari digito et diceri*—not *Hic est!* but *Quis est? Ubi est? Unde est?*"—"He knows all languages ; he dives into all secrets. He mystifies everybody, but nobody mystifies him. The Jews take him for a Jew; the Gypsies for a Gypsy."—"His universe seems to divide itself into two parts : George Borrow, active ; the universe, *minus* George Borrow, passive."—"Let (the public) sit and wink in humble submission, while the great Wizard of the East fires off in its face his never-failing artillery of dashes, dots, and asterisks."—"The mighty and mysterious Borrow was born in the year ——, at the town of . . . . . In the course of an indefinite number of adventurous years he visited the remarkable cities of . . . . . and . . . . ., when he fell in with the celebrated Mr. * * *, and the equally celebrated Mr. * * *, with much edifying information of the like nature."—"Mr. Borrow, senior, had been in the Guards, where his only *mill*-itary exploit was thrashing 'Big Ben' in Hyde Park. *Se non è fatto, è Ben trovato*" [Oh !]—"'Onward, Tamur—lank ! Haggart . . . .' Observe the dots—one, two, three, four ; there 's more in those four dots, believe us, than meets the eye. Speech is great, but silence is greater. . . ."—"The prize-fight in chap. 26, vol. i., is clearly the same as that described in the *Zincali*, page 13, but how to reconcile the details of the two accounts we know not." [We will tell thee, Sir Wiseacre ; just *read* them, and thou wilt see that the latter took place at Eaton by Norwich, in 1817, and the former at North Walsham in 1820. Both were literally true, "thunderstorm" and all, if we may believe the *newspapers* of that day.]—"Mysterious wanderer ! well mayst thou exclaim, 'I am at

. . . . . !' Thou mightest have even added, 'I am at . . . . . fair !' We ourselves have strolled about the magnificent p-rk, and beyond it over the bare and breezy Bl-ckh-th, gazing at times on the woody eminence of Sh-t-rs H-ll" (etc., etc.).—"A few more observations and we wash our hands of the Tinkers. The story of *Lavengro* will content no one. It is for ever hovering between Romance and Reality, and the whole tone of the narrative inspires a profound distrust. Nay, more, it will make us disbelieve the tales in the *Zincali* and the *Bible in Spain*."

Blackwood.—"We have read the book, and we are disappointed. The performance bears no adequate relation to the promise . . . the adventures, though interesting in their way, neither bear the impress of truth, nor are they so arranged as to make the work valuable, if we consider it in the light of fiction."—"Such are the contents of the book, which, most assuredly, will add but little to Mr. Borrow's reputation."—"We were willing to accept his former works as valuable contributions to philology, and as containing sketches, vivid, if not true, of gypsy life and manners. But this must have a limit somewhere. We are sick of the Petulengros and their jargon, and Mr. Borrow ought now to be aware that he has thoroughly exhausted that quarry."—"We strongly suspect that, in the course of the composition of this book, which, unless our memory strangely deceives us, was announced more than two years ago, *considerable changes have taken place in its plan and disposition*. We cannot read the preface in connection with the latter part of the third volume, without thinking that much has been *added and interpolated* to suit the occasion of the recent Papal aggression; and that we are indebted to that circumstance for the introduction of the Jesuit and the rhetorical postilion's story, so strangely dragged in as an episode to conclude the narrative. If we are right in this conjecture, a great deal of the incongruity which is apparent throughout the work is explained."—Εὕρηκας ὦ Βέλτιστε.

Some of the reviewers knew Borrow and wrote more

favourably of his book. Among these was Mr. J. W. Robberds of Norwich, and a correspondent of the *Britannia*, who we are told was a London Police Magistrate by the name of Thomas B. Burcham. His article, from which we have already made extracts,[1] is almost entirely biographical, and is, therefore, especially interesting and valuable. We shall take the liberty of giving another portion of it here:—

"With your criticism on *Lavengro* I cordially agree; and if you were disappointed in the long-promised work, what must I have been?—a schoolfellow of Borrow, who, in the autobiography, expected to find much interesting matter, not only relating to himself, but also to schoolfellows and friends, the associates of his youth, who gained in after-life no slight notoriety. . . .

"*Lavengro* has thus not only disappointed, but given, as it seems to me and the world, a false dream in the place of reality, and a shadowy nothing in the place of that something all who had read the *Bible in Spain* craved and hoped for from his pen. His days at the Free School, then under the supervision of Dr. Valpy, at Norwich, he passes over in silence,—why, I cannot conjecture; for there, if my memory be correct, he passed four years of his life, from the age of twelve to sixteen, when he left to enter shortly afterwards the office of Mr. Simpson, the respectable and respected attorney.

"At school, as I remember him, he was far from an industrious boy, fond of idling, and discovered no symptoms in his progress either in Latin or Greek of that philology so prominent a feature of his last work. . . . It was on leaving school, as I have heard, Borrow first showed signs of the linguist [that he became] under the tuition of 'poor old Detterville,' as he was familiarly called by us boys (the *Abbé* mentioned in *Lavengro*), who found Borrow so quick and ready in the acquisition of the French language, that after six months' tuition, the master would sometimes, on his occasional absence

[1] Vol. i., p. 63.

to teach in the country, request his so forward pupil to attend for him his home scholars," etc., etc.

The *Edinburgh* had, it seems, been long engaged by Sir John Bowring for a paper on *Lavengro*, and then relinquished when the time for reviewing it was gone by; thus no article ever appeared on the book in that Magazine. So the Editor explained to one of Borrow's friends.

Two of these friends finally came to the rescue. They were Dr. Thomas Gordon Hake and William Bodham Donne, both then of Bury St. Edmunds. The former wrote a eulogium on Borrow, or, better, an ἀπολογία, for the *New Monthly* of April. Mr. Ainsworth had already published his idea of the book in the March number; but he readily opened his columns to Dr. Hake's "remarks."

"'*Lavengro's*' *roots will strike deep into the soil of English letters*," was a true and far-seeing prophecy.[1] He spoke of William Taylor's letter to Southey on Borrow in 1821, which is found in Robberds' *Life of Taylor;* his work in St. Petersburg while engaged in editing the Manchu New Testament; his version of the Gospel by St. Luke into the dialect of the Spanish Gypsies; with extracts from the *Targum*, and Eilert Sundt's laudatory lines given in his work on the *Gypsies of Norway*.

Mr. Donne's paper appeared in the May number of *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*. It was a fair review of *Lavengro*, without attempting to be either eulogistic or biographical. It alluded to the long expectation of the book and its repeated announcement; that the circulating libraries and readers generally were "half inclined to quarrel with the publisher or the author for its tardiness in forthcoming." We cannot forbear to cite portions of his wise and prudent preamble:—

[1] Letter of July 23rd, 1851.

"The *Bible in Spain* had implanted, both in those who deemed it fact and in those who suspected it to be fiction, a lively curiosity respecting the earlier life of its adventurous author. Whether the reception of *Lavengro* has quite answered these expectations, it is perhaps premature to decide. Next to gaining a reputation, an author's greatest difficulty is to maintain one. Readers, indeed, are not on their guard against a first assault of genius, but they are armed against a second volley from the same battery. The *Bible in Spain* has, in some degree, acted unfavourably upon *Lavengro*. The latter work happens to be not exactly what the public had been expecting. Its censors have had time to furbish their weapons, and the adventures of the 'Scholar, the Gypsy, and the Priest,' have consequently been greeted less cordially, and have apparently caused, at least for the present, some disappointment."

Mr. Donne considered the designation "remarkable book," applied by so many of the reviewers to *Lavengro*, as trivial and inappropriate. His conviction was that the work tended in no respect to diminish Mr. Borrow's reputation. The public had been looking for a second Marco Polo and were presented instead with a nineteenth-century De Foe. Mr. Borrow had studied man and acquired the speech of man, in unusual situations and in rarely frequented schools. His pictures were symbolic daguerreotypes. They represented living scenes. His Gypsies, his Armenians, his Jews, his Methodists, his tinkers, his landlords, and his bruisers were representative men. Their language suggested to him philological speculations; their habits furnished him with ethnological and physiological hints; their virtues and their vices equally pointed to many unrecorded social phenomena. It was a work neither to be read cursorily, nor to be handled easily, by any of the silver-fork school of critics. These volumes were indeed replete with life, with earnest sympathy for all genuine workers, with profound insight

into the wants and wishes of the poor and uneducated, and a lofty disdain of the conventional "shams" and pretensions which fetter the spirits or impede the energies of mankind.

Mr. Donne concludes by saying that *Lavengro* was not finished; that a fourth volume (which subsequently grew to a fifth) would explain and gather up much of what was then somewhat obscure and fragmentary. That enough, and more than enough, had been written to prove that the author possessed in no ordinary measure the faculty of discerning what is noble in man and what is beautiful in nature. He hoped that Borrow would speedily bring forth the remaining acts of his "dream of adventure," and with good heart pursue his way regardless of the misconceptions or misrepresentations of critics who judged through a mist of conventionalities, and who themselves, whether travelled or untravelled, had not, like *Lavengro*, grappled with the deeper thoughts and verities of human life.

CHAPTER XLI

(1840–1853)

The Private Life and Character of George Borrow during the Oulton Period —His Moods—The "Horrors"—Cynomachia—Foreign Projects—Constantinople in 1844—Ford's *Hand-Book*.

EVER since Mr. Borrow's return in 1840 from the bright skies of Andalusia, a spirit of irritability, unrest, and melancholy seemed to acquire new force over his will. These manifestations seldom exhibit themselves in his letters, save in those addressed to his friend in Russia, or to his wife when business called him to London. A few extracts from his correspondence will show this tendency of his nature, fast developing into the morbid and chronic stage.

"I congratulate you on your matrimonial union," writes Hasfeldt, "and hope you may find in your peaceful home the contentment which the noisy world denies to us the unwedded. When your wife thoroughly knows you, she will smooth the wrinkles on your brow, and you will be so cheerful and happy that your grey hair will turn black again." . . . "I am sorry you are so dissatisfied with your five years in Spain. But you can console yourself with the reflection that you gathered experience you could never have gained in any other way, and you must have stored up some pleasant memories. Remember, Wessel, our boldest poet, says—

'*Ondt og godt i alle Lande,*
Roser sig med Torne blande."[1]

[1] (Weal and ill in every land,
Roses bloom 'mid thorns.)

Had it not been for you, the *Zincali* would never have been written, and of a surety you have done much good which can but be the source of much comfort to you. You can not have been in the land five full years without utility—that would indeed be a grievous reflection."

Again, a little later :—" I must confess that over your entire letter there broods a cloud of unrest, which I, who know you very well, can understand. You are uneasy because you have come into a state of ease ; like a sailor who has become a miller, and frets because the wings are moving round on his mill, and he cannot, as aforetime, sail about with his whole dwelling. So it is with you. For the moment, you feel like the Gypsy who has become a watchman on a tower, and who regrets the fields where he best loved to roam. If you can only remain quiet for some time, believe me, you will soon get accustomed to your repose, which, after all, you really need. Thank heaven that you have escaped with a whole skin from all your travels and adventures, and now divert yourself by relating them. Your life is at present just what we talked of so often in bygone days. You wanted to live in the country a quiet easy life, and be troubled about nothing. Do, then, as you wished at that time, and be content. You have many good reasons to be so. Indeed, you have nothing to complain of, except that the sun has not shone on you as much as you wished ; but this misfortune you share with many millions of men who live in Western Europe. The sun has had so much to do in Russia, that he has hardly found the time to visit England.

" I flatter myself that when you are once accustomed to your rest, and to being comfortably off, you will see how happy you are. Consider how much you have travelled in the world, and you will find that you have travelled enough. I hope you will take my advice to heart and rejoice when you see the fire burning on your peaceful hearth. There you live better than in a Spanish *posada* or a barbarous caravanserai."

To Mr. Murray, Borrow himself occasionally disclosed

his erratic moods; but I will offer only two or three short examples:

"I am far from well;[1] there is also much connected with religious matters which pains me. These are strange and distressing times; Popery is springing up in every direction, and I have other duties to attend to besides those of an author. *There is no peace in this world.* I hope now you understand me."

And March 13th: "My wife has a bad cold which distresses me much; but there is little but trouble in this world; I am nearly tired of it."

Again, October 25th, he wrote: "With respect to myself, I am not very well. I have no particular disorder, but I suffer much from languor and nervousness. You will say: 'take exercise'; so I do. I walk, ride on horseback, and row upon the lake; but I am sorry to say that I do not feel quite the thing."

To Ford, his condition is vaguely spoken of as being in "the shadow." But his letters to his wife are the best, because the clearest, source of his peculiar feelings or idiosyncrasies of character. Writing to her from London, in the height of his social popularity,[2] he says:

"I have not been particularly well since I wrote last; indeed, the weather has been so horrible that it is enough to depress anybody's spirits, and of course mine. I did very wrong not to bring you when I came, for without you I cannot get on at all. Left to myself, a gloom comes upon me which I cannot describe. I will endeavour to be home on Thursday, as I wish so much to be with you, without whom there is no joy for me nor rest. You tell me to ask for *situations*, etc. I am not at all suited for them. My place seems to be in our own dear cottage, where, with your help, I hope

[1] Letter of January 27, 1843.
[2] May 29th, 1843.

to prepare for a better world. However, I must first of all put a certain affair to rights, without which I could never be easy, and to do this I depend on you much more than on myself. May God bless our endeavours![1] . . . I dare say I shall be home on Thursday, perhaps earlier, if I am unwell; for the poor bird when in trouble has no one to fly to but his mate."

And a few days later: "I shall return on Thursday. I am ill *after the old fashion.* I wish I had not left home. Take care of yourself. Kiss poor Hen."

A trifling incident occurred in 1842 which illustrates Borrow's irritable nature, even at that early period. The rector of Oulton was the Rev. Edwin Proctor Denniss. Both the clergyman and his parishioner possessed dogs, which often met, but could never agree to part respectably. Their owners, instead of assuming an attitude of benevolent neutrality, became, *ut fieri solet*, violent partisans of their respective pets. The feud, if not to blows, came to *notes*, and thence to an ultimatum. Borrow threatened an appeal to the Magistrates on the one hand and the Lord Bishop on the other. But the Rev. Denniss, Gallio-like, "cared for none of these things!" Here are two of their epistolary pyrotechnics:—

"Mr. Denniss begs to acknowledge Mr. Borrow's note, and is sorry to hear that his dog and Mr. Borrow's have again fallen out. Mr. Denniss learns from his servant that Mr. D.'s dog was no more in fault than Mr. B.'s, which latter is of a very quarrelsome and savage disposition, as Mr. Denniss can himself testify, as well as many other people. Mr. Denniss regrets that these two animals cannot agree when they meet, but he must decline acceding to Mr. Borrow's somewhat

[1] The settlement of the Oulton Hall Estate, which was not effected till September, 1846.

arbitrary demand, conceiving he has as much right to retain a favourite, and in reality very harmless, animal, as Mr. Borrow has to keep a dog which has once bitten Mr. Denniss himself, and oftentimes attacked him and his family. Mr. Borrow is at perfect liberty to take any measures he may deem advisable, either before the magistrates or the Bishop of the Diocese, as Mr. Denniss is quite prepared to meet them.

"Oulton Rectory, April 22nd, 1842."

The Reply (*rough draft*)

"Mr. Borrow has received Mr. Denniss' answer to his note. With respect to Mr. Denniss' recrimination on the quarrelsome disposition of his harmless house-dog, Mr. Borrow declines to say anything farther. No one knows better than Mr. Denniss the value of his own assertions. . . .

"Circumstances over which Mr. Borrow has at present no control, will occasionally bring him and his family under the same roof with Mr. Denniss; that roof, however, is the roof of the House of God, and the prayers of the Church of England are wholesome from whatever mouth they may proceed."

In connection with this silly affair it is amusing to note Borrow's lines to Mr. Murray only a fortnight later: "I have been dreadfully unwell since I last heard from you—*a regular nervous attack.*"

Notwithstanding his literary activity during this period, he was constantly yearning for his old life abroad. This feeling was first manifested, so far as we know, about a year after his return, just as he was beginning the *Bible in Spain*. He wrote a letter early in June, 1841, to Lord Clarendon, who was Minister at Madrid, as we may remember—asking him to help him to get a consulship somewhere, or some travelling commission from the Government. The Earl responded promptly and most kindly, pointing out the difficulties in the way of obtaining a government position among the cloud of aspirants

that besieged the Foreign Office. But the reply is worth printing.

Lord Clarendon to George Borrow

"Grosvenor Crescent, June 10th, 1841.

"My dear Sir,—It would afford me pleasure to promote any wish of yours, but I know by experience that it is quite hopeless to ask a Consulship from Lord Palmerston. That portion of his patronage is more coveted than any other, and you will easily believe that he is overwhelmed with applications, and that he cannot serve a twentieth part of those who have claims upon him. I have myself on two occasions, but in vain, applied to him in behalf of friends who were desirous of Consulships.

"I am well aware of your great philological proficiency, and I wish it were employed in the public service; but I hardly see how the Government could facilitate your travelling in various parts of the world, nor in what capacity you could carry such a project into effect. If you have any definite views upon the subject that you can communicate to me, I will gladly take them into consideration, and if they appear practicable I will bring them before Lord Palmerston. I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully—

Clarendon."

The Consular project and flying commission having failed, a series of plans were entertained for an instant and then abandoned. In July, '41, he thought of settling down permanently in Berlin, and giving himself up to study and investigation; but Hasfeldt discouraged him, advising Copenhagen, where he would find men who knew how to read the Sagas, whereas in Germany he would hear of nothing but "Friedrich der Zweyte." In September he dropped the North of Europe and determined to wander in Africa; but Ford put in his veto in these terms: "I am sorry to hear of your *African* project; that is a land from which few travellers return.

You had better go to charming Safacoro [1] and complete your lexicon, which the Oriental Society would be glad to print." In February, '42, he is soon going to Constantinople, which alone of all his plans he carried to completion two years later. At the commencement of the year '43 he meditated a return to Barbary, in quest of the Dar-Bushi-Fal and the Witch-Hamlet, in the interest of his projected *Lavengro*.

At the conclusion of the Manuscript of the first volume of that original work, Borrow set out for London on his way to the East. It was early in March, 1844. On the 20th of that month he met Lady Eastlake there. She says of him on that occasion that he was "a kind of character that would be most dangerous in rebellious times, one that would suffer or persecute to the uttermost," [2]—a very shallow statement, for he was one of the kindest of men, as my documents show.

About the 27th of April, Borrow started for the East, *viâ* Paris and Vienna. May 1st he wrote Mr. Murray from Paris about Vidocq, his old *pal* of 1826, and left for Strassburg that night. He remained some time in Vienna, living at "Mr. Guglielmi's, No. 642 Rothenthurm Strasse, 3rd floor." From Vienna we can trace him to Hungary and Transylvania by his books and MSS. The *Romany Rye* (ii., 318) informs us that he had been "in the steppe of Debreczin." We also learn by a MS. in the British Museum that he was in Hungary and Transylvania for some months.[3] That he went to Koloszvar (or Klausenburg) we know by the Preface to his *Romanó Lavo-Lil*.[4]

[1] Seville.

[2] *Memoirs*, 1893, i., 124.

[3] "Vocabulary of the Gypsy Language as spoken in Hungary and Transylvania, compiled during an intercourse of some months with the Gypsies of those parts in the year 1844. By George Borrow." 4to. ff. 54.—Wholly superseded by more recent works.

[4] "Amongst those (Vocabularies) which remain unpublished is one of the Transylvanian Gypsy, made principally at Kolosvar (*sic*) in the year 1844."

He passed through Nagy Szeben or Hermannstadt on his way into Rumania, for so a MS. note of his assures us.[1] Of Wallachia (or Rumania, as we say now) he has left us this remark in a MS. of odds and ends:

". . . In the year 1844, when I visited Wallachia for the express purpose of discoursing with the Gypsies, many of whom I found wandering about—the men supporting themselves by smithery, and the women by telling fortunes, but the generality employed in the brick-fields making bricks, like the Israelites of old in Egypt."

From Hermannstadt and the Rothenthurm Pass, traversing Rumania to Bucharest, he crossed the Danube at Rustchuk, and thence travelled by the direct road to Constantinople. On the 17th of September he drew money there on his Letter of Credit. The notes and documents in my possession are all undated. There is one from Consul-General J. Cartwright, and a Health Office *tezkéré sahiya* or special pass in Turkish. But we know from other sources that he was presented to the then reigning Sultan Abdûl Medjîd. In the latter part of September, Borrow proceeded to Salonika, where Consul Charles Blunt gave him letters to Sidney Smith Saunders, Consul at Prevesa. From Salonika he crossed Thessaly to Albania, visiting Janina and Prevesa. A gentleman, in 1861, told me he met Borrow at Corfu in '44, and from letters we know he visited Venice. Thence he repaired to Rome and wrote to Woodfall from that city on the 27th of October asking that money should be sent to Marseilles. Woodfall wrote on the 5th of November enclosing the needful, and our traveller arrived in London by Paris and Havre November 16th, 1844—after an absence of about seven months.

Mr. Borrow left no account of his Eastern expedition

[1] "The Rothenthurm Pass—the Pass by which I entered Wallachia, at about two leagues from Hermannstadt."

(the only one he ever made), but there are traces of it in the interpolations introduced into the *Zincali* of 1846 and following editions, the Hungarian's story in the *Romany Rye*, and a few random notes, most of which I have recorded.

In 1845 Richard Ford's *Hand-Book for Travellers in Spain and Readers at Home* was published in two volumes, 8vo., aggregating 1082 closely printed pages, in double columns. It was a painstaking, monumental work which had occupied its author sixteen and one half years—from 1829 to 1845.

Mr. Ford, who had so ably reviewed Borrow's *Zincali* and *Bible in Spain*, now called on him for an article in the *Quarterly Review*. As far back as the autumn of '43, the "Gitano" had promised his services. Ford was delighted and wrote his friend as follows:—

"Hevitre, Oct. 13 (1843).

"DEAR BORROW,—I was just about to indite you an epistle when yours arrived. *Es obra sin provecho El hacer lo que está hecho.*[1] I was going to tell you why and wherefore I thought you would make a *crack reviewer:* You have only to write down a *long letter*, having read the book carefully and thought over the subject.

"I will write this day to Murray on the subject of the Episcopal poet (Lockhart). If insanity does not rule in the *Q. R.* camp, they will embrace the offer with open arms in their present Erebus state of dullness. But, barring politics, I confidentially tell you that the *Ed. Rev.* does business in a more liberal and more business-like manner than the *Q. Rev.* I am always dunning this into Murray's head. More flies are caught with honey than vinegar. Soft sawder, especially if plenty of *gold* goes into the composition, cements a party and keeps earnest pens together. I grieve, for my heart is entirely with the *Q. R.*, its views and objects.

[1] (It is a bootless task to do what has already been done.)

"Now for my *gabicote*.[1] I am truly glad that you will do it. You will do it *magnificently*. 'Thou art the man.' The *gabicote* is like an *olla podrida*,[2] full of queer things and (though I say it) of quaint and learned research. It is the result of *three* years travelling in every portion of Spain, living with every class of people, and of *ten* years subsequent reading in a first-rate library. *Vaya, vaya!* Then it is bold and speaks the truth, taking the Spanish *toro*[3] by the horns and the French cock on his dunghill. *Soy Inglés*,[4] and I hoist our glorious red flag.

"*No corre priesa. El gabicote, como las demás cosas de España, está por acabar*.[5] It is true that it is written, but the mass is enormous and will be long printing and correcting. It will run into two volumes of close type, such as would make some twelve volumes of modern works, where a rivulet of letter press meanders through a meadow of margin, with sundry gaps.

"However, you shall have the book before the public, so that the paper may come out simultaneously with the publication. I should like it to be for the *Ed. Rev.* and will duly communicate with Napier, the editor, for whom I reviewed Lockhart's *Ballads* and your *Bible;* now both of you are to 'do' *me!* Such is the plot behind the scenes. However, when a man has taken pains with his work, be it what it may, he likes to fall into the hands of those who know something about their subject.—Yours most truly,

"Richd. Ford."

[1] Gypsy for "book" (*Hand-Book*).

[2] (A Spanish ragoût.)

[3] (Bull.)

[4] (I am an Englishman.)

[5] (No hurry; the *gabicote*, like other "cosas de España," is not yet ready.)

CHAPTER XLII

(1845–1847)

Private Life at Oulton, continued—The Article on Ford's *Hand-Book*—Sir Morton Peto and the Railway through Oulton Estate—George Borrow and the Lord Lieutenant of Suffolk.

ON the 1st of June, 1845, Mr. Borrow's article on Ford's *Hand-Book for Spain* was despatched to Mr. Murray for the *Quarterly Review*. It consisted of a manuscript of thirty-seven pages in folio,[1] in Mrs. Borrow's handwriting, and was accompanied by a note to the publisher apologising for the review in these terms:—

"With regard to the article, it must not be received as a specimen of what Mr. Borrow would have produced, had he been well; but he considered his promise to Mr. Ford sacred, and it is only to be wished that it had been written under more favorable circumstances."

The paper was extraordinary; we might justly add an impossible one for any Review, not to speak of the *Quarterly*. One part of the article was taken up with a diatribe on Spain and her public men, full of malignity and exaggeration, and in no way connected with the matter in hand. The second part is more to the point, though still redolent of personal bitterness. I will venture upon a single example taken from the printed proof:—

[1] The autograph original is of twenty closely written pages in 4to, and the printed proof in twelve long folio strips or galleys.

"From what we have written above it will have been seen that we are not altogether unacquainted with the country; indeed we plead guilty to having performed the grand tour of Spain more than once. But why do we say *guilty?*—it is scarcely a thing to be ashamed of; the country is a magnificent one, and the people are a highly curious people, and we are by no means sorry that we have made the acquaintance of either. Detestation of the public policy of Spain, and a hearty abhorrence of its State creed, we consider by no means incompatible with a warm admiration for the natural beauties of the country, and even a zest for Spanish life and manners. We love a ride in Spain, and the company to be found in a Spanish *venta;* but the Lord preserve us from the politics of Spain, and from having to do with the Spaniards in any graver matters than interchanging cigars and compliments, meetings upon the road (peaceable ones of course), kissing and embracing.[1] Whosoever wishes to enjoy Spain or the Spaniards, let him go as a private individual, the humbler in appearance the better. Let him call every beggar Cavalier, every Don a Señor Conde;[2] praise the water of the place in which he happens to be as the best of all waters, and wherever he goes he will meet with attention and sympathy. 'The strange Cavalier is evidently the child of honourable fathers, although, poor man, he appears to be, like myself, unfortunate'—will be the ejaculation of many a proud *tatterdemalion* who has been refused charity with formal politeness;—whereas should the stranger chuck him contemptuously an ounce of gold, he may be pretty sure that he has bought his undying hatred both in this world and the next."

One would suppose that "undying hatred in this world" would satisfy even the most luxurious imagination.

Mr. Lockhart looked through the paper with great care

[1] The untravelled should remember that Spanish friends when they meet rush upon one another, hug and kiss and pat each other on the back.

[2] (A Count or Earl—*monsieur le Comte.*)

after it had been set in type *ad facilius legendum*. He wrote to Borrow to allow him (the editor) to add some extracts from the *Hand-Book* so as to accentuate Ford's style and give the article more the character of a *review*. But Borrow declined to allow the paper to be "tampered with," and Lockhart was therefore compelled to reject it. The correspondence in time all came into Borrow's hands, as I find it among his *relicta*. Some of it I will give.

Mr. Lockhart to Mr. Murray

June 13, 1845.

"Dear Murray,—I am very sorry, after Borrow has so kindly exerted himself during illness, that I must return his paper. I read the MS. with much pleasure; but clever and brilliant as he is sure always to be, it was very evident that he had not done such an article as Ford's merits required; and I therefore intended to adopt Mr. Borrow's lively diatribe, but interweave with his matter and add to it such observations and extracts as might, I thought, complete the paper in a *review sense*.

"But it appears that Mr. B. won't allow anybody to tamper with his paper; therefore here it is. It will be highly ornamental as it stands to any *Magazine*, and I have no doubt either *Blackwood* or *Fraser* or *Colburn* will be too happy to insert it next month, if applied to now.

"Mr. Borrow would not have liked that, when his *Bible in Spain* came out, we should have printed a brilliant essay by Ford on some point of Spanish interest, but including hardly anything calculated to make the public feel that a new author of high consequence had made his appearance among us—one bearing the name, not of Richard Ford, but of George Borrow. —Ever truly yours,

"J. G. Lockhart.

"I advise *Fraser*, as on the spot and accessible to you through P. C.—or *to me*."

Lockhart to Ford

"London, June 13, 1845.

"DEAR FORD,—'El Gitano' sent me a paper on the *Hand-Book*, which I read with delight. It seemed just another capital chapter of his *Bible in Spain*, and I thought, as there was hardly a word of *review* and no extract giving the least notion of the peculiar merits and style especially, of the *Hand-Book*, that I could easily (as is my constant custom) supply the humbler part myself, and so present at once a fair *review* of the work and a lively specimen of our friend's vein of eloquence *in exordio*.

"But, behold! he will not allow any tampering. If alteration or addition is required, he must do all himself. He is unwell. I should be very sorry to bother him more at present; and, moreover, from the little he has said of your *style*, I am forced to infer that a *review* of your book by him would never be what I could feel authorised to publish in the *Q. R.*

"I therefore have returned the paper to Murray, who, of course, will communicate my reasons and my reluctance in yielding to them. I now write to condole with you: for I am very sensible, after all, that you run a great risk in having your book committed to hands far less competent for treating it, or any other book of Spanish interest, than B.'s would have been, had he been in good health and at leisure; and I consider, that, after all, in the case of a really brilliant new author, it is the first duty of the *Q. R.* to introduce that author fully and fairly to the public.—Ever yours truly,

"J. G. LOCKHART."

Of course, there was one more unfortunate candidate for the pickle of our peregrine hater. The tradition is constant and urgent that "Lockhart was jealous of the *Bible in Spain*." *Confer an.* 1857. Borrow "was a clever man, but what a difference in clever men!"[1]

Ford was a different man; and no one will deny that he was a *clever* man; yet, though disappointed and cha-

[1] *Lavengro*, ii., 138.

grined that the one for whom he had worked so hard, so unselfishly, could only repay him with autophilism, and whose orthodoxy was autodoxy; notwithstanding all this, behold the noble nature of Richard Ford!

"Hevitre, June 14 (1845).

"*Querido* BORROW,—I suppose Murray has written to you about the *Quarterly;* if not, I enclose a note (private) which I have just received from Lockhart. It comes to what my wife said all along: 'Borrow can't write anything dull enough for your set; I wonder how I ever married one of them.'—I hope and trust that you will not cancel the paper, for we can't afford to lose a scrap of your queer sparkle and 'thousand bright daughters circumvolving.'

"I have recommended its insertion in *Blackwood*, *Fraser*, or some of these clever Magazines, who will be overjoyed to get such a hand as yours, and I will bet any man £5 that your paper will be the most popular of all they print (*etc.*).—Ever most truly,

"RICHD. FORD."

But the letters soon ceased; from one or two a month since 1841, they now averaged one a year, and after 1851 they fail altogether. Borrow recalled his article from London and it never appeared, to my knowledge, in any "Magazine."

THE RAILWAY

Shortly after his return from the East, a new terror seized the Oulton household. Mr. Samuel Morton Peto, afterwards Sir Morton Peto (the "Mr. Flamson" of the Appendix to *Romany Rye*), came to Lowestoft and made arrangements to improve the harbour and enrich the town by constructing a *railway* thence to Reedham, a station on the Norwich and Yarmouth line. The Act of Parliament authorising the invasion passed early in '45, and the new route was opened in '47. Of course it ran through the whole length of the Oulton Estate, between

the Hall and Borrow's cottage, so that the family were thenceforward compelled to pass over a bridge to betake themselves to church, Hall, or parish highway. Mr. Borrow was inconsolable, and fumed and raged against Mr. Peto and his millions. His friends joined in the chorus, and the mails were burdened with dirges against the restless jobbers.

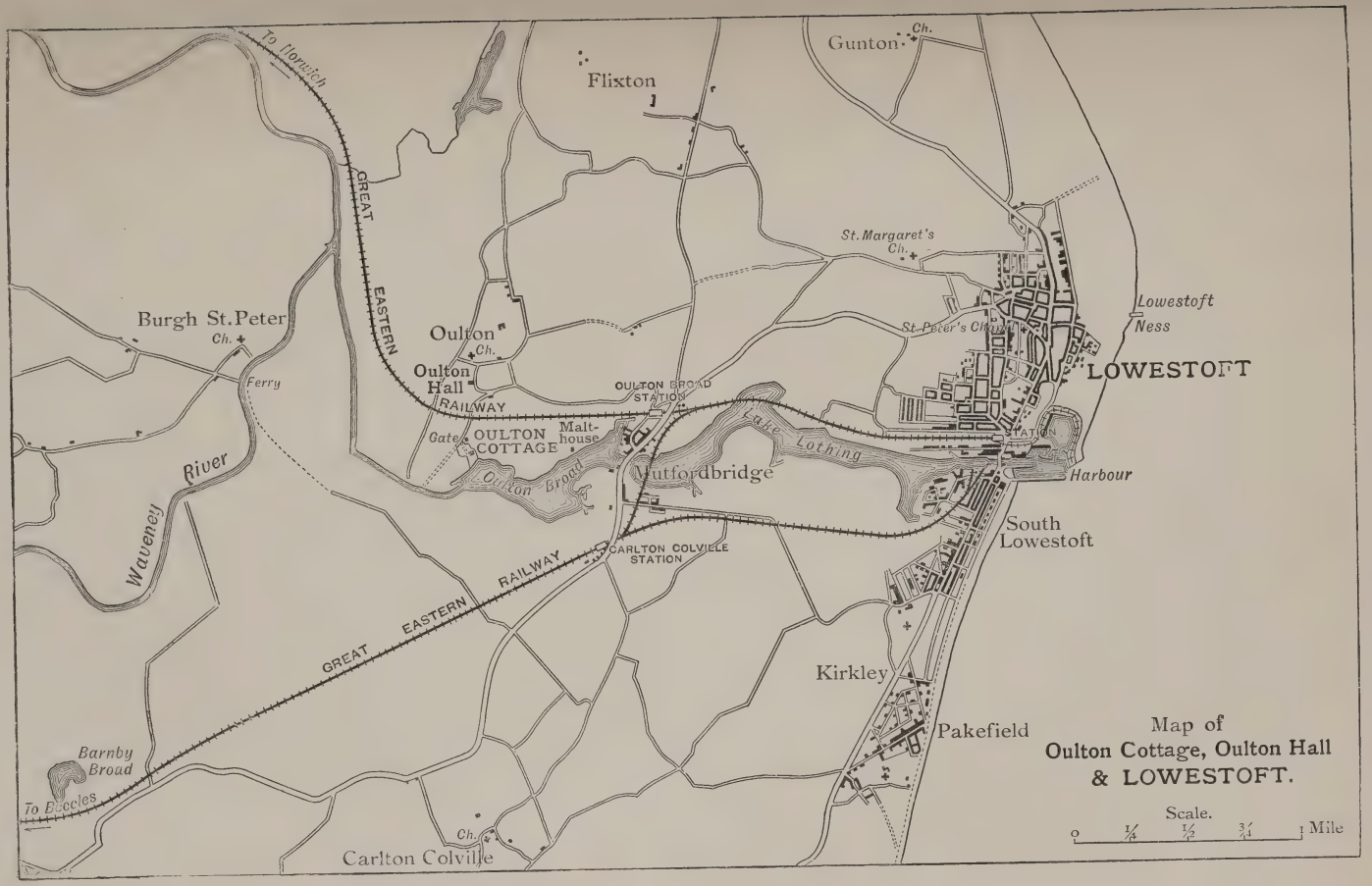
Mr. Ford wrote : " Don't let these matters worry you. Fly the scene and railway maniacs who are cutting up beautiful England and ruining men's little nests for peace and old age. . . . If the rail comes in front of your Patmos, you are done —adieu to silence, repose, peace, and solitude. Then, say I, let, sell, and be off. Why not come and settle here in our sweet bemyrtled country [Devon], among our simple peasantry ? "

And Mr. Murray wrote in his quiet way : " I hope you make the Railway pay dear for its whistle."

Other places were thought of—Bury, Troston, etc., but Borrow, who adored his mother, now advanced in years at Norwich, felt obliged to tarry near her, whence he could make her frequent visits and so comfort her in her age and loneliness. For this reason he will finally settle at Yarmouth, where the communications with Norwich and Oulton were equally direct and convenient.

THE MAGISTRACY

For a considerable time Mr. Borrow had been desirous of becoming a local magnate—a *magistrate* of Oulton. The place where he lived was then isolated and surrounded by " plantations," as they are technically called in England—that is, woods of limited extent,—which were often infested with thieves and other dangerous characters. Three times had he been attacked at night as he was returning home from Lowestoft, and once shot at and nearly overpowered by ruffians.


To Norwich
GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY
Flixton
Gunton
Ch.
St. Margaret's Ch.
Lowestoft Ness
St. Peter's Ch.
LOWESTOFT
Burgh St. Peter
Ch.
Ferry
Oulton
Ch.
Oulton Hall
RAILWAY
OULTON BROAD STATION
Gate
OULTON COTTAGE
Malt-house
Lake Lothing
Oulton Broad
Mutfordbridge
Harbour
South Lowestoft
Waveney River
CARLTON COLVILLE STATION
GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY
Kirkley
Pakefield
Barnby Broad
To Beccles
Ch.
Carlton Colville
Map of
Oulton Cottage, Oulton Hall
& LOWESTOFT.
Scale.
0
1/4
1/2
3/4
1 Mile

Mr. Murray wrote in '41: "I am sorry to hear of your attack, but hope it will not prove serious. Were your wood thieves Gypsies, and have the *Calés* got notice of your publication?"

Again in '42 Borrow says in a letter to Mr. Murray: "At present I have a bad cough caught by getting up at night in pursuit of poachers and thieves. A horrible neighbourhood this; not a magistrate that dares do his duty."

At last he wrote in '43:[1] "One of the magistrates of this District is just dead. Present my compliments to Mr. Gladstone and tell him that the *Bible in Spain* would have no objection to become one of the 'Great Unpaid.'"[2]

Nor was this mere pleasantry. For, in the following month, he addressed a note to Mr. Lockhart asking how he should proceed to secure such an office. Hence the two following letters.

"24, Sussex Place, Regents Park, November 12, 1843.

"My dear Sir,—Your wish to be of the 'Quorum' seems most natural, and I should suppose you will not find any difficulty in accomplishing it. I am not much skilled in such matters, but I believe Government never interfere with the Commission when the Lord Lieutenant is of their own party —at least do nothing without his express consent. Now I am ignorant who the Suffolk Lieutenant is. If you have a conservative in that post, you must contrive to get at him through some rural friend. Would not Mr. Hudson Gurney be the very person? If he be a whig or radical, then perhaps some other means might be thought of for reaching Lord Lyndhurst in whose department [Lord Chancellor's] these things are—*not* in that of the Secretary of State. Tell me who your Lord Lieutenant is, and believe me (*etc.*),

"J. G. Lockhart."

[1] G. B. to J. M., Sept. 18th.

[2] Mr. Gladstone was a great admirer of the *Bible in Spain*, and wrote to Borrow protesting against the "scarlet st." of vol. iii., 443, which was emended in sm. ed., p. 316.

The Lord Lieutenant of Suffolk at that time was the Duke of Grafton (1760–1844), then eighty-four years old. He died the following year, and was succeeded in the Lieutenancy by the Earl of Stradbroke (1794–1886).

"November 15, 1843.

"My dear Sir,—I believe you are mistaken about the Grafton politicks. The family have for generations been Whigs. This Duke got his Garter from the Whigs, and one, at least, of his sons held household office under Lord Melbourne, and Lord Euston [his son] stood as a Whig last Election. If they are changed it is very lately. If the Duke of Grafton be unchanged, he may still be on easy terms with the Government (or rather, his son may be so) to that extent that his Grace, who must be very old, is not much interfered with in the magistracy matters. But he being not a *supporter*, the Chancellor must yet be in the habit of consulting some County member or magnate who is, in a confidential way. And I think it is clear that you have no chance whatever unless you begin by putting yourself into communication with that individual—there may be more than one of them.

"My knowledge of such things is *Scotch*, and there may be differences of management in details here and there; but I should suppose that *any* leading conservative in Suffolk, any Tory Peer, or Commoner of High Sheriff standing, could without difficulty give you the information you must procure before you could in any way whatever profit by direct approaches to the Chancellor or the Secretary of State. . . .—Ever yours truly,

"J. G. Lockhart."

Borrow did not apply for the magistracy in 1843, probably owing to the great age of the Duke of Grafton and the consequent difficulties such a state of things would naturally engender. He had selected badly his time. Four years later, however, in 1847, he returned to the struggle. The Duke of Grafton had died in the meantime, and Lord Stradbroke had been appointed

Lord Lieutenant in his stead. On the 5th of January of the above-mentioned year, Mr. Borrow wrote a letter to Lord Clarendon, setting forth his desire to be made a Magistrate of his district, and craving the Earl's powerful influence with the Lord Chancellor in his behalf. The reasons he gave were these: 1st, that he was a large landed proprietor (the estate had been bought in the year before by Mrs. Borrow); 2nd, that the district was infested with loose characters and poachers; and 3rd, that there was not a Magistrate in it. Lord Clarendon replied on the 11th of January that he would comply with his wish and mention it to the Lord Chancellor; but that, as such appointments emanated in the first instance from the Lord Lieutenant of the County, it would be advisable to acquaint that Officer with the steps he had taken. Through Mr. Borrow's active friends in Norwich, the support of Lord Stradbroke's brother, the Hon. Wm. Rufus Rous of Worstead, Norfolk, was invoked, who wrote a very handsome letter acknowledging Borrow's claims, and promising to intercede on his behalf with his Lordship. After a delay of more than two months of intense anxiety to the parties chiefly interested, a letter from Lord Stradbroke to Lord Clarendon closed the incident, much to the indignation of Mr. Borrow and his friends. The letter is as follows:—

"Brunswick Hotel, Jermyn Street.

"DEAR LORD CLARENDON,—I have lately made enquiry as to the number and efficiency of the Magistrates in the vicinity of Lowestoft, and find that the Petty Sessions are well attended. No complaint exists of inattention to their public duties. Whenever it may be necessary to add to their strength, I shall be desirous of canvassing the assistance of those gentlemen residing in the neighbourhood, who, living on terms of intimacy with them, will be able to maintain that union of good feeling which, I am happy to say, exists in all our benches of Petty Sessions, and if Mr. Borrow should be

recommended to me by them, I shall have much pleasure in placing his name on the list for the approval of the Lord Chancellor.

" Believe me, dear Lord Clarendon, very truly yours,

" STRADBROKE.

" March 16, 1847." [1]

[1] The original documents which I possess on this incident are :—

1847.

Jan. 5 : George Borrow to Lord Clarendon.
" 11 : Lord Clarendon to Geo. Borrow.
Feb. 7–10 : Geo. Borrow, London, to Mrs. B., Oulton.
" 7–10 : " White Horse, Fetter Lane "—Hotel bill.
" 8 : Hon. W. R. Rous to George Jay, Norwich.
" 9 : John Pilgrim to Mrs. Borrow.
" 10 : George Jay to George Borrow.
" 13 : Lord Clarendon to George Borrow.
" 19 : John Pilgrim to George Borrow.
Mch. 16 : Lord Stradbroke to Lord Clarendon.
" 17 : Lord Clarendon to George Borrow.

CHAPTER XLIII

(1847–1853)

Private Life at Oulton Concluded—Dr. Bowring and China—The Codex Sinaïticus and the British Museum—Mrs. Ann Borrow's Removal to Oulton—Dr. Thomas Gordon Hake of Bury St. Edmunds.

MISFORTUNES never come alone, especially when one has to do with unscrupulous schemers, for whom there are stronger epithets in the vocabulary of truth. One month after the rebuff administered by the Lord Lieutenant of Suffolk, there came a second and an equally provoking blow which was dealt by our old friend of 1821 and 1830—Dr. John Bowring.[1] The latter had been elected Member of Parliament for Bolton at the beginning of the year 1841. On the same date, by a singular coincidence, the British Government took possession of Hong Kong, which was formally ceded to Great Britain by the Treaty of Nanking in 1842.[2]

Bowring pretended to favour the candidacy of George Borrow for the consulship at Canton, and, to advance that benevolent scheme, he obtained from him in 1843 the loan of his Manchu New Testament in eight volumes, 4to., to flash before the astonished eyes of a Committee of the House of Commons. But the true object of Bowring was to use the Manchu argument in his own behalf. Was he not the great polylinguist of his time? He had published translations of all the poets of Europe, and—

[1] See our Chapters VII. and XIII., Vol. I.

[2] Whitaker.

ergo—why should he not possess a knowledge of Manchu-Tartar, the diplomatic language of China? Of course he did, and when he turned the light of day on the singular characters of the soft flexible pamphlet he held in his hand, it was quite unnecessary to declare himself to be the editor of the volumes—the inference would be sufficient, incontrovertible, irresistible: "This is the man! there is no one like him. See what information he possesses, and see that book written by himself in the Court language of Moukden."[1]

But just that information on "Serendib" was what was wanted—from some *unsuspected* source that would not rise up in Parliamentary judgment against him. Now if he, the said Dr. John Bowring, could only extract this information out of poor Borrow, and then appropriate it to himself *qué! gloria!* "what a triumph it would be for Britain!"

Hence these two letters, that opened the eyes of the blind, as well as the deepest *malabolgia* of Borrow's *Inferno*.

"House of Commons—April 12, 1847.

"My dear Borrow,—We have a Committee investigating our Commercial Relations with China. We want information as to the Russian route through Kiachta. Can you put us in the way of getting it?—Ever yours,

"John Bowring."

"House of Commons—April 29, 1847.

"My dear Borrow,—The existence of the Treaty of 1728 is well known, but on mentioning the matter to Sir George Staunton, Mr. Matheson, and other gentlemen who have been long resident in China, they doubt whether effect is practically given to any article by which 'two hundred merchants are allowed to visit Pekin every three years.' Are you certain this

[1] *Romany Rye*, ii., 368–9. "Serendib" (Ceylon) is, *more Burgensi*, put for China.

is in practice now? *Have you ever been at Kiachta?* As, if summoned, your expenses must be paid by the public, I should like to know what are the *facts* to which you would give evidence on your personal knowledge (!). Krusenstern's voyage was performed long ago. Do you know Timkowski's book?[1] —Ever yours truly,

"JOHN BOWRING."

Mr. Borrow did not give the desired information; he saw at last the *animus* of the correspondence, and he dropped it there. Bowring knew Borrow had not been at Kiakhta, for the data found among the remarks we have made from time to time, show that they had not lost sight of each other since 1821. *Bowring*, however, was appointed by Lord Palmerston to the Canton Consulship at the close of the year 1848, and, resigning his seat as Member for Bolton, he set out for China in January, 1849. Borrow's subsequent allusions to his friend, as we print them hereafter,[2] will now be sufficiently intelligible. Meantime, "*Life, a Drama.*—By George Borrow" had been advertised in November and December, 1848, and Bowring, suspecting that the struggles and disappointments of his victim would be treated of in the book, privately engaged the *Edinburgh Review*, while passing through Italy at the beginning of 1849, for a paper on the *Life* when it should appear. This holding of the *Ed. Rev.* kept all articles on *Lavengro* from its pages in 1851.

The month of May, '47, brought the *third* disappointment of the season; but the object of Borrow's resentment was this time no party to the blow, and therefore we cannot justify his antagonism.[3] I shall state the case

[1] Adam v. Krusenstern (1770–1851): *Voyage Round the World in* 1803–1806, published in German, 1810–1812.—George Timkowski: *Travels of the Russian Mission through Mongolia to China, and residence in Pekin, in the years* 1820 *and* 1821. London, 1826, 2 vols., 8vo.

[2] See under 1855, 1857, etc.

[3] The Hon. Robt. Curzon and his family.

very briefly, for these personal histories are not particularly edifying, though indispensable to a truthful exhibition of the author's life. We shall have in the sequel much bitterness to condone, and, as a consequence, the extenuating circumstance cannot in all fairness be overlooked.

The correspondence on this last matter is of such a nature that names must be suppressed. It involved a mission to the East in quest of MSS. for the British Museum. The writer was convinced of the existence of valuable Codices in various convents and Churches of the Levant; among others, of an original copy of the Greek New Testament, said to be of the fourth century, that was presented to the Convent [of St. Catherine] on Mount Sinaï by the Emperor Justinian (527–565). "It still existed in the Convent, and, if acquired, would render the British Museum the admiration of the world." The writer felt sure that with *management* some of these MSS. might be secured to the Museum, and that the Trustees would make application to the Government for the necessary funds to meet the expense. He would not like, however, to have to say that he *thought* he knew of a person eminently qualified for this mission, but finds that he will not consent to undertake it.

Mr. Borrow replied to this hint that, if called upon, he should be only too glad to accept the mission.

The Museum did not seem to know—perhaps no one knew at the time—that Tischendorf had been at the Convent of St. Catherine before them, had borne off 43 leaves of this Codex Sinaïticus in 1844, and had published them only the year previously (1846) with the title: Codex *Frederico-Augustanus*. Thus preserving his secret till 1859, he made his third journey to the Peninsula of Sinaï, this time under the patronage of Russia, and prevailed upon the monks to give up the remainder of the Codex as a present to the Tsar Alexander II., who published it

—every scholar knows with what magnificence—in 1862. The complete MS. now constitutes the "pride and glory" of the Imperial Public Library at St. Petersburg.

And justly so; for the British Museum might still in 1847 have secured most of this precious Greek Testament of the fourth century had not a short-sighted policy opposed the expenditure, as appears from the following to George Borrow:—The writer regretted very much that, on talking to one of the Trustees as to his project of sending a Mission to the East for the purchase of MSS., so much cold water was thrown on it that he felt it useless to bring the matter formally to the attention of that body; they would not expose themselves to another rebuff from the Treasury, like the one they had experienced not very long before. He launched out in a strain at once sorrowful and indignant at the golden opportunities that Whig and Tory ministers had alike thrown away of acquiring invaluable treasures, and ended by expressing a wish that he might see Mr. B. when next in town and thank him for the readiness with which he had met his views.

Mr. Robert Curzon was the gentleman who had furnished the Museum authorities with their information. He had travelled in Egypt and the Holy Land in 1833–4, and visited the convent of Mount Athos in '37. He was then preparing to publish his *Visit to the Monasteries of the Levant*, which finally appeared in 1849 and passed through several editions. Borrow's hostility to him must have been pure jealousy of a competitor whom he could hardly hope to rival.

THE MOTHER IN 1849

We have often observed in these pages how much attached Borrow was to his mother; how he had sent her two-fifths of his income while he was in Russia and

Spain, and after his marriage was constantly running over to Norwich to see her. In 1849, however, she had become too feeble to be left alone, and it was decided to transfer her with her humble belongings to Oulton, near her son. An arrangement was made with Mr. William Grimmer, who had succeeded Mr. Utting, deceased since 1846, and an addition was built on one side of the Hall for her accommodation. Phœbe Adams, the farmer's daughter, was assigned to her as a kind of attendant and companion. So it came to pass that old Mrs. Borrow, at the age of seventy-seven, after having lived in the Willow Lane house for thirty-three years, left it for Oulton on Michaelmas day, the 29th of September, 1849. If it would not seem sacrilegious, I should like to invade the sanctity of private correspondence in so far as to give portions of her last letter to Mrs. George Borrow, written with her own hand:—

"Norwich, Sept. 16, 1849.

"My dear Mary,—I am sorry to hear you have got a bad cold. What shall I do if you are laid up? for I am as helpless as a child. . . . I hope you will be able to come here on Monday the 24th, at latest, and then the things may be sent soon after. Glad I shall be when the bustle is over. I wish my dear George would not have such fancies about *the old house;* it is a mercy it has not fallen on my head before this. And now that my poor woman cannot come to do anything for me, it is not safe to be shut up here alone; do you tell him so. There is a low noisy set close by me. I shall not die one day sooner, or live one day longer. If I stop here and die on a sudden, half the things might be lost or stolen; therefore it seems as if the Lord would provide me a *safer home.* I have made up my mind to the change and only pray I may be able to get through the trouble. The poor Bishop is gone, and not so old as I am by *seven years.*[1] . . . Do come so soon as you can, as I wish to clear the house before

[1] Bishop Stanley died Sept. 6, 1849, in his 70th year.

the 29th; then the old man [King] cannot say I prevented him letting it. Lucy is home and *desire* her love to all.[1] Give my best love to my dear child. . . . Oh, if he was more composed! I take no rest in the night and God only knows with myself . . . [*torn*]. God Almighty bless you.

"Ann Borrow."

DR. HAKE AND GEORGE BORROW

The Borrows had two very estimable lady-friends at Bury St. Edmunds (St. Edmund's Burgh) by the name of Elizabeth and Susan Harvey, who lived in St. Mary's Square. They never married, were wealthy and cultured people. Miss Clarke used to spend months at a time at their house from the year 1846. Mr. and Mrs. Borrow were also occasional visitors. Indeed, after the branch railway between Reedham and Lowestoft had invaded the peace of Oulton Cottage, the family seriously contemplated removal to Bury. Subsequently, however, they fixed on Yarmouth, as we shall discover in the next Section. Through Miss Clarke and the Harvey ladies, Mr. and Mrs. Borrow became acquainted with Dr. and Mrs. Hake in 1847. Thomas Gordon Hake, M.D., was born at Leeds in 1809. He studied medicine in London and Glasgow, 1827–30. After travelling on the Continent for some two years, he settled down to the practice of his profession—first at Brighton, 1832–37, and then at Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, for more than fourteen years—1839 to December, 1853. He married a lady of Bath about 1842, and by her had seven children—all born at Bury. The youngest—born June 21, 1853—was named Henrietta, after Miss Clarke, and died the next year at Columbus, Ohio, United States. Dr. Hake and the Borrows became fast friends during the Bury period, that is, from 1847 to the end of 1853. The Hake correspondence in my portfolios of those years numbers sixty-two

[1] Cecilia Lucy Brightwell, who wrote the *Life of Mrs. Opie*, 1854.

letters. The dates of their visits to Oulton show them to have been frequent, and the returns rather more so. Dr. Hake published his *Memoirs of Eighty Years* in 1892. In them Borrow is mentioned—not very flatteringly, but on the whole truthfully.[1]

"George Borrow was one of those whose mental powers are strong and whose bodily frame is yet stronger. His temper was good and bad; his pride was humility; his humility was pride; his vanity, in being negative, was of the most positive kind. He was reticent and candid, measured in speech, with an emphasis that made trifles significant.

"Borrow was essentially hypochondriacal. Society he loved and hated alike: He loved it that he might be pointed out and talked of; he hated it because he was not the prince that he felt himself in its midst. His figure was tall and his bearing very noble. He had a finely moulded head, and thick white hair—white from his youth; his brown eyes were soft, yet piercing; his nose somewhat of the Semitic type, which gave his face the cast of the young Memnon. His mouth had a generous curve; and his features, for beauty and true power, were such as can have no parallel in our portrait gallery. . . .

"Borrow and his family used to stay with me at Bury; I visited him, *less often*, at his cottage on the lake at Oulton, a fine sheet of water that flows into the sea at Lowestoft. He was much courted there by his neighbours and by visitors to the seaside."

Dr. Hake and his family left Bury suddenly on the 6th of December, 1853, for Liverpool and Philadelphia. His party consisted of sixteen souls, to wit: Dr. and Mrs. Hake with their seven children, an invalid nephew, Miss Dawson of Derbyshire, Mrs. Neill and her two young children, and two servants.[2]

[1] On pages 164–8, 205, 210–12.

[2] Mrs, Neill, *née* Theresa Rivers, was born in India and brought up at Troston. She is the "Theresa" of Mrs. Carlyle's *Letters:* i., 155, 172; ii., 147, and seems to have married in Liverpool about 1849–50.

They reached Philadelphia Christmas Eve, and, after tarrying there between two and three weeks, travelled West as far as Columbus, Ohio, where Dr. Hake left the party and proceeded to the Mississippi "to look for a place to settle." Subsequently they all moved forward to Chicago, and at last reached Racine, Wisconsin, on the 9th of March, 1854. Here Hake left his family and journeyed direct to Boston, as stated in his *Memoirs*. The last letters to the Borrows are from Miss Dawson, dated Racine, April 4–8, 1854, from which place they all eventually returned to England.

Mr. Borrow and Dr. Hake renewed acquaintance in the sixties when both lived in the environs of London, the one at Brompton and the other at Roehampton. But from about 1870, I believe they went different ways, after a friendship of nearly a quarter of a century.

SECTION II

HEAD-QUARTERS AT YARMOUTH

(1853–1860)

CHAPTER XLIV

(1853–1854)

Removal to Yarmouth—Tour in Cornwall—Extracts from George Borrow's Note Books—Penquite to Pentire.

ONE of the last letters that Dr. Hake wrote to Mrs. Borrow ordered her peremptorily "to be *absent* from Oulton for the ensuing winter and spring, and thus renew the lease of life."[1] This Hippocratic command was so welcome to Mr. Borrow that they all appropriated it in the month of August, by removing to Great Yarmouth on the sea. Here they lived in lodgings, when not travelling—first at John Sharman's, 169 King Street (now Littlewood's Confectionery) from 1853 to '55; then at 37 Camperdown Place in 1856 and '57; at 39 Camperdown Place in 1858 and '59; and finally, from November, 1859, to June 30, 1860, at No. 24 Trafalgar Place, in a house kept by Elizabeth Ann King.[2]

From Yarmouth Mr. Borrow inaugurated a series of Anglo-Celtic philologico-peripatetic excursions, over Cornwall, Wales, the Isle of Man, East Anglia, Scotland and Ireland—sometimes alone and sometimes accompanied by his wife and step-daughter.

In the early autumn of 1853, while our author was finishing up the text of his *Romany Rye*, or was engaged in stirring the briny waters of the German Ocean with his ponderous *corpus*, an incident occurred which, curiously

[1] June 6th, 1853.

[2] Letters to Mr. Murray from 1840 to 1860.

enough, led to those British tramps that will occasionally occupy his leisure for the next twelve or fourteen years.

On the 8th of September of the above-mentioned year, Mr. Borrow rescued a boat's crew in a violent storm, the circumstances of which are thus given by a correspondent of the Bury *Post*[1]:—

"*Intrepidity.*—Yarmouth jetty presented an extraordinary and thrilling spectacle on Thursday, the 8th inst., about one o'clock. The sea raged frantically, and a ship's boat, endeavouring to land for water, was upset, and the men were engulfed in a wave some thirty feet high, and struggling with it in vain. The moment was an awful one, when George Borrow, the well-known author of *Lavengro*, and the *Bible in Spain*, dashed into the surf and saved one life, and through his instrumentality the others were saved. We ourselves have known this brave and gifted man for years, and, daring as was this deed, we have known him more than once to risk his life for others. We are happy to add that he has sustained no material injury."

This incident suggests a similar achievement which happened in 1816, and which is related of himself in his MS. autobiography:—

"He has been a great rider, walker, and swimmer. When only thirteen, he saved the life of a lad who was on the point of being drowned in the Norwich river, and in the year 1853 assisted in rescuing several individuals who had been overturned in a raging surf on the Yarmouth coast."

In *Lavengro*,[2] the feat of saving the lad is modestly attributed to *John*; but the above is no doubt the true version.

The article in the Bury St. Edmunds newspaper was copied by the press throughout the kingdom, and on the 20th it appeared in the *Plymouth Mail* with this heading—

[1] Sept. 17, 1853.

[2] I., 260; or p. 75 in sm. ed.

"GALLANT CONDUCT OF MR. G. BORROW."

Here the item was seen and read by the old family in Cornwall. For nearly fifty years no tidings had reached them of their uncle Thomas, who had wandered out into the wide world and long since ceased to cultivate the ties of blood and affection. But now the powerful instinct of kindred asserted itself as the heroic deed was recounted at Trethinnick, at Looe Down, St. Cleer, Liskeard, Lamellion, and Penquite. This George, the now famous author, the mighty swimmer, the man of generous impulses, *must* be the son of Thomas, the champion of Menheniot, the orphan soldier, who fled the parish and the old Celtic Duchy in 1783. He had a son John, and another—this George must be he. And there was a gathering at the "Homestead of the Monticle," where the tide of feeling rose higher than the windows of expression, and the brothers and sisters of that generation shed tears of yearning for their long-lost and, alas! all-but forgotten, cousin. They must see him with their eyes, before they died, this mystic Borrow, bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh.

The surviving family at this period stood something like this:[1]—

Henry Borrow of Looe Down, aged 76; *William* of Trethinnick, 69; *Thomas* of Lamellion, 65; *Elizabeth* of Trethinnick, 62; *Nicholas* of Tremellick, aged 60—all children of Henry Borrow, the eldest brother of Thomas the father of George, and hence his first cousins. Henry of Looe Down had a daughter, Anne, who had married Robert Taylor of the Penquite farm, four miles north-east of Liskeard.[2] Mrs. Taylor was at this time forty-two years of age, and had a daughter, Jane Anne, "a gallant girl" of eighteen—to use our author's expression.

[1] See folded "Pedigree," page 26, vol. i.—5th generation.

[2] *Pen-coet*, "the Termination of the Wood."

Mr. Robert Taylor of Penquite was deputed by the family to address a letter to the distant member of their flock, inviting him to pay them a visit, to see the house where his father was born, and the kinsmen that still survived. The letter was dated the 10th of October and directed simply to Yarmouth. But it reached him and his reply was as follows:[1]—

"Yarmouth, 14 Octr., 1853.

"My dear Sir,—I beg leave to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. in which you inform me of the kind desire of my Cornish relatives to see me at Trethinnock. Please to inform them that I shall be proud and happy to avail myself of their kindness and to make the acquaintance of 'one and all' of them. My engagements will prevent my visiting them at present, but I will appear amongst them on the first opportunity. I am delighted to learn that there are still some living at Trethinnock who remember my honoured father, who had as true a Cornish heart as ever beat.

"I am at present at Yarmouth, to which place I have brought my wife for the benefit of her health; but my residence is Oulton Hall, Lowestoft, Suffolk.[2] With kind greetings to my Cornish kindred, in which my wife and my mother join, I remain, my dear Sir, ever sincerely yours—

"George Borrow."

"Robt. Taylor, Esqre."

At last, on the 15th of December he wrote Mr. Taylor that he would visit them at Christmas, and inquired the direction he should take from Plymouth to reach their house. The reply was sent on the 18th, and he started on Friday, the 23rd, from Yarmouth, reaching Plymouth at midnight.

[1] All these autograph letters were sent to me by Mrs. Taylor in February, 1888. She died at Liskeard in 1896. The daughter, Mrs. Pollard, is now a resident of London.

[2] Four days after, Mrs. Borrow wrote to Mr. Murray: "We are still at Yarmouth, and the change is so beneficial to me and agreeable to us all, that we are likely to remain." And there they did remain, when not travelling, till midsummer, 1860.

Early on the 24th, George Borrow emerged from the Royal Hotel and, finding the Liskeard coach full, he resolved to undertake the journey of twenty miles on foot.

He reached Liskeard at half-past four in the afternoon, and was greeted at Webb's Hotel by Mr. Henry Borrow of Looe Down, Mr. Robert Taylor of Penquite, Mr. James Jago, town clerk of Liskeard, and Mr. Bernard Anstis, ex-mayor of the same town. Mr. Henry Borrow, the father of Mrs. Taylor, was the son of that Henry Borrow and Temperance Trenniman who brought up Capt. Thomas Borrow, as explained in Chapter I. Henry of Looe Down married Ann Jago, so that Mr. James Jago was related to the Borrows, as probably Mr. Anstis was. After tea the party separated, Mr. Taylor and George Borrow proceeding on horseback to Penquite, four miles distant. The *Journal* simply adds:—"Ride by night to Penquite. House of stone and slate on the side of a hill. Mrs. Taylor. Hospitable reception. Christmas Eve. Log on the fire."

The "Note Books" of the tramp through Cornwall consist of two volumes, written, or rather, dashed off, with a lead-pencil, and now, after forty-five years, almost obliterated. Still, after several weeks' work with a powerful glass and a good supply of topographical treatises on Cornwall, the text was fairly copied, making fifty quarto pages of solid material. These, with the mass of original letters, recollections, and documents kindly furnished to me by the members of the family in the parishes of Liskeard and St. Cleer, and by Mr. William Henry Borrow of London, I am compelled to reduce to condensed quotations and extracts.

The "Note Books" may be divided into *four* sections. The 1st embraces Borrow's first visit to Penquite and the surrounding country, from Dec. 24th to Jan. 9th; 2nd, the tramp from Truro, Penzance, and Land's End, from Jan. 9th to 26th; 3rd, the second visit to Penquite and

environs, from Jan. 26th to Feb. 1st; and 4th, the tramp from Trethinnick to Camelford, Tintagell, Arthur's Seat, and Pentire, Feb. 1st to 7th, 1854.

EXTRACTS FROM GEORGE BORROW'S NOTES ON CORNWALL.[1]

1853–1854.

December 25th. Sunday.—"Christmas day. Walk to St. Cleer Church. Fine town of stone. Preacher, Mr. Berkeley. No organ. Fiddle in the gallery. Return over St. Cleer Down. Stones on the moor. Quiet afternoon. Respectable family. Walk to Wolsdon. The Pollards. Very fine family. Two sons been in Australia. The *pisky*. Sow and farrows. Talked about Druid stones. Determined to visit the Trevethy Stone on the morrow."

December 26th. Monday.—"Reached Trevethy Stone[2] about quarter after twelve. An ancient Cornish cromlech, consisting of an immense sloping stone supported by six huge stones. The top looks to the S.E. The base is a low mound (tumulus). The top stone is about twelve feet long by nine wide, the highest part some fourteen feet above the base of the mound. In the Eastern corner is a round hole, for what purpose is unknown. . . . A thrill came over me as I surveyed this gigantic erection. Climbed to the top of the Stone, put my arm through the hole and shouted 'Success to Old Cornwall!' . . . Gathered moss and lichen from the cromlech.

"Afternoon. Dinner party at Penquite, consisting of Mr. Henry Borrow of Looe Down, Mr. William Borrow of Trethinnock, Mr. Thomas and Mr. Nicholas Borrow, and the Taylors. Very pleasant party. Mr. Berkeley, vicar of St. Cleer, was present, an intelligent Irish clergyman."

December 29th. Thursday.—"Man from the moors came to

[1] All *notes* hereafter, as before, are my own, without indication.

[2] From *Trê-vethi*, place of graves.

Penquite. Told tales about *piskies* (domestic demons);[1] how they mount horses' necks at night and ride them about the fields, making stirrups of the mane. They work in mines and are heard knocking. . . ."

January 2nd. Monday.—"Visited Henry Goodman, a man ninety years old, living at Tremarr. He told me a story about two *piskies* thrashing in a barn; also a tale of a child born under an unlucky planet, afterwards drowned; likewise about a man at Dosmary (Dozmare) Pool, who tried to draw water from the pool for a 'streamer,' and could not rest on account of the *piskies* who afflicted him; so he left off work. The piskies are to drain Dosmary Pool with a limpet-shell with a hole in it. There is a hollow in the middle of the pool that is quite bottomless, from which it is renewed.

"I went on horseback to this old man's house with Miss Taylor, my third cousin, a gallant girl as ever rode. We came home galloping over snowy hills and dales. We saw some magpies. Miss Taylor said that it is unlucky to see one, and repeated this rhyme—

> '*One for sorrow; two for mirth;*
> *Three for a wedding; four for death.*'[2]

"Henry Goodman told me that he remembers when he was a child the Cornish language being spoken by a few people; that his own uncle occasionally discoursed in it. This Goodman is quite a patriarch, being the father of twenty children. The dialect which he spoke was so rough and strange that it was frequently unintelligible to me, so that I was obliged to

[1] Pixies; the Cornish form has given us in America *pesky* (troublesome), as in the phrase "pesky creature," which seems to confound the etymologists. See Webster's *Dictionaries*.

[2] See also in Lancashire. See *Papers of the Manchester Literary Club*, vol. ii., 1876, p. 109.—

"The magpie, locally called a 'pynet,' still crosses your path, when you correct its forebodings by making a cross with your foot on the ground, and repeating—

> '*One for anger, two for mirth,*
> *Three for a wedding, and four for a death.*'"

request Miss Taylor and his daughter, Ann Honeychurch, a fine young woman, to translate what he said.

"On my return to Penquite, I saw a man with a fox which he had shot in the morning on the snow. It was a beautiful creature, very large, a bitch-fox, or, what they call here, a 'vixen.' The man was carrying it round to the various farm-houses in order to get money for killing it, foxes being rather numerous and very destructive. Mr. Taylor told me that she had frequently been awaked at night by the screaming of the poultry when a fox was endeavouring to catch them; that once when she was in the garden with a dog, a fox ran past her and snapped at the dog. They tell singular tales about the manner in which the fox captures the fowls. For example, he goes under the tree where they are roosting, and, seizing his own brush with his teeth, turns round with amazing velocity, staring at them with his fiery eyes. The poor fowls on the tree keep turning round their heads as he revolves, following the flaming of his eyes till they become 'light,' that is, giddy, and fall down, when he despatches them and sucks their blood.

"In the afternoon dined at Wolsdon. I mentioned the fox, and one of the young Pollards told me that foxes possess wonderful connubial affection. That some time ago one was shot and badly wounded in the wood, and when found, there were four dead rabbits lying about it, which had been brought to it by its mate.

"In the evening our party was increased by the arrival of a lady and gentleman of the name of Hambly and two young ladies of the name of Avery (Avary ?). We were talking about Cornish names, and one of the young ladies asked me if I could tell her anything about her name. I said that the most celebrated person who ever bore it was a buccaneer, whereupon she informed me that her grandmother had told her that she was descended from a famous pirate.[1] Very pleasant party."

January 3rd. Tuesday.—"Rain and snow. Rode with Mr.

[1] See *Avary*, in *Dict. of National Biography*.

Taylor to dine at Trethinnick. House dilapidated. A family party. Hospitable people."

[This is all that the Journals give of the Trethinnick dinner. The rest I supply from the Rev. Mr. Berkeley's *Recollections of the Borrows*, written for me some years ago. He says:—

"I was one of the guests at a dinner party given in his honour at the old house of the Borrow family. Nearly all the

TRETHINNICK.

members of the family were present, and the evening passed very pleasantly. Of course there was a vast difference in appearance and manners between the simple yet shrewd Cornish farmers and the betravelled gentleman their kinsman; yet no one could fail to discern at times shades of resemblance in look and tone of voice and turns of thought. George Borrow was not at his best that evening; his feelings were too much excited. He was thinking of the time when his father's footsteps and his father's voice re-echoed in the room in which we were sitting. His eyes wandered from point to point, and at times, if I was not mistaken, a tear could be seen trembling in them. At length he could no longer control his feelings. He left the hall suddenly, and in

a few moments, but for God's providential care, the career of George Borrow would have been ended. There was within a few feet of the house a low wall with a drop of some feet into a paved yard.[1] He walked rapidly out, and, it being nearly dark, he stepped one side of the gate and fell over the wall. He did not mention the accident, though he bruised himself a good deal, and it was some days before I heard of it. His words to me that evening, when bidding me good-bye, were: 'Well, we have shared the old-fashioned hospitality of old-fashioned people in an old-fashioned house.'"]

January 5th. Thursday.—[Pisky Story.] "'Some one had a child, I cannot say who it was. They could not give it enough to eat, do what they would. They made their complaint about the matter to a wise neighbour, and she thought it was a *pisky*. She recommended that they should put a large quantity of old shoes upon a spit and make the child turn the spit, threatening to beat it unless it did. The child lamented for some time at the hard task which was imposed upon it, but when it found that it was obliged, it began to turn the spit. After it had turned for some time, it said:—

> "*I am four score years and more,*
> *But never saw such a roast as this before.*"

So then they knew that it was a *pisky*. Shortly after the pisky-child disappeared and her own child was restored to its mother.'—Written from the dictation of my cousin Elizabeth Borrow at Tredinnock (*sic*) the 5th of January, 1854."

We will only make a few extracts from the tour to Truro, Penzance, Mousehole, and Land's End, omitting most of the details of the long foot tramp to Lostwithiel and Restormel Castle.

January 9th.—"A little farther on [toward Lostwithiel] was a round green mound which an old woman who lived near by told me she had heard was raised in war time. It was probably a Celtic barrow. The old woman said there

[1] Vol i., p. 6.

were others in the neighbourhood. I said that some old king was buried under it, to which she replied, 'Very likely, Sir.' . . . About half a mile farther on saw a Cross in the distance. Went up to examine it; seemed to have been raised by some Puseyite. The base contained a nonsensical inscription to the effect that it had been erected on a place which had been devoted to 'Druidic Idolatry.' The Druids were no idolaters, though the Papists are."

January 10th.—"About three and a half miles from St. Austell the road passed through an avenue of lofty trees, seemingly elms. There were walls of stone on either side. To the right beyond the wall was a grave hill or barrow which appeared to have been opened on the top. The sight brought the spirit of old upon my mind.

"About two miles farther I reached Grampound, a small town on the declivity of a hill. The night was now coming on, with every appearance of rain. Saw a nice little Inn called the Dolphin. Looked wistfully at it. Truro was distant yet eight miles. Withstood temptation; strode manfully forward, singing, '*Look out, look out, Swayne Vonved!*'[1] Rain came on heavily; put up my umbrella. In about an hour reached a place called Probus on the slope of a hill; in another hour a place called Tresilian. Passed a bridge under which a rivulet was rushing furiously. Drank out of a quadrangular stone basin into which two or three gushes of water fell. Strode forward. River looking wildly beautiful in the moonshine on my left. High bluffs on the farther side. Valley on the right in which water was sounding. Thought I heard bells from a great distance. Imagined them to be those of Truro. Felt cheered. Rain which had ceased, again came on. Strode forward. In about half an hour saw figure standing in the midst of the road apparently waiting for me. It was a lad with a basket. Bade him 'Good Night,' and asked him how far it was to Truro. 'One mile,' was the answer. He then told me he was from Truro and walked by my side. Came to the top of a hill and saw lights, those of Truro. Lad

[1] *Romantic Ballads*, Norwich, 1826, pp. 61–81.

shortly afterwards stopped at an iron gate and I went forward. Came to a bridge over a broad and shallow river. Entered a street—market place—passed Town Hall—turned to the left. Saw two large lamps, splendid building—Royal Hotel. Shown up stairs to a fine long room. Ordered dinner. Sat down. Presently clock struck seven. I had walked two and twenty miles over hill and dale from Lostwithiel, besides the trip to Restormel—in all about five and twenty miles. Notwithstanding the grand appearance of the Inn passed an unpleasant night. Room dirty, without ventilation, and bed damp."

CHAPTER XLV

(1854)

Tour in Cornwall Continued—Further Extracts from George Borrow's Note Books—Finn M'Coul—Piskies *vel* Pisgies—The Fairies' Vengeance—An Old Cornish Tale.

January 11th, 1854.—"Rose at eight, breakfasted and paid bill which was high. Walked about the town [Truro]; entered the church; found the river was a tidal one, deep in the middle.

"Started in the direction of Penzance. Overtook five men with trucks. They saluted me. One who was apparently lame talked with me about the Russians and Turks. Said he should like to help the latter. Passed through Chacewater. Redruth: Andrews' Hotel. Afterwards ascended Carn Brea. The Carn is composed of six or seven grey stones pointing N.E. and S.W. They look like huge rhinoceroses piled upon one another. On the top of the Carn there are two little basins about seven feet from each other; three mysterious little holes about the diameter of a penny seem to have connected them. Written on the top of the sacrificial rock. In the principal basin—the horrid place of sacrifice—there are outlets for the blood to stream down. There seem to be about eight basins in all."

January 12th.—"Set off from Redruth towards Penzance, rain pouring in torrents. Passed through two considerable villages or towns. Saw caravan and tents just above Rosewarne. Went up to the caravan. Dark woman addressed me. Asked her her name in Rommany. She pretended at first not to understand; then answered me. Presently her

husband, a remarkably knavish-looking personage, put out his head and began to discourse with me. Told me their names were Bosvile. Heard the sound of fiddles in the tents in a field over a low stone wall. The woman asked me into the caravan. Told them I was *mokhado*,[1] gave them a fourpenny piece and departed. Hayle — filthy place — manufactories —noise of hammers and chains—vessels lying at wharves. Passed over causeway and ascended a hill. In about an hour saw the edifice on top of St. Michael's Mount—presently bay and headlands. Asked an old woman the way to Market Jew [Marazion]. Told me that it was to the left. Proceeded. Filthy roads. A great plain on the left with a path across it. Followed it for some time by the side of the railway. The sea close by dashing wildly. PENZANCE. Union Hotel — Dinner — mining agent — sensible man — full of Cornish patriotism. Comfortable Inn."

January 13th.—" Started for Mousehole. Proceeded along Penzance bay. Newlyn. Ascended steep hill. Passed over field. St. Paul's church. Noble tower. Descended hill to Mousehole. Reached village—a fishing hamlet. Found my way to Mr. (H. D.) Burney's of the Coast Guard Station. Small house just above bay. Mr. Burney fine fellow—amiable wife—distant relation of mine. Dined on spare rib. Hospitable reception. Returned to Inn accompanied part of the way by Mr. Burney, who on the route told me one of his adventures on the African coast. He was sent with a boat and five sailors, and a negro boy as interpreter, up a river to visit a black king in order to demand from him a certain number of slaves whom he had in his possession. The king was dressed in scarlet with an old hat on his head without a crown. He told the king that within half an hour he must have the slaves, or he was ordered by his captain to burn the town. Town very strong, with thirty heavy guns and five thousand blacks at least, all armed. After the lapse of half an hour, he told the king that he must either have the slaves

[1] " Wet through," and so " dirty." I doubt its being Gypsy (LL. 67); merely the Spanish *mojado* (Fr. *mouillé*), disguised by G. B.

or he should burn the town. The king hesitated, but at last complied. Burney's gunner, in the mean time, had been about town and wetted the touchholes of the guns. Reached the hotel. Discoursed with mining agent from Redruth, who told me that he had been in Greenland."

January 14th.—"Mr. Burney called to take me to his house at Mousehole, to which place he had invited me in the kindest manner. Picked up my little baggage and went with him. After dinner went down to the village. Met an old man by the name of James Wright, who took us to the house of a person who had in his possession a large cannon ball, said to have been shot by the Spaniards in old times (1595) against the church of St. Paul. He had also a huge pewter dish which he showed us, bearing the date of 1617. The house put me in mind of a Spanish Galician house. Went thence to visit an old man of eighty, who said that when a boy he had seen Dolly Pentreath of Mousehole, the last person who spoke the Cornish language. Wright said that in his youth he was acquainted with a man named Cancrin who of a morning would frequently refuse to go out to sea a fishing, and on being asked why, would reply that it was no use, as he had heard old Doll Pentreath swear like a devil.[1] . . .

"In the evening a Mr. Cleland, a Scotchman, came to tea—a rather agreeable though singular person who had been a captain of a merchant vessel, and who related various anecdotes about extraordinary individuals."

January 15th.—"Went to St. Paul's church. Saw an ancient tomb with the inscription in Cornish at the north end. Spoke to the clerk—a Mr. Richards—who promised to copy it for me. Sat in a pew under a black suit of armour belonging to the Godolphin family, with two swords. Good sermon preached by a clergyman of the name of Festing. In the evening read the Bible and prayers to the family. Comfortable night—good bed."

[1] A great number of Cornish words, furnished by old men of the neighbourhood, follow here.

January 16th.—"Sailed to St. Michael's Mount in a boat with Mr. Burney, Mr. Cleland, and four stout sailors—distance about four miles. Entered a kind of bay fenced from the sea by high walls of stone, leaving only a narrow entrance. Castellated house seated upon a lofty hill rising from the sea on the North East side of Penzance Bay, accessible also by a narrow causeway overflowed at flood-tide, opposite to Marazion or Market Jew. Ascended by a flight of steps to a small town or village; then mounted a hill by a rugged path, till we came to a sort of bastion partly demolished. Oliver's men, in the time of the Civil Wars, are said to have entered by this bastion. Ascended the hill to principal entrance. Arms of the St. Aubyn family over it. We were conducted through various apartments, dining hall, drawing room, bed rooms and chapel. Candles brought to show the vault. There is in this Castle a stone vault below the Chapel about six and a half feet high in which a skeleton was found. The above was written in the vault 16th January, 1854.

"The Guard room contains ancient armour. I put on a skull-cap weighing at least fourteen pounds. Shown over castle by an exceedingly civil young woman. Descended to Marazion or Market Jew. Tolerably large place. Curious little church with singular market house. Returned on foot to Mousehole."

January 18th.—"Set off to visit the Logan Rock accompanied by Cronan. . . . Fingalian Tales by the way from Cronan:—

"The daughter of the king of Norroway—Finding of Finn in Veintry bay—His being fostered by a giant—His entering into service with Dermod David Odeen—His cooking the salmon—The blister on the skin—His sucking his thumb and so becoming acquainted with all witchcraft—His killing Odeen by shaking hands with him and pulling off his arm."[1]

[1] This entry in the Note Books proves that the story of "Finn" in the *Romany Rye* (ii., 199–205, or 173–4) was not from Murtagh, but from Cronan, the Cornish guide, and that the book cited was not finished in Jan., 1854.

"AN IRISH FAIRY TALE

"Told on a wild Road, by a wild Native.

"'In the parish in which I was born,' said Cronan, 'there was a parson of the name of Cuddon. This Mr. Cuddon, during his reign in the parish, made by various ways, all dishonest, a big sum of money, with which he bought various estates. When he died he left his property to his son Henry Cuddon, a very wild young man, very fond of drink, but devil a bit of a gentleman. Amongst various bad qualities which he had was a very tyrannical disposition. On his land there were three fields, through which the poor women of the neighbouring village were in the habit of passing to market with their pails of milk. Well, this fellow, this Henry Cuddon, was fond of stationing himself in the first of these fields, and, as the women entered, kicking over their pails and bidding them go and get more and be damned. Well, your Honour, he met his match at last. There is a moor near my village, a wild place enough, and in the midst of this moor is a big stone, called *Clog Vreach*, or the parti-coloured stone—which the fairies had a particular regard for, and which was a great place of resort for them. Well, Harry Cuddon heard that the fairies met there, and one day in his drink he said to his companions that he would go to the Rock and shoot every mother's child of the fairies. So the next morning when he got up, the first thing he did was to go to the Rock, and, stationing himself before it, he loaded his gun and fired it off till all his ammunition was expended. Then he turned away to come home. What happened on the way no one can tell, but when he reached his house he presented a very terrible spectacle. His tongue was hanging out of his mouth, and his body was all *crom tcheese*, all bent down. Well, his servants put him to bed, where all he could do was to [call?] for drink. Four people were employed during the whole night in pouring the drink down his throat; nor could any one tell what became of it, save and except that it went into his mouth. But devil a bit of good did it do him, for at the end of four and twenty hours he died, and his body was as black as a coal, and a very fitting end it

was for a person who was a tyrant and interfered with the fairies.' "

January 19th.—" Mr. Freston's (Festing's?) call. Saw Register of St. Paul's church. Extracts :

" 1595: '*Fenken Keigwin of Mousehole, being killed by the Spaniards, was buried y^e^ 24 of Julij* 1595.'—'*Iacobus de Newlyn occisus fuit p^r^ inimicos et sepultus est 26 die Iulij.*'—Burials in the year 1777 : '*Dorothy Jeffery was buried December 27.*' This is the famous Dolly Pentreath (her maiden name) spoken of by Daines Barrington in the *Archæologia*." [1]

RETURN TO PENQUITE

January 29th. Penquite.—" About one o'clock in the afternoon rode with Mr. Taylor over to Trethinnick. Mr. Nicholas Borrow soon joined us. We sat down to dinner—Miss Elizabeth at the head of the board. Conversation at Tredinnock (*sic*) : There are some tremendous big fellows up in St. Minver ; it is the beer that makes them so big. Henry Symmonds of Rosecrow in the parish of St. Minver occupies an estate called *Pentire*, or the Foreland, just at the entrance of Hell Bay and the Camel river which leads to Padstow harbour. . . . Looked out of the window, and saw a Devonshire bullock with long noble white horns slightly turned up. William B. told me he had eighty of them, blood red. He said that the horn and the eye of a bullock sell as much as any part of them. Mr. Taylor added 'so does the brush.' "

January 30th.—Mr. Taylor told us of an old man who took up his abode on the moor, not far from the Kilmarth rocks, near a Tor. He lived in a hovel of turf and stones, all by himself. In the winter of the year 1814, when the deepest snow fell in Cornwall which had fallen since the memory of man, the old man's house was one night nearly buried in a snow-drift. His window was so completely covered that he could not see a wink of light. He lay in bed two nights and

[1] *Archæol.*, iii., 278–284. Better in *Dict. of National Biog.*, vol. xxix.—Dolly P., born 1685, died at the age of 92.

the greatest part of two days. At length some people of the nearest village, fearing that the old man might perish of want out upon the exposed moor, forced their way with difficulty to his hovel, and, digging away the snow from the door, began to knock. The old man heard them, got up, and opening the door, said on seeing them : 'Good day ! So the morning has come at last. Well, this has been the longest night I ever knowed. I thought it would never end ! '

" Went to West Penquite belonging to Mr. Taylor. It is inhabited by a labouring or farming man. The labourer and his son, a little boy, were getting their dinner. An elderly woman came out and invited me to enter ; she dusted a chair for me and asked me to sit down. She was the man's mother-in-law ; her name was Betty Martin. Another old woman, deformed, stood by a tub washing. She said she was called Betty Wedmouth. She was a spinster. I asked her why she had never got married, to which she answered in a strange tone that 'her mistress never allowed her any time for courtin'.' After some discourse with the labourer, Betty Martin began to talk about the pisgies (*sic*). She said that at St. Ive [1] there was a house in the hollow of a hill, and that near it was a large hollow tree and that the pisgies were in the habit of dancing round it. That one night the women of the house, getting out of bed and looking out of the window, heard the pisgies dancing violently with much laughter, and that the next morning there was a circle of a peculiar colour on the grass around the tree. That the pisgies were very fond of riding the cattle at night, and that frequently they were heard 'coursing' them violently round the fields, and the next morning the horses would be found all in a sweat, their mane here and there twisted into stirrups for the pisgies to mount by.—I gave the child sixpence and went away."

January 31. *Looe Down.*—" I asked Mr. Henry Borrow if he believed in Pisgies. Mr. Taylor interposed by saying that he himself did not believe in them. Mr. Henry confessed that

[1] Not " St. Ives," which is in another part of Cornwall.

he scarcely knew what to say about the pisgies ; he had never seen them, but he supposed there might be such things, as he had himself heard the 'durdy dogs.' When a boy he was sent to Liskeard one evening for salt and other articles ; as he was riding back to Tredinnock at night, passing by Treworgy he heard over his head in the air the most beautiful cry of hounds that he had ever heard in his life. It was the cry of the 'durdy dogs.' "

The rest of the "Journals" contain nothing of special interest in connection with his tramp to Tintagell and Pentire—mere memoranda for his proposed book on Cornwall, which, though advertised at the end of the *Romany Rye*, never saw the light, if it was ever written, which we much doubt. I will, however, just add this one extract on his return from Pentire:—

February 6th. Pengelley (from St. Minver and Eglosheyl).—"The little parlour in the 'Old Delabole Arms.' Two prints on the right hand side, above the little sofa, with inscriptions in French : '*Le Revd. Dr. Amour*,' and '*A l'Amour il Faut se Rendre*.' In the latter print quite an angelic *petit-maître*. The march of gentility has reached Pengelley!"

In Chapter XV. of *Wild Wales* is found this passage—not very clear to most readers:—

"There is a proverb in the *Gerniweg* [Cornish], said I, which was the language of my forefathers, saying, 'Ne'er leave the old way for the new ;' we will, therefore, go by the hen ffordd" [*ffordd hên*, old road].

The allusion here is to an old tale printed in Cornish and Welsh, on pages 251–253 of Edward Lhuyd's *Archæologia Britannica*, Oxford, 1707, and which Borrow translated into English verse and preserved in his MS. *Songs of Cornwall.* I will, therefore, give it here, for the first time in type, with such notes as seem useful.

TALE FROM THE CORNISH

"Ere striking once, bethink thee twice."
Cornish Proverb.

"In Lavan's parish once of yore,
Dwelt on the spot called Tshei an Hor,[1]
A loving couple, man and wife,
But poverty distressed their life,
And thus the man his wife address'd:
'I 'll wander forth of work in quest;
And you, my dearest, you can earn
Your living here till I return.'

"His home he leaves, and, far from gay,
Towards the East he took his way;
At length a farmer's dwelling reaching
He enter'd it, for work beseeching.
'What work canst do?' the farmer cried;
'All kinds of work, Sir,' John replied;
Then straight they for a year agree;
Three pounds the wages were to be.

"And when the year to end had come
The master paid him down the sum.
'John,' said his master, 'here's your fee;
But if you 'll it return to me,
A point of wisdom I will teach you.'
Said John: 'Give it me, I beseech you.'
'No, no, to give is not my way.'
'Take it,' said John, 'and say your say.'
Quoth t' other: 'This in memory hold:
Ne'er for the new road leave the old.'[2]

"They for another year agree,
The wages just the same to be;
And when the year its end had reach'd,
The farmer forth the three pounds fetch'd.
'John,' said his master, 'here 's your fee,
But if you 'll it return to me
A point of wisdom I will teach you.'
'Give it to me, Sir, I do beseech you.'
'For nought I will not speak, not I.'
'Well, take it then,' was John's reply.

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[1] Welsh: *Tŷ Hwrdd*, the "House of the Ram."

[2] *Kemer ûth na'rey gara an vòr' gôth rag an vòr' noueth.*
Take heed lest ye leave the old road for the new road.

Quoth t'other: '*Lodge not, for your life,*
With an old man who's a young wife.'[1]
"For yet a year they then agree,
The wages still the same to be.
And when the year to end had roll'd
The three pounds out the master told.
'John,' said the master, 'here 's your fee;
But if you 'll it return to me
I 'll the best point of wisdom learn you.'
'For that, Sir, I 'll the wage return you.'
The farmer said—'Take this advice:
Ere striking once, bethink thee twice.'[2]
"Now John would serve no longer there,
Home to his wife he would repair.
'Go not to-day,' the farmer spake,
'To-morrow 's my wife's day to bake;
She shall for you prepare a cake
Home to your faithful wife to take.'
The nine pounds in the loaf they hid,
And when John them adieu had bid
The farmer cried: 'I pray thee carry
This present home unto your deary,
And as ye two there merry make,
Then, and not till then, part the cake.'
"John turned him homeward from the door;
And when he reach'd St. Eler's Moor[3]
He met three Tre-ryn[4] merchants there
Returning home from Exeter.[5]
'We 're glad to see thee, John,' they cried,
'Where hast thou been this long, long tide?'
Says John: 'I'm just from service come,
And to my wife am journeying home.'
'O travel with us,' cried all three,
'And very welcome shalt thou be.'
"Before them two roads they behold;
They took the new, John kept the old,
And as they pass'd by Kêou Tshoy Ûn,

[1] *Kemer uîth na 'ray ostia en tshei lebma vo dên kôth demidhyz dhâ bennen iyngk.*
Take care lest you lodge where an old man is married to a young woman.
[2] *Bedhez guesgyz dhi-uêth, ken gueskal en uêth.*
Consider twice before you strike once.
[3] *Gûn St. Eler* in the Cornish text.
[4] *Trê-Rîn* (the place of trembling) near the Logan Stone and St. Leven.
[5] *Kar Esk*, in Welsh *Caer Esk*, the settlement (*Cader* = Καθεδρα) on the Esk (*uisge*) river.

When they had just lost sight of John,
Thieves set upon them furiously,
Whereat they raised a doleful cry,
Which reaching John's ears on his rout',
'Murder' and 'Thieves' he bellow'd out.
"His clamor scar'd the robber train,
Who from the merchants sped amain.
And when they came to Market Jew[1]
They to their joy met John anew.
And cried: 'What thanks we owe thee, John!
We had for certain, every one,
Been ruin'd people but for thee;
Come with us, thou 'lt most welcome be.'
"And when they reach'd the hostelrie
At which it was their wont to lie,
Quoth John: 'The master I must view.'
'The master! what with him wouldst do?'
They answered; 'we 've a mistress here,
And young enough she is, and fair;
To see the host if you 're inclined
Him in the kitchen you will find.'
"Into the kitchen John he goes
And sees the master of the house,
An ancient man, who turned the spit.
'Oho!' said John, 'this house I quit;
No sleeping place of it I 'll make,
But in the next one quarters take.'
'Do not go yet,' they cried all three,
'Stay, sup with us, thou 'lt welcome be.'
"And now with grief and shame, I say
That with a friar of orders grey
The mistress had contriv'd a plan
To murder the poor ancient man
When sleep had bound the merchants fast,
And on their heads the crime to cast.
"John in the next house that same night
Saw through a hole i' the wall a light;
So getting up and gently walking,
He heard the friar and woman talking.
The friar said: 'Against yon hole
My back I'll set, for fear some soul
From the next house our deeds should spy.'
The hostess then most cruelly

[1] Cornish: *Marha Iou;* Welsh: *Marchnad Woy* or *Ioy.*

With a silk handkerchief she bore
Murder'd her ancient husband poor,
Strangle him did the accurséd slut.
But meanwhile through the hole John cut
A round piece from the friar's gown,
And then in bed again lay down.
"At morn out ran the hostess crying
That murder'd was her husband lying;
And since nor man nor child had been,
Except the merchants, in the inn,
They should be hanged withouten fail;
They thereupon were led to jail.
John quickly them a visit paid.
'O John! we 've evil luck,' they said;
'Last night the host was chok d in bed
And upon us the crime is laid.'
" 'Dear gentlemen,' was John's reply,
'Beseech the Justice instantly
To cause them who the murder wrought
Into his presence to be brought.'
'But who knows who the deed has done?'
They falter'd forth; then answer'd John
'If I can't prove who did it, I
Will hang for it most willingly.'
'Speak out!' they cried. Said John: 'Last night,
Being in bed, I saw a light.
I rose, as if I 'd had a call;
There was a hole in the house wall
'Gainst which his back a certain friar
Placed, thereby blinding it entire,
Lest, as he said, some curious eye
From the next house their deeds should spy.
I cut meanwhile, to him unknown,
A large round piece from off his gown,
And proving what I 've said is true
I 've in my pouch the piece to shew.'
The merchants then were soon set free;
The murd'rers died on gallows tree.
"All three depart from Market Jew
Together with their comrade true;
Far as Kûz carn na Huila[1] went,
And thence their ways lay different.
Now though the merchants earnest were

[1] The "Wood of Lookout Cairn," parish of St. Buryan—Kûz (W. *coed*) and Huila (W. *gwylfa*).

That John should with them home repair,
He steadfastly refused their plea,
Longing his wife and home to see.
" When of the merchants he lost sight
He lounged away his time till night.
He 'd fain know whether while he rov'd
Abroad, his consort faithful prov'd.
" Arriv'd, he listen'd at the door
And heard a man's voice, he was sure,
Within the bed ; his knife he drew
Resolv'd to slay the guilty two,
But soon remembering the advice,
' Ere striking once, bethink thee twice,'
In hurry from the door he strode,
But soon returning knocked aloud.
" ' In name of God, who 's there ? ' she cried.
' 'T is I am here, wife,' John replied.
(' Now in the name of blest Marie
Whom heard I in her company ? ')
' If John thou art, pray enter free.'
' First bring the light here,' answer'd he.
'T was brought ; he stepped the threshold o'er.
Quoth he : ' On coming to the door
I heard a man's voice in the bed.'
' Ah, Johnny, when away you sped
In distant parts for work to roam,
I then with child was three months gone ;
In bed there lies a comely boy
Unto us both he 'll be a joy.'
" Said John : ' I 've something to disclose.
My master, when I left his house,
Gave me this cake I have in hand,
And with it gave the strict command
When I with thee should merry make
Then and not till then it to break.
I 'll now accomplish what he bade,
Perhaps we 've wherefore to be glad.'
" They broke the cake in anxious haste,
The nine pounds in it lo ! were placed.
They took the money, ate the bread,
And I for truth have heard it said
No quarrel e'er or noisy word
'Twixt them from that time forth occurr'd.
" Now, Gentles all, my tale is done,
I hope it has your favour won."

CHAPTER XLVI

(1854)

Tour in Cornwall Concluded—Letters of the Time: George Borrow to his Wife—Mrs. Robert Taylor to Mrs. Wilkey—Reminiscences by the Rev. Mr. Berkeley, Vicar of St. Cleer—The Return to London—Mr. Borrow to his Wife at Yarmouth.

George Borrow to Mrs. Borrow

"Truro, Cornwall, Wednesday [January 11th, 1854].

". . . I am writing from Truro, at which place I arrived yesterday night, after walking five and twenty miles. I am presently going to start for Penzance; thence to the Land's End is about eight miles. . . . I left Penquite the day before yesterday, walking to Lostwithiel—about sixteen miles. The neighbourhood of that place is, I think, the most beautiful I ever saw. There is an old ruined Castle near it called Restormel, which is a truly wonderful spot. You can only see Cornwall or know anything about it by walking through it. It is romantic to a degree, though probably one would not like to live in it. After seeing about, I shall return to Penquite where I have left my things, and shall then proceed to London. Remember me to old hen and excuse these hasty lines. —Yours affectionately,

"G. Borrow.

"(*Keep this.*)"

The Same to the Same

"Mousehole near Penzance [January 17th, 1854].

". . . I merely write you a line to tell you that I am tolerably well. I am close by the Land's End, at the house of

a distant relation.[1] I was going to the Land's End to-day, but the weather is so bad that it is nearly impossible to stir out I shall, I dare say, in two or three days return to Penquite, from which place I shall start for London. . . . I hope my mother is well, and with best love to you and hen, I am . . .

"GEORGE BORROW.

"(*Keep this.*)"

Mrs. Robert Taylor to Mrs. Wilkey[2]

"Penquite, January 27th, 1854.

"I must tell you a bit of our distinguished visitor, George Borrow. I will first try to describe his personal appearance, though it will be but faintly. He is a fine tall man of about six feet three, well-proportioned and not stout; able to walk five miles an hour successively; rather florid face without any hirsute appendages; hair white and soft; eyes and eyebrows dark; good nose and very nice mouth; well-shaped hands—altogether a person you would notice in a crowd. His character is not so easy to portray. The more I see of him, the less I know of him. He is very enthusiastic and eccentric, very proud and unyielding. He says very little of himself, and one cannot ask him if inclined to. . . . His mother is still living and is said to be a fine woman at her age [eighty-two]. On his arrival at Plymouth he stopped at the Royal Hotel. The next day he could not get a seat on the coach, so he threw his cloak on his arm (a very old friend which has seen some thirty years' service, the constant companion of his travels), left his carpet bag for the mail, and walked off for Liskeard. He reached there on Christmas Eve. The following morning he trudged off to St. Cleer and saw about as much as the snow would permit. He was enraptured with Trevethy Stone and Cheese Wring; altogether he is much pleased with neighbourhood and people. At Trethinnick he was much affected, on being taken upstairs, at the remembrance of his

[1] Mr. Robert Taylor of Penquite gave Borrow a letter of introduction to Mr. Burney of Mousehole, which I have not thought worth while to present.

[2] These original letters were forwarded to me in New Haven in 1888 by the late Mr. Adolphus Wilkey of Liskeard.

father, and shed tears. He remained with us sixteen days, and then walked off for the Land's End. He was absent sixteen days, returning on Wednesday eve [Jan. 25th]. Yesterday Robert took him to Kilmarth and home by North Hill. He is thinking of going across the moors to see Tintagell. He seems to have a desire to visit King Arthur's Castle. I should not wonder if he went into Wales before he returns. He is a marvel in himself. There is no one here to draw him out. He has an astonishing memory as to dates when great events have taken place, no matter in what part of the world. He seems to know everything. He has lived years in Russia and Moldavia and Wallachia, and has been in Turkey, Greece, and Egypt, all over Germany and Italy, and I cannot tell where. To Spain of course he took his wife (!). Two or three people at Liskeard have asked him for his autograph, but it is a thing he will not give to anybody."

The Same to the Same

"March 10th, 1854.

"My time was pretty well occupied during Christmas season in attending to the welfare of our guest, Mr. Borrow. He was delighted with Cornwall and had no idea that there were so many Druidical remains here. . . . When the snow left, he commenced his tour on foot through the country. He went up to the North Coast, visited Pentire Point, Tintagell, King Arthur's Castle, etc., etc. He will undoubtedly write a description of his visit. We have not heard direct from him since he left, as he scarcely ever writes letters to people."

Rev. Mr. Berkeley to the Author

"St. Cleer Vicarage, October 18th, 1887.

"Dear Sir,—In reply to your letter of the 3rd inst. [from New Haven] I can assure you it will be a great pleasure to me to contribute towards the Biography of George Borrow, of whose visit here I have often thought. He spent a good deal of his time with us, and I have a very vivid recollection of his manners and appearance. If you desire it, I will supply some

of my Reminiscences of him. I knew his cousins intimately. He took great delight in poring over my Register (etc., etc.). —I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

"JOHN R. P. BERKELEY." [1]

MR. BERKELEY'S REMINISCENCES OF BORROW IN 1854
(*November 29th*, 1887)

"The first time I saw Mr. George Borrow he called with Mr. Robert Taylor, who was then 'Parson's Churchwarden.' I was much struck by his appearance. He must have been, I should say, full six feet four inches in height—a very well-built man, with somewhat of a military carriage; snow-white hair; dark, strongly marked eyebrows; his countenance pleasing, betokening calm firmness, self-confidence, and a mind under control, though capable of passion. His frame was without heaviness, but evidently very powerful. His hands were small for his size, beautifully formed, and very white. He was very vain of his hands, which he used to say he derived from his mother, who was of Huguenot extraction. He was, when in the vein, a delightful talker. It will give some idea of the effect of his appearance, if I recount a circumstance which occurred on his first visit at the Vicarage. My eldest son, then between ten and eleven years of age, having been introduced, stood with eyes fixed on him for some moments, and then without speaking left the apartment. He passed into the room where his mother was engaged with some ladies, and cried out, 'Well, mother, that *is* a man.' He could find no other words to express his admiration. The child's enthusiasm evidently delighted Borrow, who, from all I saw of him, I should judge to have been singularly alive to, and grateful for, tokens of affection.

"We soon came to delight in his society. He often dropped in of an evening, when he would, after tea, sit in the centre of

[1] The Rev. John Richard Pretyman Berkeley, B.A., 1839, Trinity Coll., Dublin; Priest 1840 by Bishop of Kildare; Vicar of St. Cleer, Dio. Exon., 1844; deceased 1896. His immediate predecessor was the Rev. John Jope, vicar from 1775 to 1844. That is, the two held the benefice one hundred and twenty-one years!

a group before the fire with his hands on his knees—his favourite position—pouring forth tales of the scenes he had witnessed in his wanderings—sometimes among the Gypsies of Spain, sometimes among those of England. Then he would suddenly spring from his seat and walk to and fro the room in silence ; anon he would clap his hands and sing a Gypsy song, or perchance would chant forth a translation of some Viking poem ; after which he would sit down again and chat about his father, whose memory he revered as he did his mother's ; and finally he would recount some tale of suffering or sorrow with deep pathos—his voice being capable of expressing triumphant joy or the profoundest sadness.

" In *Lavengro* (I think it is) he tells of an attempt made by a Gypsy crone to poison him. The effect of that poison followed him through life, producing attacks of the deepest depression, so that he would sit silent and melancholy for hours, refusing food and not answering if spoken to. I once saw him in one of those attacks. My wife and I walked to Penquite one evening [January 30th, 1854]. When we went in we found him sitting in the kitchen before a huge fire, shivering as with the ague, and looking hopelessly sad. We spoke to him, but he scarcely seemed to be conscious of what we said. We remained for tea ; and afterwards my wife sat down to the piano, thinking that music might produce some effect. She played for some time, chiefly ballad music ; then some old Irish and Scotch airs. After a while we could see that he began to listen. His head was raised. No one spoke. At length he suddenly sprang to his feet, clapped his hands several times, danced about the room, and struck up some joyous melody. From that moment he was another man. Tales and side-splitting anecdotes followed fast one upon the other. He joined us at supper, and, as we were leaving, he pressed my wife's hands and said : ' Your music was as David's Harp to my soul.' He told me afterwards that he was subject to those attacks ever since he was so nearly killed by the old Gypsy's poison.

" Among his peculiarities was his dislike of Sherry, and, I am compelled to add, of Sherry drinkers, whom, I often heard

him say in a tone of positive loathing, he *despised*. He had a habit of speaking in a measured syllabic manner, if he wished to express dislike or contempt, which was certainly very effective. He would say: 'If you want to have the Sherry *tang*, get Madeira (that 's a gentleman's wine), and throw into it two or three pairs of old boots, and you 'll get the taste of the pig skins they carry the Sherry about in.'

"He also had a sovereign contempt for anyone who, having been in the Army, withdrew from it. I once heard him say to a young man who had retired from the Army, and was telling with a semi-military drawl 'that—aw—the army was—aw—no place for a gentleman now'—'I should judge,' said Borrow, 'that it was rather the other way.'—'Aw—what do you mean?'—'What do I mean? Why this: That the Army is no place for a man who is not a gentleman, and that such a person was right in leaving it.'

"Borrow was very fond of repeating the answer given to himself by an old prize-fighter in reply to a question: 'What is the best way to get through life quietly?'—'Learn to box and keep a civil tongue in your head.' He believed that no man did justice to his own constitution who did not walk at least five miles a day.

"His power of acquiring languages was extraordinary. He told me that he believed he could learn any language in a few months. He somewhat startled me one day while we were looking over the parish registers by springing up, rushing about the room, clapping his hands and exclaiming, 'Oh, that is delightful! What a discovery! Look here,' said he, pointing his finger to a marriage entry in which the woman's Christian name was Jenefer.—'Can you not see? it is *Guinevere*, King Arthur's wife!'[1] He could not refrain from repeating this the whole evening.

"He was somewhat impatient of hearing the praises of other writers. For example, he considered the value placed upon *Uncle Tom's Cabin* as far too great."[2]

[1] See William's *Enwogion Cymru*. Art. "Gwenhwyvar."

[2] See under Jan. 3d., p. 75, for the conclusion.

Mr. Berkeley to the Author

"St. Cleer Vicarage, January 9th, 1888.

". . . I was somewhat amused at the bitterness of speech in the Extracts you sent me. I could hear him utter the words and could witness to the look of scornful hate which overspread his countenance. He was certainly a good hater. He never forgot a slight or an injury. He was rather a vain than a proud man, and I have no doubt that he or some one dear to him had received some slight from 'the one-eyed officer.' I have heard him speak bitterly of the Martineaus, and of the Hambly family. He used to say: 'Never was one of the name good.' I once mentioned the name of a person whom I had met—a Miss O'Flaherty. I was startled at the vehement execration which burst from his lips—followed by his usual refrain: 'Not one of the name ever was good!' Nor could he endure to hear a successful contemporary author mentioned with approval. I alluded in a former letter to his dislike of Mrs. Beecher Stowe. It was in the parlour at Penquite. He was walking to and fro the room. I was expressing the delight I felt on reading *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* He made no reply for some time, but continued his march. Suddenly he stopped before me as I sat, and bowing down looked into my very eyes. Then, in accents of the bitterest contempt, he gave utterance to a volley of invective against 'a lot of Uncle Toms and Tom fools.' Fortunately I was more amused than alarmed, and only smiled. After a while he calmed down and apologised for his vehemence; but I found I had fallen, for a time at least, in his estimation. . . .—Believe me. . . .,

JOHN R. P. BERKELEY."

THE RETURN

Mr. Borrow was in London at his old retreat (53A Pall Mall) kept by a Mrs. Webster, from February 10th to the 25th. Most of his time was spent in the British Museum, where he was seeking materials for concluding the Appendix to the *Romany Rye.* His letters to his wife in

this interval were short and peevish. He must have been a difficult man to get on with. I can only make extracts from a few of them. They are addressed to Mrs. Borrow at Sharman's Lodgings, King St., Yarmouth.

Feb. 13*th.*—"I received your second letter to me at London this morning and was glad to hear that you are all well. It is said here that the whole Russian fleet in the Black Sea has been destroyed; but whether the report is true I cannot say. For three days I have been working hard at the Museum. I am at present at Mrs. Webster's, but not in the three guinea lodgings. I am in rooms above, for which I pay thirty shillings a week. I live as economically as I can; but when I am in London I am obliged to be at a certain expense. I must be civil to certain friends who invite me out and show me every kindness. Please to send me a five pound note by return of post. I walked through the whole of Cornwall and saw everything. I kept a Journal of every day I was there and it fills *two* pocket books. My relations are most excellent people, but I could not understand more than half of what they said. It is affirmed that there are seventy thousand pounds in the family, but the head of it [Henry of Looe Down] lives in a house in which there is not a single grate—nothing but open chimneys. Love to hen and all.

"G. Borrow.

"(*Keep this.*)"

Feb. 16*th.*—"I write to you a line to beg you to keep up your spirits. I shall be home by the end of next week. M. and C.[1] are very kind and I believe are *my sincere friends.*[2] I hope my mother and hen are well. (*Keep this.*)"

Feby. 17*th.*—"I wrote to you yesterday and I write again to-day on account of the letter which I received from you this morning. It was hardly worth while making me more melancholy than I am. 'Come home, come home!' is the cry.

[1] Mr. Murrray and his partner Mr. Cooke.

[2] One of his standard phrases after *Lavengro* appeared, when he saw a foe in every bush.

And what are my prospects when I get home? though it is true they are not much brighter here. I have nothing to look forward to. Honourable employments are being given to this and that trumpery fellow; while I, who am an honourable man, must be excluded from everything. With respect to literature, I am tired of it and I believe there is [little?] to be got by it, unless by writing humbug, which I can't and will not do. My spirits are very low and your letters make them worse. I shall probably return by the end of next week; but I shall want more money. I am sorry to spend money, for it is our only friend, and God knows I use as little as possible, but I can't travel without it. Love to hen. (*Keep this.*)"

February 21st.—"I received your letter. I am much grieved at the death of poor Mrs. Hills.[1] It is a loss not only to her family, but to Yarmouth. I propose coming home on Saturday. You had better inform me at what hour the train will start that I ought to come by. The *dinner* went off beautifully, but it was expensive; however, the people I invited were, I believe, my friends. The money arrived safely, but whether it will be sufficient is a question. Perhaps you had better send another note, and I will bring it home unchanged, if I do not want any part of it. I have lived very economically as far as I am concerned personally; I have bought nothing, and have been working hard at the Museum. Our money is our best friend. God bless you, hen, and my mother. (*Keep this.*)"

[1] The wife of the Rev. George Hills, M.A., rector of St. Nicholas Parish Church, Yarmouth, erected early in the twelfth century.

CHAPTER XLVII

(1854)

Tour in North and South Wales — The Note Books and the MS. *Wild Wales*—Inedited Episodes: 1. "Croppies, Lie Down," with the Suppressed Orange Verses.

THE 25th of February, 1854, saw Mr. Borrow back in Yarmouth. Between this date and the latter part of July—that is, for the next five months—he was busy with the closing pages of *The Romany Rye*, and the Appendix to the same. He was, however, in no immediate haste to go to press; rather, he resolved to proceed on a new expedition. This time he would take along with him his wife and step-daughter, establish them at Llangollen, and go forth on a series of pedestrian excursions covering certain portions of North and South Wales.

This tour lasted some three and a half months—from July 27th to November 16th. It resulted in the four pencilled Note Books which lie before me, and from them it may be interesting to record his itinerary:—

1854

July 27: Yarmouth, Norwich, Ely, Peterborough.
" 28: Peterborough, Birmingham, Chester.

Three Days in Chester

Aug. 1: Chester, Wrexham, Ruabon, Llangollen.

Twenty-Five Days at Llangollen with excursions
(*2nd to 27th*)

Aug. 27 : Llangollen, Corwen, Cerrig y Drudion.
" 28 : Cerrig y Drudion, Pentré Voelas, Capel Curig, Bangor (*Caernarvonsh.*).
" 29 : Excursion to Menai Bridge and Beaumaris.
" 30 : *Id.* to Bangor, Caernarvon, Llanberis, Snowdon.
" 31 : Bangor, Llanvair Mathavarn Eithav, "Tŷ Gronwy," Pentraeth (*Anglesea*).
Sept. 1 : Pentraeth, Holyhead.
" 2 : Holyhead—night to Bangor by railway.
" 3 : Bangor, Caernarvon, Beth Gelert.
" 4 : Beth Gelert, Festiniog.
" 5 : Festiniog, Tai Hirion, Bala (*Merionethsh.*).
" 6 : Bala, Llanvair, Corwen, Llangollen.

Twenty days at Llangollen with excursions
(*Sept. 7th to Oct. 26th*)

Oct. 26 : Llangollen, Plas Newydd, Pont y Meibion, Llanarmon, Llan Rhaiadr.
" 27 : Excursion to Sycharth and Llan Silin.
" 28 : Llan Rhaiadr, Bala.
" 29 : Bala (*Merionethsh.*).
" 30 : Bala, Mawddwy, Mallwyd.
" 31 : Mallwyd, Cemmaes, Machynlleth.
Nov. 1 : Machynlleth (*Montgomerysh.*).
" 2 : Machynlleth to Pont Erwyd.
" 3 : Pont Erwyd to Devil's Bridge.
" 4 : Devil's Bridge (*Cardigansh.*).
" 5 : Excursion to Plinlimmon.
" 6 : Devil's Bridge, Yspytty Ystwyth, Pont y Rhyd Vendigaid, Mynachlog Vawr (Strata Florida), Tregaron (*Cardigansh.*).
" 7 : Tregaron, Llanddevi Brevi, Lampeter, Pumsant.

Nov. 8 : Pumsant, Llandovery (*Carmarthensh.*).
" 9 : Llandovery.
" 10 : Llandovery, Llangadog, Capel Gwynva, Gutter Vawr.
" 11 : Gutter Vawn, Swansea (*Glamorgansh.*).
" 12 : Swansea, Neath.
" 13 : Neath to Merthyr Tydvil.
" 14 : Merthyr to Caerphilly.
" 15 : Caerphilly to Newport (*Monmouthsh.*).
" 16 : Newport to Chepstow.

"*End of my wanderings in Wales, Chepstow, Thursday night, November* 16, 1854.—GEORGE BORROW."

I may be excused for following our traveller on this tour now, although eight years later he published the details of it in three well-furnished volumes under the captivating title of *Wild Wales*, the translation of the old Bardic name, *Gwyllt Walia*. It is true that there is some difference between the book and the Journals out of which it was developed, but that only renders the latter more precious to him who possesses them. Besides, what is narrated on the printed page as cold fact, is here confirmed in the warm tints of material evidence. We read, for example, that in the Tŷ Gronwy, or the House where the poet Gronovius Owen was born, at Farthest-St.-Mary's-of-the-Inn,[1] a little girl, Ellen Jones—I wonder if she is living still; she would only be fifty-two years old—was requested by Mr. Borrow to take the pencil he handed her, and write in his note book her name and that she was a distant relation of poor Gronwy, the sweetest bard of Ynys Fon. This is the cold fact I spoke of. But when, forty-four years after that August day in 1854, you open the same note book, draw from its case the same pencil, and gaze on that page where the child wrote these lines in the ancient tongue of Britain

[1] Llanfair Mathafarn Eithaf, in Mona or Anglesey.

Ellen Jones
yn prthyn pell
i gronow owen

(Ellen Jones, belonging afar off to Gronwy Owen)—ah! it is then the halos gather round the heads of that humble group in a remote corner of Anglesey, where none but a George Borrow would ever think to penetrate.[1]

Borrow, after all, was a creature of moods and manias. Perhaps everybody is, in a quieter way. The three great subjects over which he brooded during a long life were Gypsies and Danish and Welsh poetry. I might add a fourth, but that was a *vendetta*—Rome. Other things there were that amused him for a time, but he always came back to the three I have mentioned. On his way to Truro, that dark and rainy night, he pressed forward singing the chorus of one of his Danish Ballads—"Look out, look out, Swayne Vonved." From the heights of Arthur's Seat, a few days later, he cast a wistful eye across the Channel toward the land of David ab Gwilym and Gronwy Owen, the rivals of Homer and Virgil! His use of the language, too, must have been quaint or queer, for on the top of Snowdon where he recited Welsh verses, while the English grinned, a native Cymro asked him if he was from Brittany.[2]

As to his sketch of the Life of Owen, his defects were no greater than those of the poet's latest editor,[3] who

[1] Ellen in her agitation made a slight mistake—*prthyn* for *perthyn ;* but Borrow added an unnecessary emendation by putting in his book *o bell* (from afar). Read now his whole Chapter XXXII. in the First Volume of *Wild-Wales*, or pages 101 to 108 in the small editions. Nothing finer was ever written.

[2] "*Wyt ti Lydaweg?*" (art thou a *Breton?*)—*W. W.*, p. 96.

[3] *The Poetical Works of the Rev. Gronwy Owen with his Life and Correspondence. Edited by the Rev. Robert Jones.* Lond., 1876, 2 vols., 8vo.

certainly ought to have exhibited more research. Neither of them seemed to have any distinct idea of Owen's whereabouts in America, or of the date of his death, although abundant materials had long been extant on both sides of the Atlantic.[1] The *Topographical Dictionary* and Bishop Meade give the correct date of Owen's death. Borrow says that he "died master of a paltry school at *New Brunswick* in North America, sometime about the year 1780." Mr. Jones is *almost* as well acquainted with trans-Atlantic geography. For these reasons we may be allowed to set this matter straight for all time.

Gronwy Owen, after his utter failure to earn a living in England, got an appointment as Instructor in William and Mary College, at Williamsburg, Virginia. He accordingly sailed for America with his wife and family in December, 1757. At Williamsburg he remained but two years—1758 to 1760. In April of the latter year he became Curate of St. Andrew's, *Brunswick County*, Virginia, and died there in 1769—*a confirmed sot*, at the age of forty-seven! Here then Bishop Meade furnishes us with the key to Owen's misfortunes in England—and America, for they followed him to the New World.

I find that from Borrow's Note Books on Wales I have slipped over into the territory of his printed volumes. Perhaps I may as well treat of both here and have done with it.

Of this expedition, only about one month and a half were devoted to absolute travel. The rest of the time was spent at Llangollen with his wife and daughter, or in making excursions in the neighbourhood with John Jones, the Methodist weaver. And yet we get in the

[1] Samuel Lewis' *Topographical Dictionary of Wales*. London, 1834, vol. ii.: under *Llanvair Mathavarn Eithav.*—Bishop Meade's *Old Churches and Families of Virginia*. Philad., 1857, vol. i., 478.—*Wild Wales*, pp. x. and 97–98.

printed form of the notes a picture of the country, its history, its literature, and the peculiar character and prejudices of its people, such as could hardly be derived from any other source. These excellences make us forget the occasional inaccuracies of his Welsh—his *bara y caws*, for instance, for *bara a chaws*—which, doubtless, like similar ones in *Lavengro*, were left for the critics to glean or to overlook, as the case might be.

We shall now proceed to give a couple of fragmentary letters addressed to his mother at Oulton by Mrs. Borrow, which let in a flood of light on their feeling, character, and pursuits at this period. The one was written before they went to Bangor and Snowdon, and the other shortly after their return.

"Llangollen, 9th Augst., 1854.

"My dear Mother,—I know you are glad at all times to hear of us. We are much as usual and we hope you are the same. We all much enjoy this wonderful and beautiful country. We are in a lovely quiet spot. Dear George goes out exploring the mountains, and when he finds remarkable views takes us of an evening to see them. The poor here are humble, simple, and good—pleased if you will take a slice of brown bread and a glass of sweet milk, and read the Bible to them, which George can do in Welsh very nicely. *Dear Mamma, I hope you are quite well. I am just going out to take a walk. This is a very beautiful country, and you would enjoy it were you able to come here.*[1] Now dear Mother, you will be pleased to see your own dear son's handwriting, but you must take great care of this, and, if you do not burn it, not let it be seen. You understand. I hope our nerves will gain strength here—that will be a great mercy. Ask God to protect us and bless us and show mercy and love to all of us, for Jesus Christ's sake. Last Sunday morning we *all* went to an English service at the Church here. In the evening we *all* went to the same and listened to the service in Welsh. Dear George" . . . [*second leaf gone*].

[1] In Mr. Borrow's handwriting.

"Llangollen [Sept. 1st to 10th].

"My dear Mother,—You will be glad to hear that your dear son is well and comfortable. . . . He is very regular in his morning and evening devotions, so that we all have abundant cause for thankfulness. Since writing last, we have been on a little excursion up the country. We have been to Bangor, Caernarvon, and to a very high mountain called Snowdon, the particulars of which we will tell you when we meet. . . . As regards your dear son and his peace and comfort, you have reason to praise and bless God on his account. . . . He is fully occupied. He keeps a *daily* Journal of all that goes on, so that he can make a most amusing book in a month, whenever he wishes to do so. He will, I expect at Christmas, publish his other work,[1] together with his poetry in all the European languages. Be sure you *burn* this, or do not leave it about. . . ." [*Fragments only*].

INEDITED EPISODES

1. "*Croppies, Lie Down*"

The story of the interview with the Irishman whom Borrow met on the road between Cerrig y Drudion and Cernioge Mawr would have been vastly improved had he inserted the song "Croppies, Lie Down," with the narrative. His manuscript, however, preserved the Orange verses, and it may not be uninteresting to restore the text, poetry and all, in this place.[2]

——"After walking about a mile [from Cerrig y Drudion] I overtook a man with a game leg, that is, a leg which, either by nature or accident, not being so long as its brother leg, had a patten attached to it, about five inches high, to enable it to do duty with the other. He was a fellow with red shock hair and very red features, and was dressed in ragged coat and

[1] The *Romany Rye*, in Two Volumes, 1857.

[2] *Wild Wales*, chapter xxv.,—Monday, August 28, 1854.

breeches, and a hat which had lost part of its crown and all of its rim; so that, even without a game leg, he would have looked rather a queer figure. In his hand he carried a fiddle.

"'Good morning to you,' said I.

"'A good morning to your hanner, a merry afternoon, and a roaring joyous evening—that is the worst luck I wish to ye.'

"'Are you a native of these parts?' said I.

"'Not exactly, your hanner—I am a native of the city of Dublin, or what 's all the same thing, of the village of Donnybrook which is close by it.'

"'A celebrated place,' said I.

"'Your hanner may say that; all the world has heard of Donnybrook, owing to the humours of its fair. Many is the merry tune I have played to the boys at that fair.'

"'You are a professor of music, I suppose.'

"'And not a very bad one, as your hanner will say if you allow me to play you a tune.'

"'Can you play *Croppies, Lie Down?*'

"'I cannot, your hanner; my fingers never learnt to play such a blackguard tune: but if ye wish to hear *Croppies, Get Up* I can oblige ye.' . . .

"'No,' said I, 'it 's a tune that does n't please my ears. If, however, you choose to play *Croppies, Lie Down*, I 'll give you a shilling.'

"'Your hanner will give me a shilling?'

"'Yes,' said I, 'if you play *Croppies, Lie Down;* but you know you cannot play it; your fingers never learned the tune.'

"'They never did, your hanner; but they have heard it played of old by the blackguard Orange fiddlers of Dublin on the First of July, when the Protestant boys used to walk round Willie's statue on College Green[1]—so if your hanner gives me the shilling, they may, perhaps, bring out something like it.'

"'Very good,' said I; 'begin!' . . .

"Thereupon the fiddler, taking his bow and shouldering his fiddle, struck up in first-rate style the glorious tune which

[1] The statue of William III., the hero of the Battle of the Boyne; fought July 1, 1690, against James II.

I had so often heard with rapture in the days of my boyhood in the barrack yard of Clonmel ; whilst I, walking by his side as he stumped along, caused the welkin to resound with the words, which were the delight of the young gentlemen of the Protestant academy of that beautiful old town.

["' *O! Croppies, ye 'd better be quiet and still,*
Ye sha'n't have your liberty, do what ye will ;
As long as salt water is found in the deep,
Our foot on the neck of the Croppy we 'll keep.
Remember the steel
Of Sir Phelim O'Neill
Who slaughtered our fathers in Catholic zeal ;
And down, down, Croppies, lie down!"]

"'I never heard those words before,' said the fiddler after I had finished the first stanza.

"'Get on with you,' said I.

["' *The day of the Boyne was a brave gallant day,*
The Croppies had then all the worst of the fray ;
Then pale and aghast from our presence they fled,
With Shamus the runagate king at their head,
When crossing the ford
In the name of the Lord
The Protestant brandished his protestant sword ;
And down, down, Croppies went down!"]

"'Regular Orange words,' said the fiddler, on my finishing the second stanza.

"'Do you choose to get on?' said I.—

["' *Yes, down ye went then, and ye down shall remain*
As long as the sun and the moon we retain ;
Whilst we, the brave lads of the Orange cockade,
Shall laugh at our foemen confused and dismayed.
Whoop! Protestants, Whoop!
And drink full of hope,
Bad luck to the Devil, Pretender, and Pope!
And down, down, Croppies, lie down!"]

"'More blackguard Orange words I never heard!' cried the fiddler, on my coming to the conclusion of the third

stanza. 'Divil a bit farther will I play—at any rate till I get the shilling.'

"'Here it is for you,' said I; 'the song is ended and of course the tune.'

"'Thank your hanner,' said the fiddler taking the money; 'your hanner has kept your word with me, which is more than I thought your hanner would do. And now, your hanner, let me ask you why did your hanner wish for that tune, which is not only a blackguard one but quite out of date; and where did your hanner get the words?'

"'I used to hear the tune in my boyish days,' said I, 'and wished to hear it again; for, though you call it a blackguard tune, it is the sweetest and most noble air that Ireland, the land of music, has ever produced. As for the words, never mind where I got them; they are violent enough, but not half so violent as the words of some of the songs made against the Irish Protestants by the priests.'

"'Well, your hanner, the Orange is now in the kennel and the Croppies have it all their own way.[1]

"'And perhaps,' said I, 'before I die, the Orange will be out of the kennel and the Croppies in, even as they were in my young days. . . . Farewell!'

"'Farewell your hanner; and here's another scratch of the illigant tune your hanner is so fond of, to cheer up your hanner's ears upon your way.'

"And long after I had left him I could hear him playing on his fiddle in first-rate style the beautiful tune of *Down, Down, Croppies, Lie Down.*'

I have considerably abridged the text of the above narrative, giving only a sufficient portion to serve as an intelligent setting for the Orange verses which are here introduced for the first time. The reason of their suppression in the printed book can be readily inferred from the press clamour excited by *Lavengro* and *The Romany*

[1] This was in 1854, remember, before the Fenianism of 1865 compelled the Orange to sally forth from the kennel again.

Rye. Borrow had resolved to make a work that should offend no one. But *Wild Wales* was little read at its issue (one thousand copies sufficed for three years), for the author's name had lost its magic spell; nothing would revive it but his death, and that was still far off—even twenty years.

CHAPTER XLVIII

(1854)

Inedited Episodes in *Wild Wales*, concluded—2, The Duel between Colonel Lennox and the Duke of York—3. Lope de Vega's "Ghost Story," as Borrow told it.

2. *The Duel of* 1789

ONE of my purposes in the preparation of this work was to preserve from oblivion as many as possible of George Borrow's *prose fragments*, dropped for one reason or another from his published writings, the Manuscripts of which will soon be scattered never to be gathered again. I shall, therefore, introduce here an episode excluded from *Wild Wales*, but found in the autograph manuscript of that interesting composition. While discoursing with a gentleman named Jones, the following dialogue was evolved:[1]—

"'How is it that you did not enlist in the Life Guards?'

"'Well,' said Mr. Jones with a smile, 'the recruiting sergeant asked me once or twice to do so.'

"'You would have made a good soldier,' said I.

"'I have been something of one,' said he, 'and have seen some service. I rode a horse in the Marquis of Exeter's Yeomanry troop, and was present at the affair of Downham.'

"'That was the time,' said I, 'when the *Hobnails* of the Fens rose against their masters and the law.'

"'It was,' said he, 'and the *Hobnails* gave us some trouble.

[1] *Wild Wales*, 1862, ii., 266. Small ed., p. 177.

They got behind their dykes and deep sluggish rivers and fired at us. One fellow gave us particular annoyance ; he stationed himself behind a deep river and pelted at us with a long duck gun. He found his match, though, at last. "This won't do," said one of our troop, and swimming his horse across the river, he landed with some difficulty on the other side, and galloping up to the fellow who was running away, he shot him dead with his carbine.'

"'A bold deed,' said I, and I looked at him, wondering within myself whether he was the man, but did not ask him.

"'Lincolnshire is a fine country,' said I ; 'you will find there the richest land in England ; it turns up, when you dig it, just like a pound of butter.'

"'A happy simile,' said Mr. Jones.

"'It is,' said I ; 'unhappily it is not mine, but old Cobbett's, one of the most vigorous of English prose writers, who, amongst other things, wrote the best treatise on (fowling?) we have. I suppose your father was a Lincolnshire farmer.'

"'I am of a family of Lincolnshire proprietors,' said Mr. J., 'but my father never farmed. He went much about, and, among other things, was secretary to the Duke of Richmond over in London. He is dead now, and I knew little about him, for I was brought up by an uncle.'

"'The Duke of Richmond?' said I ; 'was not that the person who was once Col. Lennox, and who fought a duel with the Duke of York?'[1]

"'It was,' said Mr. Jones.

"'He was the best shot in England,' said I, 'and the hardest drinker. He was a six-bottle man, and could split a pistol-bullet against the blade of a pen-knife at twelve yards distance. When he fought the Duke, he said to his second : "Don't think I am going to be fool enough to hurt His Royal Highness ; I only intend to damage his side curl." And sure

[1] On Wimbledon Common, May 26, 1789. See *Gent. Mag.* for May, 1789, vol. lix., p. 463. Lennox was then Lieut.-Colonel and became Duke of Richmond in 1806, Colonel of the Coldstream Guards in 1795, General in 1814, and Governor-General of Canada in 1818, where he died of hydrophobia the following year.

enough, when he fired he shot off the Duke's left-side curl, without hurting him in the least,'[1]

"'Did you know him?' said Mr. J.

"'No,' said I, 'but my father, who was in the army, knew him very well, and the Duke too, and remembered perfectly well the day of the duel. I have heard him say that he was doing duty at the Horse-Guards on that day, and that suddenly the Prince of Wales came down to endeavour to learn some news about the affair, it having got abroad that the Duke of York was gone out with the "fighting Colonel," as Lennox was called. The Prince walked up and down before the Guardroom in a state of the greatest agitation, till word came that the duel was over and the Duke was safe, whereupon the Prince exclaimed "Thank God!" and walked off. I have heard my father say that the Prince was dressed in a pair of buff breeches fitting close to the leg, and that he had the finest leg and thigh he ever saw in his life.'

"'Strange,' said Mr. Jones, 'that your father and mine should both have been acquainted with the same individual!'

"'Ain't it?' said I, 'but my father knew him as the "fighting Colonel" before the French war (1793–1815), and yours as the Duke of Richmond when that war, which lasted more than twenty years, was over.'"[2]

3. *Lope de Vega's Ghost Story, as George Borrow told it*

One of the strangest things in Borrow's books is his infatuation for the supernatural, the extraordinary, the occult, which exhibits itself in his earliest recollections, and leads him to declare himself "superstitious" to so practical a corporation as the Bible Society. Hence in Cornwall, Wales, the Isle of Man, and Ireland he patiently crammed his Note Books with the gossip of old men and women on local tales of pixies, fairies, satyrs, mermaids, and the exploits of Finn M'Coul or Coyle. Nor

[1] "*Grazing* the Duke of York's curl," says the account given in the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

[2] Rather, *was in progress*—1806–1815.

did the literature of the wild and wonderful escape him. Of all the Ghost Stories found in the *Ocho Novelas* of Don Felix Lope de Vega Carpio, none could hold a candle, in his estimation, to the one contained in the Pastoral Romance entitled *El Peregrino en su Patria.*[1] Having furnished the passage to many inquirers for the past twelve years, I may be expected to give it entire in this collection of the odds and ends of our author's unpublished writings.

But, in the first place, as to the identifications. The proofs of *this* "Ghost Story" in Lope de Vega (for there are several in his works), is three-fold, each of which determines the identity. The earliest is found in an autograph portion of *Wild Wales*, which reads thus:—

"Lope de Vega was one of the greatest geniuses that ever lived. He was not only a great dramatist and a first-rate lyric poet, but a prose writer of marvellous ability. Amongst other prose pieces, he wrote a Novel called *The Pilgrim in his own Land*, full of surprising adventures, in which is to be found the best Ghost Story in the world."[2]

Among the books belonging to George Borrow which fell into my hands by purchase, was one dilapidated duodeciomo volume bearing the following title:—

"*The Pilgrim, or the Stranger in his own Country. Containing a regular series of Historical Novels digested into four Books, written originally in Spanish by the celebrated Lopez* (sic) *de Vega Carpio*" (*etc., etc.*). London, 1738. 12mo.

This is the book from which Borrow derived the basis

[1] Sevilla, 1604, 4to. More accessible is the edition in the *Obras Sueltas* of Lope de Vega, Madrid, 1776–79, 21 vols., 4to (vol. v., pp. 414–418), in the *Taylorian.* French version: Paris, 1614, 12mo, pp. 311–318. English version: London, 1738, 12mo, pp. 111–113—Borrow's source. See *Wild Wales*, sm. ed., pp. 177 and 314.

[2] Compare the text in *Wild Wales*, p. 177.

of his "Ghost Story," and of which he spoke so often—the last time on the 10th of November, 1854, in the inn at Guter Vawr.[1] The third identification is the manuscript itself in Borrow's own handwriting, the contents of which we now proceed to lay before the reader for the first time:—

"LOPE DE VEGA'S GHOST STORY"[2]

"At the first blush of day the pilgrim Panfilo departed from Saragoza, and by unfrequented paths from mountain to mountain, and from one shepherd's hovel to another, endeavoured as much as he could to avoid the royal road, always afraid lest the brothers of Godofri and Flerida would come in all haste in quest of him. After however travelling some leagues he determined to betake himself one night to an inhabited place, fatigued by the roughness of the mountains and the coarseness of the fare. So entering into a town on the borders of the two kingdoms, he asked for a lodging; but as no body would give him one, on account of seeing him in such an uncouth condition—his feet running with blood, his face sunburnt, and his hair dishevelled—he betook himself to the hospital, the last retreat of misery. Panfilo found it open at that hour, but without any light, and on enquiring the cause, they told him that on account of the awful tumult which had been heard there for several nights after the death of a stranger, it had ceased to be inhabited, but bade him come in, for that in one of the chapels there lived a holy man, who suffered for love of God those troubles, and he would inform him where he might sleep without any danger. Panfilo entered by the obscure portal, feeling his way with a piece of a branch which he had picked up, and used instead of a cane. Seeing from afar a little light, he directed his course towards it, and called to the man.—'What do you want with me, malignant spirit?' replied a voice.—'I am not what you take me

[1] *Wild Wales*, p. 314.

[2] From the autograph original in the possession of Professor S. P. Langley of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C.

Lope De Vega's Ghost Story.

At the first blush of day the pilgrim Camilo departed from Saragoza, and by unfrequented paths from mountain to mountain, and from one shepherd's hovel to another, endeavoured as much as he could to avoid the royal road ~~the royal road~~, always afraid lest the brothers of Godofin and Flerida would come on all haste in quest of him. After however passing travelled some leagues he determined to betake himself, as he might to an uninhabited place, fatigued by the roughness of the mountains and the

to be,' replied Panfilo. 'Open, friend, for I am a pilgrim who seeks for a lodging for one night.' The door was then opened, and Panfilo saw a man of middle age and stature, with long hair and a bushy and matted beard, clad in a gown of serge, which descended to his feet. The chapel was small with its blessed altar, at the foot of which slept the man, having a stone for his pillow, his staff for companion and a skull for his looking glass—a thing which best of all shows the deficiencies and transitoriness of our life. 'How hast thou dared to come in?' said he to the pilgrim. 'Has nobody told you of the evil hospitality of this house?'—'O yes, they have told me all about it,' said Panfilo, 'but I have undergone so many troubles, imprisonments, and evil entertainments, that nothing has any terror for my mind. The man then lighted a taper at a lamp which burnt before the images, and without asking who he was told Panfilo to follow him. Panfilo followed the man, and passing through a garden so intricate that it rather appeared a wood, the man showed him a building amidst some cypresses, and unlocking the door of a spacious apartment said: 'Enter, and as you are a courageous fellow and accustomed to hardships, make the sign of the cross, and sleep without taking heed of any thing.' Panfilo took the light, and placing it upon a stand which stood in the apartment, bade the man good night, and shut the door.

"There was a bed in the room, quite good enough for a man to sleep upon, who for so many nights past had been accustomed to lie on the ground. He undressed himself, and putting on one of the two shirts which Flerida had given him when they parted, he entered the bed. Scarcely had he revolved in his mind the confusion of events which, when the body is at rest, the soul repeats, when the image of death which is called sleep came over his senses with the power which it is accustomed to exercise over wearied travellers. It was just about midnight when our pilgrim was awakened by the tramping of various horses. It seemed to him that he was on a journey, for the bed either moved like a ship, or walked or trotted like a horse which carries a person. But remembering that he was in that Hospital, and reflecting on

the scandalous event on account of which it had ceased to be inhabited, he opened his eyes and saw several men enter the apartment on horseback, who lighting various flambeaux, which they bore in their hands, by the taper which he had left on the stand, flung them to the ceiling of the apartment where they stuck and remained burning for a long time, the bottom sticking to the roof of the chamber and the head emitting flames upon the bed and the place where he had laid his clothes. Our brave lad covered himself up in the best manner he could, and leaving a little peep-hole for his eyes in order that he might see if it were necessary to take measures against the threatened conflagration, he saw in a moment the flames extinguished, and that at a table which stood at a corner of the chamber, a game of *primera* was begun between four men; they passed cards, shuffled them, and put down money, as if every thing was going on in reality, till at last a dispute arising amongst the players, a battle ensued in the chamber with such a clashing of swords and such a thumping of bucklers that the unfortunate Panfilo began to call out to the Virgin of Gaudalupe, the only one which he had not visited in Spain, though he was of the kingdom of Toledo, for the things which are very near we often do not see at all, thinking we can see them every day ; but the blows of swords and all the tumult ceasing in the chamber for about half an hour, he remained in a burning sweat, his body being bathed in water as he thought. But just as he was congratulating himself that now all was over, and that they would not return, he felt something was seizing the two extremities of the counterpane and the sheets, and was pulling them off by degrees. This caused him no little fear as he imagined that they intended to assault his person, as they were depriving it of its defences. And being in this situation he beheld a man enter with a torch, behind whom came two others, the one with a great bason of metal and the other sharpening a knife. Here the hairs of his head stood so at an end that he imagined each was being individually plucked off. He wished to speak, but could not ; but when they drew nigh to him, he who bore the light blew it out with a single puff, and thinking that they would now cut his

throat, and that the bason was for the purpose of receiving his blood, he began to resist the knife with his hands in the place where he thought he had seen it, and felt that they were being laid hold of at the same time. Panfilo gave a terrible cry, and the torch beginning to burn again he saw two large dogs lay hold of one another. 'O Jesus!' he exclaimed in great terror, at which word they put themselves under the bed, and the light going out again, he felt that they put the linen as before, and lifting him up by the head they provided him with better pillows, and smoothed with great care, nicety, and propriety, the sheet and counterpane.

"So they let him be for a time, in which he began to recite certain verses of David, which he remembered, or at least tried to remember. At length recovering his breath, he felt some hope that, as they had now made his bed, they would let him be in it. Suddenly, however, he felt that those who had got under the bed were lifting it up with his person upon it, until close to the roof, where, as he was becoming fearful lest he should fall down, a hand was thrust from the very boards, which seized him by the arm, and the bed falling with a terrible crash, he remained hanging in the air, and he perceived that around the apartment a great number of windows had opened, from which many men and women were looking at him convulsed with laughter, some of whom with various instruments cast water upon him. The bed caught fire at this time, and the flames caught hold of him, causing him much greater fear than the water had done. The light of the fire now went out, and he felt a tugging at his thighs, and it also appeared to him that his body remained truncated and without them. At this time the arm which held him lengthened till it reached the bed where he was again placed and made much of as before.

"These vain illusions ceased for about an hour, at the end of which time he felt that they had seized upon his poor travelling bags which contained certain pledges and papers of Nisa, and the jewels of Flerida, and were dragging them through the apartment. Who will believe what I say? Panfilo started up boldly to recover them, and the courage which he

had not to defend his person, was enough, and more than enough, to resist the thieves. They went out of the apartment into the garden, and as he followed them he saw them arrive at a well amongst the cypress-trees, into which they flung their booty and themselves after it. Panfilo would not proceed any further, but returning with a valorous effort by the path by which the hermit had guided him, he called at his window. The good man opened his door, and seeing his pallor and nakedness he said : 'Your hosts have given you an evil night.' —'So evil,' answered Panfilo, 'that I have not slept a wink, and have left them my poor habiliments in payment for my lodging.' The good man then afforded him in his apartment what hospitality he could, and discoursing about what had happened to others, they awaited the morning.

"The light of day, the lovely and brilliant work of the creator of heaven, and only guide of mortals, informed Panfilo that he could now be safe from the accursed attacks of the infernal spirit, and awakening the man they went together through the garden to the apartment where he had slept the last night, and which had been the scene of the horrors we have described. They found the bed and the other furniture of the chamber without any injury whatever, and the clothes of Panfilo in the same place where he had left them. He dressed himself as quick as he could, and apprehensive that the man would take him for a liar and a person of no resolution, he asked leave to depart, and embracing him he took the road to Guadalupe, without daring to turn his head to that village, to which he vowed never to return in his life on any account whatever, save and except to meet with his beloved Nisa."

CHAPTER XLIX

(1855)

A Visit to the Isle of Man in Quest of Manx Literature—Extracts from the MSS. and Note Books—The Folk-Lore of Ellan Vannin.[1]

SINCE nothing occurred worth recording in the interval between the Welsh and Manx expeditions, I shall proceed at once to speak of this last. Mr. Borrow reached Douglas with wife and daughter about the 1st of September, 1855. From Douglas he travelled over the island in every direction on foot and alone. He no doubt gave the impulse to Manx scholars which resulted in the Manx Society, instituted only three years thereafter, and in the deciphering and publication of the Runic sepulchral inscriptions with which that island abounds, and till his time utterly neglected by competent hands. He went about gathering the ballads and *carval* books of the people, penetrating remote valleys and tramping over the *curraghs* or moors in order to reach the dwellings of the farmers where the wares he sought were most prized. In 1857 he announced as ready for the press, in one volume, a book on Man, with this title and introduction, which I reproduce here from the manuscript written with his own hand in 1856:—

"*Bayr Jairgey*
and
Glion doo:
The Red Path and The Black Valley.
Wanderings in Quest of Manx Literature.

[1] *Ellan* in Manx is the Irish *Innis*, the Welsh *Ynys*, and the English *Island*—the "Isle of Man." *M* becomes *V* after a fem. noun.

"The Manx *have* a literature, a native vernacular Gaelic literature. This fact has been frequently denied, but is now established beyond the possibility of doubt. Some time ago a gentleman went to Man with the express purpose of discovering whether the Manx had a literature or not. He possessed a slight knowledge of Manx, and was tolerably well acquainted with the Irish and Scotch Gaelic. The language, it will be necessary to observe, is called *Gailk*, and is closely connected with the vernacular speech of the Highlands and also with that of Ireland, bearing a closer resemblance to the former than to the latter. It has, however, certain peculiarities, amongst others it has a dual number.

"The gentleman in question visited every part of the Island on foot and was a great deal amongst the peasantry of the mountainous districts, whose confidence he continued to win. He was not slow in discovering that they possessed a literature of their own, entirely manuscript. This literature consists of ballads on sacred subjects which are called *carvals*, a corruption of the English word carol. It was formerly the custom in the Isle of Man for young people, who thought themselves endowed with the poetic gift, to compose carols some time before Christmas, and to recite them in the parish churches. Those pieces which were approved of by the clergy were subsequently chanted by their authors through their immediate neighbourhoods both before and after the holy festival. Many of these songs have been handed down in writing to the present time. Some of them possess considerable merit, and a printed collection of them would be a curious addition to the literature of Europe.[1]

"Amongst the most famous of them are the Carval of Joseph, the Carval of David and Goliath, the Carval of the Day of Judgment, and the Carval of the Evil Women. This last is a very curious piece, and must certainly have found its way abroad without clerical sanction. It is written in dispraise of women, and will remind the scholar of the poem by Simonides on the same subject. It enumerates all the bad

[1] This collection of Manx *Carvals* has long since been published, according to letters from Douglas which I received when it was in preparation in 1890.

women mentioned in Scripture, and relates their evil actions. It is supposed to have been written by a smuggler and privateersman called Moore, about sixty years ago. Many of these pieces are nearly a century old.

"The Carvals are preserved in uncouth-looking, smoke-stained volumes in lone farmhouses and cottages situated in gills and glens. They constitute the genuine literature of Ellan Vannin. The Manx, however, formerly possessed poetry of a widely different character. It consisted of songs founded on the exploits of Finn M'Coyle or Fingal. But unfortunately this poetry was never written down, and is now irrevocably lost,—only a few snatches of the songs still lingering in the remembrance of some of the very old people who understand little or no English. The peasantry, however, have much to say about Finn or Fingal, and those near Laxey still point out some singular looking remains of walls on the side of Slieau Lhean, a hill contiguous to Snaefell, as the ruins of Finn's house, and call a spring on the eartern slope of Snaefell *Fearane Finn Mac Coyle*, or Fingal's Spring.

"Of the Carval books the gentleman procured two, though not without considerable difficulty, the peasantry not being at all willing in general to part with their volumes.[1] He says that in the whole world there is not a more honest, kindly, race than the genuine Manx. Towards strangers they exert unbounded hospitality without the slightest idea of receiving any compensation, and they are, whether men or women, at any time willing to go two or three miles over mountain and bog to put strangers into the right road.

"It seems that the Manx language is falling fast into disuse, and it is probable that within sixty years it will have ceased to exist as a spoken language. It is now seldom or never used in churches except in two or three in the northern district; for example, in those of Jurby and Ballaugh.

"The Manx may occasionally prove of great use to the antiquary and philologist. Some knowledge of it is indispensable for understanding some of the inscriptions on the

[1] One was given to Mr. Borrow by James Skillikorn, Laxey, Sept. 18th, 1855, and the other by John Boyde of Glen Doo, Oct. 28th of the same year.

Runic stones; for instance, the one on that which stands on the wall of Michael-Kirk yard to the memory of *Mal Moro*. Who was Mal Moro? Why, some principal man of the Morrisons or Clan Morris. Mal-o-Voro or Mal-o-Voirey [*Myle-Worrey*] in the present Manx stands for Morrison. The literal meaning of it is 'Praise to Mary.' The origin of Morris or Morrison seems to have been the devoting of a child at its birth to the Virgin Mary. As Mal Moro means praise to Mary, so *Myl-Chreest*, a genuine Manx name, means 'Praise to Christ,' and originated in a similar manner; it nearly corresponds with the Highland name *Gil-Christ*, which means 'Servant of Christ.' *Malew*, the name of a parish in Man, means 'Praise to Loup' or 'Lupus,' the church having been dedicated to that saint. It is curious enough that the Gaelic name *Malcolm* may be explained through the Manx. The meaning of Malcolm in English is 'Praise to Columb,' the illustrious saint of Iona. *Mal*, *mail*, *mel* and *mul*, are all synonymous with the Welsh *mawl*, praise."

About the same time Mr. Borrow wrote a letter to the Rev. William Gill of Kirk Malew who inserted it in the introduction to his edition of Kelly's *Manx Grammar*, Douglas, 1859. As the book is not common and our plan is to gather as far as practicable the fugitive writings of our author, we will record here some of his further remarks on the literature of the Isle of Man. It seems, in reality, to be a continuation of the other.

"The Carvals are all in manuscript. There is, however, a small, but not uninteresting, poetic Manx literature existing in print, though not easily procurable. First of all, there is the grand historic ballad, in which the fortunes of the various races and families which have at different times held the island are narrated. Then there is the noble ballad concerning the death of *Brown William*, and the vengeance inflicted by God on his murderers and their progeny.[1] Next, there is

[1] The Ballad of *Illiam Dhône*, or "Brown William," contains the story of William Christian, the Receiver-General of the Isle of Man, who was

the ballad of *Mollie Charane*, the miser, a humorous and satirical piece,[1] of great poignancy ; and the one of a similar character and very little inferior to it in any respect, called *Kirree fo Sniaghtey*, or, the Sheep beneath the Snow.[2] These four are the most remarkable compositions in the printed vernacular literature of Man, though there are other pieces of considerable merit—for example, a piece commencing with *Ushag beg rug* [Little Bird Red], and two or three elegies on drowned seamen.

"Besides original, the Manx language contains translated, poetry. There is the *Phargys Caillit*,[3] by a rector of Marown, who flourished about the commencement of the present century. It is not, however, a translation of the whole of *Paradise Lost*, as the name would seem to imply, but consists of translations of particular parts of [that poem] into Manx rhyme, neatly and smoothly done, but with very little vigour and not much fidelity. Then there is the *Lioar dy Hymnyn*, or Book of Hymns, from Wesley, Watts, and others, by George Killey of Kirk Onchan, which is done in a manner which shows that the poor Methodist, who, singularly enough, was

executed at Hangoe Hill on the 2nd of January, 1662–3, by the Restoration, because he surrendered to Cromwell. George Borrow's beautiful version was published in 1862 in *Once a Week* (vi., 37), and in 1869 in the *Mona Miscellany* (pp. 67–70). The first verse runs thus :

"Let no one in greatness too confident be,
Nor trust in his kindred, though high their degree ;
For envy and rage will lay any man low :
Thy murder, Brown William, fills Mona with woe."

[1] *Myle Charaine* (as usually written) means "Praise the Lord," used as a family name. It was translated by Borrow, and first published by him in *Once a Week* (vi., 38). It begins as follows :

"'O Mollie Charane, where got you your gold ?'
Lone lone you have left me here.
'O not in the curragh, deep under the mold.'
Lone lone and void of cheer."

[2] In *Mona Miscellany*, 1869, pp. 126–132,—where all these pieces may be found in Manx and English with the music.

[3] *Pargys Caillit* (Paradise Lost), 1796. See *Manx Miscellanies*, vol. i., 1872, pp. 4–120.

parish clerk, possessed powers of versification of the very highest order."

The promised book on the Isle of Man, like its Cornish mate *Penquite and Pentire*, never saw the light of day. So in publishing here some of his *Notes*, as we have already presented some of those on Cornwall, we do what we can to redeem the pledge of forty years ago. The Journal is in two volumes closely written in pencil, making in my copy ninety-six quarto pages. But first let us see the itinerary.

TOUR IN THE ISLE OF MAN

1855

Sept. 4th to 17th : at Douglas and the neighbourhood.
" 17th : Douglas, Onchan Ch., Lonan Ch., Laxey.
" 18th : Laxey—ascent of Snaefell Mt.
" 19th : Laxey, St. Maughold Ch., Ramsey.
" 20th : Ramsey, Lezayre Ch., Bride, Point of Ayre, Andreas, Ramsey.
" 21st : Ramsey, Andreas, Sulby Bridge, Gob y Volley, Ballaugh, Bishop's Court, Kirkmichael.
" 22nd : Kirkmichael.
" 23rd : Kirkmichael.
" 24th : Km., Orrisdale, Jurby Ch., the "Curragh," Km.
" 25th : Km., Glen Wyllin, Peel, Tynwald, Douglas.
Sept. 26th to Oct. 16th : at Douglas and Excursions.
" 16th to 19th : King William's College, Malew, Castletown.
" 19th to 21st : at Douglas.
" 22nd : Douglas over the Mts. by Baldwin and Ingebreck to Ballaugh, Bishop's Court and Km.
" 23rd : Kirkmichael.
" 24th : Km. and the "Vill."
" 25th : Kirmichael.

Oct. 26th: Km. and the Glen Dhoo (Black Valley).
" 27th: Km., Sulby, K. Andreas, and Ramsey.
" 28th: Ramsey, Glen Dhoo, over the Mts. to Douglas.
" 29th to Nov. 20th: Douglas and neighbourhood.

SELECTIONS FROM GEORGE BORROW'S NOTE BOOKS ON THE ISLE OF MAN.

Sept. 4.—"Fine morning. Pleasant prospect. Hundreds of herring-boats clustered together at the entrance of the harbour. About twelve o'clock they put out to sea and commenced fishing. When I looked at the sea covered with these vessels, I thought of Yarmouth Roads and the clouds of colliers which occasionally pass through them on their way to the North.

"About half-past one I walked to the pier. As I passed along the quay I met my good host Glugston of Port Erin, who told me that he and his mistress had come to Douglas on business. I shook hands with the honest fellow.

"In the afternoon, feeling rather unwell, I remained within and translated the Manx song *Mollie Charane*. In the evening walked with my wife and daughter along the southern side of the harbour, under 'The Howe,' to inspect a bathing-place which had been pointed out to me. The place was good, the water seemingly very deep, but the getting to it very precipitous. The evening was dull and cold. Went to bed early and slept well. Dreamt I was young again and in Norfolk with the friends of my youth."

Sept. 5.—"Translated Runes in the morning, then took a walk. One of the Runic inscriptions is to this effect [*blank*]. Received comfortable letters from my mother. Evening cold and windy. About nine o'clock Mr. Goldsmith came up and showed me a copy of Parnell's *Hermit* translated into Manx by Killey the poet of Kirk Onchan. He told me that for many years he himself had edited the *Manx Almanack*. Read me some of his letters to the *Manx Herald* about time and tides. Goldsmith is a very intelligent and amusing man."

Sept. 6.—"In the morning bathed in the bay. In the afternoon read portions of the Methodist Hymn Book in Manx.[1] Mr. Goldsmith the night before left me a scrapbook in which was an Elegy in Manx on the Death, or rather Murder, of William Christian in 1662. Endeavoured in the afternoon to translate it. *N.B.* I observed that the town was comparatively deserted, scarcely an English visitor to be seen. Season closing fast.

"In the evening walked with my wife and daughter to the pier. On passing through Duke Street observed the name of Kermode over a shop-door. Is not this name derived from Dermode? If so, why not Carthula from Thorkettle, as some have supposed?[2] When Goldsmith was with me the night previous, we talked about alliteration. I said the most perfect piece of alliteration was a line which I had learnt from my friend, the late William Taylor, in my youth. It was made by a young lady on the occasion of a gentleman of the name of Lee having planted the sides of a lane belonging to him with lilacs. It is as follows :—

'*Let lovely lilacs line Lee's lonely lane.*'[3]

I pointed out to Goldsmith that every syllable in this line began with the same letter. He was so struck with the line that he put it down in his pocket-book. I told him, however, that I had seen an *Englyn* of four lines in Welsh, every syllable of which commenced with the same letter."

Sept. 7.—"My wife called on Mr. Jackson, the banker, on whom we had a letter of credit—the same gentleman whom the Lancashire clown in the dingle had spoken of as 'Jackson.' Mr. J. was very civil; went to engage us a pew at St. George's Church. In the afternoon Mr. Wright the clergyman called. In the evening walked by myself on the pier. At night sat up late studying *William Doo.*"

[1] By George Killey (†1842), entitled *Lioar dy Hymnyn.*

[2] See A. W. Moore's *Surnames and Place Names of the Isle of Man.* London, 1890, 8vo.

[3] See art. in *Quarterly Rev.* for Jan., 1861.

CHAPTER L

(1855)

Continuation of the Notes on the Isle of Man.

Sept. 8.—"At about one o'clock set out to look at the churchyard of Kirk Onchan. I imagined there might be some Danish monuments there. I likewise went to endeavour to ascertain whether any relatives of the Manx poet George Killey resided in the village. I walked around the church. Did not find any crosses. Saw woman inside the church who appeared to be cleaning it. Entered into conversation with her. Asked her about Danish stones. She told me that there was one lying in the churchyard, and that she would show it to me. She led me to the middle of the churchyard and showed me a stone. It was a slab with a large round cross traced upon it, like the one standing at the Western gate of Kirk Braddan. There were no Runic characters on the sides. The woman said she came from Castletown about forty years ago; that when she came to Kirk Onchan she spoke little Manx, and the people laughed at her for her English; that she soon learnt Manx, and the people of the present day laughed at her for her Manx; that Manx now was thought as little of as English was then; that her husband, however, spoke little English and was grieved that the Manx service in the church had been discontinued. She told me she was sixty-two; that the original church had been built by the Danes, and stood where the old Runic stone now lies; that the present church was a modern structure. She said that in digging a grave, an immense number of arm and leg bones and skulls had been found, much larger than those of the present day; that they

were buried within the church in a pit, without coffins. The name of the present incumbent, she said, was Howard: that he spoke no Manx, though his father, the late rector, did, and that he was still living and an excellent man. She remembered George Killey, the poet, very well. He was church-clerk to Mr. Chrane (a former rector); a daughter of Killey's, of the name of Harrison, lived in the village in the last house on the right hand. Went in search of her, and was kindly welcomed, because I came to ask about her father.

"'His name will be ever dear to me,' said the poet's daughter, a woman of about forty, with spectacles, whom I found in a neat little tenement, looking into a little yard, to which I descended by two steps. She asked me to sit down, and I was presently engaged in deep conversation with her about her father. I told her that I had read his translation of Parnell's *Hermit* into Manx, and had taken the liberty of calling upon her to ask some questions about him. She said she should answer them with pleasure.

"I asked her how old he was when he died. She said in his eightieth year.—'What kind of a man was he?'—'A small man and somewhat lame.'—'Of what trade or profession was he?'—'Schoolmaster and parish clerk.'—'If he was clerk,' said I, 'he of course was of the Church of England.'—'No,' said she, 'he was of the Methodists, and as Methodists he brought up his family.'—'How strange,' said I, 'that he should be parish clerk and a Methodist!'—'However strange,' said she, 'it is true. The clergyman of the parish was a good man, and my father thought he was doing good in helping him.'—'And did not the Society to which he belonged object to his being an officer of the Church?'—'O no,' said she, 'and the best men of the Society frequently came to the church.'—'What other poetry,' said I, 'did your father write besides his translation of the *Hermit?*'—'What?' said she, 'he translated into Manx all the Hymns used by the Methodists. The Manx Hymn Book is of his translation.'—'There is an original hymn in it,' said I; 'did he compose it?'—'He did,' said she; 'at least, I believe so.'—'I have seen the Hymn Book,' said I, 'and I thought it well rendered.'—'Oh!' said

she, 'he had a wonderful gift for rendering; he could take up an English Hymn and render it into Manx nearly as fast as he could read it.'—'Did he write original poetry?'—'I believe he did when he was a schoolmaster; he was very fond of putting short, good sayings into Manx and setting the boys to learn them, and I know that there was a Christmas carol that he composed in Manx, consisting of a great many verses.'—'Well,' said I, 'did he compose anything besides hymns? Did he never compose songs unconnected with religion?'—'I believe he may have done so when he was young,' said she; 'but as he grew old, he became serious; he did not like to talk of such matters, and did not wish to hear of anything he had composed unconnected with religion.'—'Where are his pieces to be found?' said I.—'I do not know; a great many were destroyed. It was very wrong in him,' added she, 'to destroy his own pieces because they were not religious, provided there was no harm in them.'—'There is a time for everything,' said I, 'a time for weeping and a time for rejoicing; we can't always be singing hymns.'—'Oh! my father did not destroy them,' said the good creature, and I thought she bridled up a little,—'but when a person dies his papers are apt to be destroyed thoughtlessly.'—'I would give something,' said I, 'to see any papers of your father.'—'Do you live here?' said she.—'I reside at Douglas,' said I, 'in the house of Mr. Goldsmith.'—'I know him, Sir,' said she, 'and a very good man he is. Well, if you please to call again, I will endeavour to show you some things of my father.'—'I shall not fail to do so,' said I.

"'You say you have read the *Hermit*,' said she; 'where did you get it? I have often wished to see it, but I never did.'—'Mr. Goldsmith lent it to me,' said I; 'he is a great admirer of it.'—'You read Manx, Sir!'—'Oh, yes,' said I; 'bring me a Manx book and I will read it.' She brought me a prayer book and I read a prayer and translated it into English. 'Ah,' she said, 'are you a Manxman?'—'No,' said I,—'Well,' said she, 'you appear to know more Manx than many a Manxman,'—'Did your father leave behind him many books?' said I.—'Several.'—'In Manx?'—'Yes,' said she, 'in Manx.'—'I

suppose he possessed an old Bible and Prayer Book; the prayer book you showed me is not very old, but of this century (1808).'—'I believe,' said she, 'that there are old ones in the house; I will look them up against you come again.'—'I suppose that he had the Manx *Paradise Lost?*'—'Oh, yes,' said she, 'I know he had, for I have read it; but I did not understand much of it, for it was in blank verse.'—'Am I in the room where your father used to compose?'—'In the very same,' said she; 'frequently he sat up in this room till twelve o'clock at night composing poetry, long after my mother was in bed.'—'Did your father ever talk about the old Danes?'—'I never heard him, Sir.'—'Did he ever compose songs about them?'—'I should think not,' said she.—'I am sorry for it,' said I. 'The Methodists have done good in Man; but their doctrines and teaching have contributed much to destroy the poetical traditions of the people.'—'Perhaps so,' said she.—'I am no enemy to the Methodists,' said I.—'You don't look an enemy to anybody,' said she.

"There was something high and noble in the good creature's language whenever she spoke of her father; her mind had evidently been improved and exalted by his conversation. She repeated more than once in the pauses of discourse: 'His name will ever be dear to me!' The prayer book which she showed me was an edition of 1808, printed at Whitehaven by John Ware. On a fly-sheet the following sentences were written, which I copied by her permission. 'George Killey died 2nd of October, 1842.'—'Ann Killey wife of George Killey died April 17, 1848' (etc. etc).

"I had a good deal of conversation with the woman in the [Onchan] churchyard. I asked her if she knew any Manx songs—'I know some hymns,' said she.—'Anything else?' said I; 'any old Manx songs?'—'No,' said she.—'What! not one?'—'No'—'Not *Mollie Charane?*' said I.—'Oh, yes,' said she, with a kind of start, I know that.'—'Then,' said I, 'why did you tell me that you did not know one Manx song?'—'Oh, Sir,' said she, 'I should never have thought of mentioning *Mollie Charane*.'—'Do you know anything else?' said I.—'No, Sir, nothing at all——no, Sir, nothing.'—'What!' said

I, 'don't you know the *Kirree fo Sniaghtey?*'—'Oh, yes,' said she, 'I know that, of course.'—'How, of course?' said I; 'you just said that you knew nothing besides *Mollie Charane*, nothing, nothing.'—'Oh,' said she, 'that is such a simple song; I should no more think of mentioning such a simple song as that to a gentleman like you, than I should think of doing what was very wrong.'—'Why?' said I, 'what harm is there in the song? any cursing? anything about adultery?'—'No, Sir, but, but, the truth is that the Methodists set their faces against songs of that kind.'—'Are you a Methodist?' said I.—'No, Sir; I wish I were a good Methodist.'—'And why not a good Churchwoman?' said I.—'I should be glad to be either,' said she.—'Well,' said I, 'you may be a good Methodist, at any rate a good Churchwoman, and yet know *Mollie Charane* and *The Sheep beneath the Snow*, and sing them too. Do you know anything else?' said I.—'No, Sir.'—'What! not *Illiam Dhoo?*'—'Oh, yes,' said she, 'I know that. Ah! that is a song indeed. Whenever it comes to my mind, my eyes fill with tears. Ah, that 's a song indeed! about him who was shot at Hangoe the old Chapel at Castletown. And yet they say there is something wrong about that song; great folks don't like us to sing it, or have it hung up in print on our cottage walls.'—'There is nothing wrong in it,' said I; 'it only breathes hatred against butchery and tyranny. Do you know any other songs?'—'No, Sir.'—'I believe,' said I, 'if I were to name a dozen other Manx songs, you would know them all; but I know no more.'—'No, Sir, I really know no more; but every Manx born knows those three songs. You seem fond of Manx things, Sir.'—'I am, very,' said I.—'You put me in mind,' said she, 'of an English captain of a merchant vessel with whom a son of mine sailed—for I have three sons. He would have my son teach him Manx, and was always asking the names of things, and my son taught him the name of everything except one, the name of which he had forgotten. It was the Manx word for the mast of a ship, which very few people know. I did n't know it myself till my son told it to me who is much stronger in Manx than myself who was born at Castletown. At length my son remembered the word and

taught it to the captain who was very glad indeed. The word in Manx was . . . Dear me! I have forgotten it myself, for the word—do ye see—is an old Manx or Irish word. It is . . . let me see!'—'*Crann luing?*' said I.[1] 'Mercy upon us!' said the woman, 'that is the word. I believe, Sir, you are of the old Manx!'

"In the evening went to the pier. As I returned by the market-place I heard a loud voice and saw a person behind a stall engaged in haranguing the people. It was a herbalist, botanist, or quack. On his stall were bunches of ferns and grasses, and boxes containing roots. The night was dark, but two candles stuck at the ends of his stand illuminated it, his wares, and his features. He was about thirty years of age, of middle stature, and wore no hat. I never heard such a fellow to talk in my life. The substance of his discourse was that the only people in the world to be trusted were quacks, and mentioned with particular encomiums Holloway and Sir John Bowring. He said the latter was worthy of the name of quack from having related a conversation which Bowring said he had had with the Emperor of China on the subject of doctors and medicine. The Emperor, it seems, had said that the barbarians were fools for paying doctors when they were sick. He said that he kept four physicians and paid them handsomely, but only when he was well. So it was to their interest to keep him in good health. I had a mind to ask the quack whether all people had the same revenues or power as the Emperor of China and could afford to have four physicians to keep them well. I thought the reasoning worthy of the quack, Sir John Bowring, Holloway, and the Emperor of China. He said he gloried in the name of quack. Quacks used only simples; medical professors poisons. Quacks used gentian, marshmallows, dandelion, and twenty-one other roots, all of which he enumerated; doctors, laudanum, strychnine, calomel, arsenick, and twenty other poisons, all of which he recounted. He said quacks spoke Saxon, doctors Latin; quacks plain lan-

[1] *Croan-lhuingey*, in Kelly's Dict. by Gill, 1866.—Irish: *crann*, tree, and *long*, ship, Gen. *luing*; Welsh: *hwyl-bren* (sail-tree). Borrow's form is pure Irish.

guage, doctors gibberish. What was the reason? Why, because quacks prescribed wholesome remedies, doctors noxious compounds. He said that Holloway was the greatest man that the world ever produced, and that his bills had been translated into four thousand languages. I had a good mind to ask him whether Dr. Bowring—I beg pardon of the pupil of Jeremy Bentham—*Sir* John Bowring, had translated them. He said that he himself might have been a regular practitioner, if he had pleased, having been apprenticed to a medical man in a street by Covent Garden; but that he had left him on account of 'arsh treatment (he spoke with a strong Cockney accent) which he had received. The fellow really spoke very well, and I could not but lament that his talents should be thrown away, as they seemed to be. He only sold two pennyworth of roots during the whole time I was listening to him, nearly twenty minutes—namely, to an old woman who was afflicted with the tooth-ache—which roots, he said, she must rub against her gums. Surely this man might be employed advantageously in Parliament by the Whigs in running down the Church and in lauding to the skies Muggletonians, Primitive Methodists, and Latter Day Saints.

September 9.—*Sunday.*—"Walked in the morning to Kirk Braddan church [two miles from Douglas] with my wife and daughter. Plain, practical sermon by Mr. Drury the incumbent, a fine tall elderly man, on Hosea ii., 14: 'Therefore, behold, I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness.' Inside of the church neat and primitive. The doors of the pews fastened by little wooden bolts. The walls of the church were whitewashed and appeared to be at least four feet thick, judging from the space between the windows and the interior. The congregation was numerous. There was a sacrament, but we did not partake of it. Before the sacrament was administered, there was a gathering for the poor, there being no poor rates in Man. The people, however, seldom give more than a penny."

September 10.—"Went to the bank. Saw Mr. Jackson and conversed with him on various subjects. He was pleased to

find that I liked the Island. Told me that he had come originally for his health, but was so delighted with the place that he had determined to settle in it. . . . Talked of Bradda Head [near Port Erin.] Said he had a share in the mining transactions there; that he hoped the mines would eventually pay, but that at present they were not profitable. I told him I had been there and that I had heard they had been worked by the Danes. He said that he had no doubt on the point. He remarked that he farmed Banks Howe [near Onchan]. That the proprietor of the land was a singular individual, very much involved in debt and much given to intoxication, but a person from whom I could derive much information on Manx matters, provided I could find him sober; that he was a thorough Manxman and the last of his race. He kindly invited my wife and daughter to his house in the afternoon, which is in a romantic situation, and which my daughter had expressed a desire to sketch.

". . . As I returned to Douglas I heard much shouting, and on going up Duke Street I saw a large bill on which was inscribed in red letters 'SEBASTOPOL IN FLAMES! PETROPAVLOVSKI TAKEN!!'—It now wants little of a year since, returning with my family from a walk in the neighbourhood of Llangollen, I heard the ringing of bells for the taking of Sebastopol by the English[1]; it seems that it is not yet taken, and only set on fire by the French. The war might have been gloriously settled nearly a year ago by the English, and they have got all the credit of the affair, but for the inactivity and indecision of that miserable creature Raglan, the aristocratical leader of the English and the secret friend of the Russians. Now, the French will have all the glory of the war, and within a little time our friend Louis will send us in a little bill for

[1] *October 2nd*, 1854. . . . "Sudden clanging of bells in the distance. *Peth yw y matter* (what is the matter)? said John Jones to a postman hurrying on in a cart. '*Sebastopol taken!*' Returned home and dined. Went out. Wild excitement in the town. Boys running in a wild troop shouting: 'SEBASTOPOL WEDI CYMMERYD!' (S. is taken!) Talked with old Mr. Jones who gave me the particulars."—Borrow's *Notes on Wales*. See also *Wild Wales*, sm. ed., p. 178.

the work he has done for us, with a line to this effect: 'Either pay me, or I will destroy Carthage.'"

September 11.—"In the morning news arrived that the French had taken the Malakof and the English had been repulsed from the Redan; the upshot being that the Russians had abandoned the South side of Sebastopol after setting fire to it and sinking their ships, the English fleet having been inactive as usual. Much shouting in Douglas and firing of guns in the harbour, though for what reason it would be difficult to say.

"In the evening Mrs. Goldsmith told me a tale of the evil eye, and her husband related some strange facts with respect to one Patrick Kelley, a Methodist preacher of the Isle of Man. This person went over to the isles of Scotland and preached the Gospel to the Gael, at first in the Manx language and eventually in their own Gaelic which he speedily acquired owing to its close affinity to the Manx. I could not help thinking what a history might be made out of the adventures of this remarkable man."

Sept. 12.—". . . Saw Mrs. Jackson, a kind, excellent woman. She seemed to entertain a much lower opinion of the Manx than I myself had formed.

"I occupied myself during the afternoon and evening in translating into rhyme *Illiam Dhoo*, or 'Brown William.'"

CHAPTER LI

(1855)

Continuation of the Notes on the Isle of Man.

Sept. 13.—" Walked with Henrietta to Kirk Braddan, she to sketch the church and I to copy the Rune. As we walked along the road, we overtook an old man trudging sturdily along on crutches. He touched his hat and seemed to wish for charity. I gave him a halfpenny. Asked him who he was. He told me had been a mariner and had been five years in a French prison. Asked him whether he could speak French. 'A little,' he replied. Spoke to him in French. Found that he could speak it extremely well; had a good accent and employed all the grimaces of a Frenchman. Conversed with him some time in French. Asked him if he could speak Manx. Said he could, for he was born amongst the mountains. Asked him which he considered the finest language, French or Manx. He said there was no language on earth like '*la belle langue française.*' Told him that Manx, or something like it, was spoken in France more than a thousand years before *la belle langue française.* 'Is it possible, monsieur!' said he. 'Quite possible, my son,' replied I, and left him.

" Proceeded to the church. Cars at the gate and two couple about to be married in the church.

" Henrietta sketched it, while I copied the Rune. Part of the inscription was defaced, but the meaning was to this effect:

'*Thorleifr Nitki raised this Cross to Fiak son of . . . his brother's son.*'

KIRK BRADDAN, 1855

Then follows the word *iaors*, *X*, and a date, perhaps meaning this year of Christ 1084 or 1194.

". . . I finished copying the Rune, and seeing the church door open, went in, and found the clerk waiting at the altar. He asked me to sit down. I told him that I felt somewhat dizzy from twisting my head round whilst trying to decipher the inscription on the old Norwegian stone. He inquired if I could make it out. I told him what I thought it meant, whereupon he said that he had only met two people who appeared to know anything about it. He said there was a stone in the church-tower similar to it, but that unfortunately the side on which the inscription was, was not visible. That curious people had desired to take the stone out for the purpose of examining it, but that the churchwardens had always refused permission. Inquired if there were any tomb inscriptions in the church in the Manx language. He said there were none. I talked with him about the disuse of the Manx language in churches. He said it was a great pity, but that there was no help for it; the people would not come to hear a Manx service and sermon. Found the clerk a highly intelligent man.

" Evening. Shouting and fireworks in the town. Before I went out I glanced at the newspaper. The French highly pleased with Gen. Simpson's despatch to his government, in which he admits that the French had with the greatest bravery stormed and taken the Malakof, whilst the English had been driven back from the Redan. No wonder they were satisfied. The taking of Sebastopol by the French alone is the greatest humiliation which England has as yet had to bear. What will happen next?"

Sept. 14.—" In the morning I received a call from Mr. Hislop. He asked me to give a lecture for the benefit of ——. I told him that I never gave lectures. We talked about the curiosities of the Island. He asked me if I had seen the Runic stone at K. Braddan; told him I had copied the inscription the day before. Expressed a wish to see it, so I showed it to him, and translated it. I showed him also Henrietta's

sketch of it, which pleased him much. Mr. Hislop is a remarkably mild, gentlemanly person."

Sept. 15.—". . . In the evening I took a walk. As I was making for Douglas, a little way from the Quarters Bridge I overtook three men who were talking in Manx.—'That is a language very seldom spoken now,' I said; whereupon they laughed, and we were presently in conversation. I asked where they came from; they answered from Kirk Braddan. I inquired if many people spoke Manx in that parish. They replied that all spoke it more or less. I said that I supposed that they remembered the time when much more Manx was spoken than at present; whereupon an elderly man replied that he remembered the time when as little English was spoken as Manx now. 'How long ago was that?' said I.—'Forty years,' he replied; 'then the people from the country, though they understood a little English, could speak none; and when the old women brought their calves to market, they used to speak Manx and the butchers English.' I asked if they could sing *Mollie Charane*, whereupon they set up a loud laugh and said 'Yes.'"

Sept. 16.—*Sunday.*—"Went to St. George's Church with my family. Text: 'He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool.'—*Proverbs* (xxviii. 26). In the evening strolled to Tremode. Crossing the bridge I turned to the right and soon found myself amongst hilly enclosures. At last I came to a lane shaded with trees and a gate leading to a farm-yard and house. Seeing some one standing near the house, I opened the gate and went into the yard. It was the farmer, without any hat on, enjoying the cool of the evening. I gave him the sele of the night.[1] He was at first rather blunt, but presently became very civil. I asked him the name of the place. He said 'Castle Ward.'—'And what is its name in Manx?'—'Cronk e Trathan,' [*Cronk Troddan*] he replied. 'Is there a castle

[1] "*Seal*, time, season. To give one the *seal* of the day (or night), to be ordinarily civil to him, but nothing more." Nall's *Dialect of East Anglia*, p. 642. Borrow always uses the phrase in the sense of to salute, to wish one luck (Ang. Sax, *sæl* or *sæld*)—evidently the true meaning.

near?'—'There is an old ruin,' said he, 'down there,' pointing to the East. I asked him if he had any books in his house written in Manx. He told me he had—books of songs and carols, both written and printed—but he knew not where to lay his hands on them," etc., etc.

At this point we must be content with a synopsis of, and occasional extracts from, Borrow's Manx Note Books, which extend over a hundred pages in my transcript, and which seldom present any matter of general interest save to the islanders of Man and the student of Runic inscriptions in the outlying isles of Great Britain.

On the 17th of September, Borrow undertook a foot journey round the North of the Isle in quest of Runes, Manx books, barrows, cairns, and what not. His proper names, as usual, are all awry; but by the aid of such books and maps of Man as we could command in this remote corner of East Anglia, we have restored the names, as far as we have been able, to their legitimate topographical accuracy.

From Douglas he proceeded N.E. by the main road through Kirk Onchan to Laxey in Lonan. The next day he found a native *pal*—a man after his own heart, in James Skillicorn, who told him about the local *bean ny varas*, the *phynnodderees*[1] (mermaids and satyrs) with other noisome beasts that lurk in the bays or roam over the hills in the vicinity. He visited the great water-wheel above Laxey, which, by the way, signifies (we are informed) "Salmon islet," and thence Mr. Skillicorn conducted him to the top of Snaefell, the pride and glory of—Man. Going up, his guide presented him with a genuine ancient MS. book of "*caravals*," wherein our traveller subsequently inserted this memorial inscription:—

"Carols | *In The Manx Language:* | *some of them com-*

[1] *Phynahoardry* in the Note Book.

posed | *By* | *James Skillicorn* | *a Miner of Laxey* | *Presented By Him* | *on the Side of Snaefell* | *To* | *George Borrow* | 1855." —We will add: Sept. 18th.

On the way they learned much of the Mannin tradition of a Mr. McCoyle, "a mighty man of valour and a swift runner." We read of the same gentleman in the Notes on Cornwall (p. 86). He is known to us as Finn *Ma* Coul, of Bantry Bay, County Cork, Ireland.[1] In the present, the Mannin, form of the myth, more details as to his personal history are vouchsafed. We shall note some confusion in his identity—he is sometimes "Mac Coul," sometimes "Mac Coyle"—but always *Finn*. Here is the Manx tradition presented on Snaefell:—

"Finn McCoyle was a mighty giant who had accomplished many extraordinary feats of strength in the Isle of Man. The fame of his strength having gone abroad far and wide, a giant of Scotland was inflamed with jealousy and determined to come to Man in order to try his strength against that of Finn Mc*Coul*. So he goes to the point of Scotland nearest to the Isle of Man, which point is called Borough Head, and from thence he wades across the sea to the Isle of Man and soon reached the house of Finn McCoyle. Now when he reached the house of Finn, it chanced that Finn McCoyle was asleep. His wife, however, was stirring about the house. 'Is Finn McCoyle at home?' said the Scotch giant. Now his wife did not like the giant's appearance at all, for he was a monstrous big fellow and terribly ill-favoured. So, being rather apprehensive about her husband, she said he was not at home, but was just gone to pay a visit—for she was a very clever little body and had a great deal of woman's wit. 'Who is that great fellow that is lying on the bed?' said the Scotch giant.—'Only a little son of ours,' said the wife; 'he is rather small of his age and will never be anything like his father.' Finn McCoyle now waked, got up and stared at the Scotch giant. The wife, however, who was a very clever little wo-

[1] *The Romany Rye*, ii., pp. 200–204; or 173–4.

man, as I said before, spoke to him in Manx, which the Scotch giant did not understand, advising him what to do. 'Can't you give me something to eat?' said the Scotch giant.—'Here is a cake such as we are in the habit of eating,' said the wife, handing him the iron *griddon* (platter?) on which they baked their oat cakes; 'it 's rather soft, I fear, being somewhat underdone.' The Scotch giant put it in his mouth and crunched it between his jaws to powder in a moment, and swallowed it down just as if it had been in reality an oaten cake; whereupon Finn McCoyle looked somewhat blank at his wife, and no wonder either.—'I really should like to see what Finn McCoyle can do,' said the Scotch giant.—'Well,' said Finn, 'I will take you to my father's playing ground, and you will see the ball which he is in the habit of using. If you can fling it about as he does, you may reckon yourself about as strong a man as my father.' Thereupon he led him to Maughold Head, and, pointing to an enormous round crag somewhat more than a ton in weight, he said: 'That 's my father's ball. Let us see whether you can use it?' He had scarcely said the word when the Scotch giant, seizing the crag, flung it into the air a full mile high, and caught it again, just as a boy would catch a ball. 'Well done!' said Finn McCoyle; 'just let us see you do that again.' Thereupon the Scotch giant, standing on the top of Maughold Head, flung up the crag higher than before; but as he lifted up his hands to catch it as it fell, Finn McCoyle, who stood behind him, gave him such a push that he toppled headlong over Maughold, and owing to his weight and the height of the place from which he fell, was dashed in a thousand pieces. Such was the end of the Scotch giant, and such an end may all those have who come over the water expressly, as the Scotch giant did, to bully the decent people of Man!"

Returning to Laxey from his ascent of Snaefell and study of the local traditions concerning Finn McCoul or Coyle, Borrow took affectionate leave of his guide Skillicorn, and his host Rowe of the Commercial Inn, and on the morning of the 19th September pursued his journey

northward. That day he examined the St. Maughold Church and its Norse or Runic monuments, and then passed on to Ramsey, where he put up at the Mitre Inn. The following day (20th) he travelled to Kirk Bride, ascended the light-house at the Point of Ayre, visited Andreas Church, sundry villages in its neighbourhood, and at last retreated in good order to the "Mitre" at nightfall. From Andrew's he brought with him a mermaid story and an inscription. It seems a man from there, once upon a time, caught a *bean vara* that had been detained in a pool on the sand, and he killed her. From that day and date there was not a boat in the whole herring fleet that would receive him on board. The inscription on the old Danish stone was to this effect, that

"*Swent Olf the Swarthy raised this Cross to Omrok his wife.*"

On the 21st he crossed from Ramsey to Ballaugh and Kirk Michael. In and about these two places he toiled over his "rum Runes" for some days. His labours at Kirk Michael are still remembered by the aged. Mr. Moore, in the Ninth number of his *Manx Note Book*, says of K. Michael:

"The inscriptions were deciphered and copied by George Borrow, an accurate, painstaking man, more than fifty [thirty-two] years ago, before the stone was built into its present position.[1] We were told by an old inhabitant how she remembered him poring over the stone for quite a week, being puzzled with its peculiarities; but at last one day he called out to her brother that he had settled it, that it was clearly a Manxman's monument, for it had the Manx name *Malmuru*, which he identified with Mylworrey, now anglicised into Morrison.

[1] *The Manx Note Book, a Quarterly Journal of matters past and present connected with the Isle of Man, edited by A. W. Moore.* Douglas, 1885–7, 8vo, No. IX., Jan., 1887, p. 7.

"All this the fifty [thirty-two] intervening years had not erased from her memory, and the reading is there on the stone to prove her accuracy."

So far Mr. Moore in 1887. Now compare this with what Borrow himself wrote in his diary Sept. 22, 1855, at K. Michael:—

"These inscriptions are very difficult to get at. They stand on the two walls which abut on the gate, and are at some distance from the ground on both sides. Whilst inspecting them, sometimes sitting on the wall with my side towards the edges of the crosses, and sometimes lying horizontally along the wall with my back towards the road, I incurred considerable risk of falling. . . . I told the man who asked me questions about the stones that one was erected to *Mal Moro.* Inquired of him whether there were any of that name still residing in the neighbourhood. He told me there were and that they were called in English *Morrison.* He was on crutches, but curious and intelligent."

This is probably the "brother" referred to in Mr. Moore's account.

On the 24th Borrow visited the *curragh,* not far from Ballaugh, which was the scene of the ballad he translated celebrating the hoarding propensities of *Myle Charaine,* called by him "Mollie Charane." So meagre is the description of this visit in the Journal, that I must turn to the preamble of his version to obtain the full savour of his lonely life at this period.[1]

"Mollie Charane. This ballad is of considerable antiquity, being at least as old as the commencement of the last century. It is founded on a real character—a miser, who by various means acquired a considerable property, and was the first person who ever left 'tocher,' that is fortune, to daughter in Man. His name was Mollie Charane, which words inter-

[1] *Once a Week,* Jan. 4, 1862, vol. vi., p. 38.

preted are 'Praise the Lord.' He lived and possessed an estate on the curragh, a tract of boggy ground, formerly a forest, on the northern side of the island, between the mighty mountains of the Snaefell range and the sea. Two families bearing the name of the miser, and descended from him, still reside upon the curragh, at the distance of about half-a-mile from each other. The name of the head of the principal family is John Mollie Charane; that of the other Billy Mollie Charane.

"In the autumn of the year 1855 I found my way across the curragh to the house of John Mollie Charane. On my knocking at the door it was opened by a respectable-looking elderly female of about sixty, who, after answering a question which I put, asked me to walk in, saying that I looked faint and weary. On my entering, she made me sit down, brought me a basin of buttermilk to drink, and asked me what brought me to the curragh. 'Merely to see Mollie Charane,' I replied. Whereupon she said that he was not at home, but that she was his wife and any business I had with her husband I might communicate to her. I told her that my only motive for coming was to see a descendant of the person mentioned in the celebrated song. She looked at me with some surprise, and observed that there was indeed a song about a member of the family, but that he had been dead and gone many a long year, and she wondered I should give myself the trouble to come to such a place as the curragh to see people, merely because one of their forbears was mentioned in a song. I said that however strange the reason I gave might seem to her, it was the true one; whereupon she replied, that as I was come I was welcome.

"I had a great deal of discourse with her about her family. Amongst other things, she told me that she had a son in Ohio, who lived in a village where the Manx language was spoken, the greater number of the people being Manx. She was quite alone in the house when I arrived, with the exception of two large dogs, who at first barked and were angry at me, but eventually came and licked my hands. After conversing with the respectable old lady for about half an hour, I got up,

shook her by the hand, and departed for Balla Giberagh. The house was a neat little white house, fronting the west, having a clump of trees near it. However miserly the Mollie Charane of the song may have been, I experienced no lack of hospitality in the house of his descendant."—This was on a Monday, September 24th, 1853.

CHAPTER LII

(1855)

Conclusion of the Notes on the Isle of Man.

THE next day (Sept. 25th) Borrow started for Douglas by Peel. About a mile from the Tynwald he met the old man on crutches who spoke French. Hence the following dialogue: "' I asked him where he was going. He answered '*à la ville*,' nodding with his head towards Peel. I inquired whether he should put up at an *auberge*.—' O no! in a private house.'—' Do you pay for your lodgings?'—' O no! everybody is glad to see me.'—' Who is the person to whose house you are going to-night in Peel?'—' Mr. ——, son of Mr. ——, who was a great friend of mine.'—' Is he a gentleman?'—' O yes!'—' And does he give you a bed?'—' O yes!'—' Not make you sleep in straw?'—' O no!'—' Do you travel much about?'—' Over the whole island.'—' And do they lodge you everywhere?'—' In every place where I go they give me a bed; but I am no expense to them, for I bring my own tea and sugar and bread.'—' Are the people who receive you all gentlemen?'—' Some gentlemen, but mostly farmers.'—' You seem very happy.'—' I have cause to be so, *grâce au bon Dieu*.'—' Shall I give you a sou?'—' I will willingly receive it.' I felt in my pocket, but not finding a half-penny I gave him a penny. ' There,' said I, ' are two sous for you.' He took them saying, '*Ah! c'est très-bien ça*.'—'*Bonsoir*,' said I.—'*Ah! ce n'est pas le soir, c'est l'après-midi; bon*[*ne*] *après-midi, mon cher monsieur*,' and away he trudged."

A BRACE OF FAIRY TALES

I

Mrs. Goldsmith's Fairy Tale

"As a man was returning home, he met near the avenue which leads to his house a young woman dressed in a white apron. Just as he was going to turn up by the pillars at the head of the avenue, she took his hand and led him to a ruined mill in the curragh. It was a dark night, but the mill was brilliantly lighted up. There were a great many people in the mill, both men and women, the latter all with white aprons. Much feasting and dancing was also going on. The people asked him to sit down, but he was rather frightened and refused. At last the young woman who had brought him thither, begged him that he would at least let her wipe off the sweat from his face with her apron. She attempted to do so, but he repulsed her. She tried again, when in great agony he exclaimed 'Lord, have mercy upon me!' and no sooner had he said that than all vanished—lights, company and banquet, and nothing was left but the walls of the ruined mill. He got home in the best manner he could and told what had happened to him. Had he allowed the wench to wipe his face he would have been in the power of the Evil One. This affair occurred many years back. The man had been to Bally Salagh and was going to Bally Hick."[1]—*Douglas, Oct. 1st.*

II

Manx Fairy Tale Told By a Woman

"There was a man who had a wife whom he tenderly loved and who bore him several children. At last she was ill again, and being in great pain the *Ferrishyn* [Fairies] got possession of her and carried her away to their place of residence. The man was for a long time inconsolable, lamenting not only the death of his wife, but the desolate condition of his young

[1] Ballasalla to Ballahick in Rushen. Balla is the Irish *Baile*, pronounced *Bally*—Borrow's form. It means, of course, a village, town.

family who were now deprived of their mother. At last, for his children's sake, he determined to marry again, hoping that the woman he should wed would prove to be a kind mother to them. The woman, however, whom he took to wife proved to be a very bad mother to his children, almost starving them and frequently beating them. She was, moreover, not very kind to the man himself, who frequently thought with sorrow and bitter tears on the wife he had lost.

"One night as he lay asleep, his first wife appeared to him in a dream. 'I am not dead, John,' said she, 'but am in the power of the *Ferrishyn;* and it is possible for you to recover me, provided you will take my advice.'—'Only tell me what to do,' said John, 'and whatever it may be I will do it.'—'Well,' said the woman, 'I will tell you what to do. On such and such a night the fairy company will ride through your barn, entering it at the north door and passing out at the south. I shall be amongst the company, mounted on the roan. Him you must seize, and you must pull me from his back. But you can only pull me from his back by doing exactly as I bid you. Before the night in question, you must clear out of the barn all the straw that is in it; not only every bundle of straw, but every stalk, every piece, however small, must be cleared out of the barn; not a bit must be left. If you remove every bit of straw from the barn, then can you pull me off the horse and hold me and have me, and I shall be your wife even as I was before, and the *Ferrishyn* will never more have power over me. But if the slightest bit of straw be left in the barn, then alas, alas! I shall be hurried away to the fairy home, and you shall never, never, see me more.'

"The man awoke from his sleep full of fear and wonder. For many days he brooded upon his dream and at last determined to follow his lost wife's advice, and to do everything he could to recover her, both for his children's account and his own. The night was now approaching when the fairy companies take their rides. So he set about clearing out his barn with all possible diligence. Not only did he fling all the straw out, but everything else that could be likened to it—every

stalk of hay, everything in the shape of what grows in the ground. He did not leave a hen's feather or bit of goose's down ; not a cobweb, for he took a besom and swept the cobwebs away from the balks, roof and corners. O how he worked ! O how he pried and peered ! At last he could have sworn that not a bit of straw remained in the barn, either on the ground or on the walls, in the corners or on the roof. He even inspected the few utensils to see that not a particle of straw remained sticking to them. So at last he was tolerably easy in his mind, for he knew that he had done all that was possible for man to do.

"Well, the night arrived, and he flung open the doors of the barn, and stationed himself in what he conceived to be the most convenient place for intercepting his passing wife. About twelve o'clock a mist began to drive from the north towards the barn, and in that mist he could hear the noise of the trampling of steeds. Presently the mist began to fill the barn. The moon, however, which was shining, enabled him to distinguish objects. Well, in came the company, ambling through the barn : the white with its rider, the grey, the black, the mottled. But he let them all pass ; none did he interfere with, but let them all pass out by the south door. Not a bridle of theirs did he seize ; but not so did he act when the roan came ambling through. Forward he darts, seizes the bridle and tries to pull the woman off the back of the horse. But he could not, though he pulled as never man pulled before. 'Let me be, John,' said the voice of his dear lost wife ; 'you nor nobody else can pull me off. *There 's straw in the barn !* That second wife of yours has had her eye on all you did, and, guessing what you were after, she put a wisp of straw under the bushel this very night, after you had examined all about the barn, and thought all was right and had left for a moment. Good bye, John ! I shall never see you again. O wail, wail, wail !' Then he lost hold of her and away she ambled ; and the company, woman, horses, and mist were all gone. John shortly afterwards died of grief ; the second wife seized the property, drove the children forth, and what became of them God only knows. Let us hope,

however, that God took care of them."—*K. Braddan, 10th November.*

I will now condense from the "Notes" the story of the second Carval book and how our strange pilgrim captured it in the mazes of the Black Valley, or Glion Dhoo.

October 26.—"Glen Dhoo well deserves its name. Enormous black mountains overhang it. It is called in English Ballaugh Gill. Mrs. Boyde, a specimen of real Manx kindness, simplicity, and hospitality, showed me three old 'caravel' books. I told her that I should like very much to procure some carval books, whereupon she said that she had no doubt that her husband would give me one, if he were at home. I asked her where he was; she said he was in the field cutting turf. She then inquired where I lived. I told her I was staying at Kirk Michael. 'Well,' said she, 'my husband will soon be over there in order to get a pair of boots and he can come and see you about the carvals.'—'Ah,' said I, 'I shall leave to-morrow; can't he come over to-night?'—'No,' said she, 'when he comes home from cutting turf he is too tired to walk all that distance.'—'I am going to walk it,' said I, 'and I am wet through and have been wandering about the mountains for hours.'—'Ah,' said the good Mrs. Boyde, 'but you have not been working.'—'Can he not come tolerably early in the morning?' said I.—'I will talk to him when he comes home,' said she; 'he is very fond of carvals and of those who are, and so are my sons; husband and sons are great makers of carvals.' On one of the leaves at the beginning of one of the books was written '*John Boyde—Glen Doo—January*, 1819 —*stormy day.*'

"The old lady made me sit down on a stool by the hearth, and told me to put my wet feet 'into the fire.' She drove out the poultry, and would have gone upstairs to change her clothes if I had allowed her, as she said she was 'not fit to be seen.' The cat was on the hearth, a cauldron was over the fire, and the house, though dark and gloomy, seemed to have much of abundance in it—more than might be expected in so wild a place. Returned to K. Michael."

October 27.—"Tolerably fine morning. Breakfasted and started for Ballaugh. Proceeded up the glen to Glion Dhoo. Came to the Boydes'. Found the old lady at home, but her husband was gone to the village in order to dig potatoes. Asked about the carvals. Was told that her husband would willingly give me one of the books if he were at home. I said I would call the next day. Set off for Sulby, K. Andrew, and Ramsey . . . Ramsey, Mitre Inn."

October 28.—*Sunday.*—"Started from Ramsey on the expedition to Glen Doo. Morning very fine. Proceeded along the road under the north side of the mountains. . . . Stopped to drink at a spout on the left; while doing so was overtaken by a tall man of about thirty-one. Found him a first rate walker. Going to Ballaugh, of which place he was a native, though resident in Ramsey. His name was Daniel Kelley, son of William Kelley. The man said that a strange looking monticle on our left hand in a meadow [beyond Sulby Bridge] was called Cronk Shomragh or Primrose Hill. Told me that when he was a boy he had worked with his father in the fields, and that occasionally when ploughing they came upon old stone coffins; that on opening them they found skeletons lying at full length in them; that the bones were at first as white as chalk, but that after a few minutes they became, by exposure to the air, quite black, then vanished away to dust. I asked him if the bones were as large as those of the present day, whereupon he replied that they must have belonged to men several inches above six feet—six feet three at least. . . . We were now close upon Ballaugh, when the man, taking out his handkerchief and wiping his face, told me I was a great walker. A more civil, intelligent fellow I scarcely ever met with.

"I shortly bade him farewell and proceeded up the Black Valley. I reached the cottage of my old friend without meeting with any particular adventure. I found her, her husband, and their family at home—the husband an intelligent looking person of about sixty-five years of age, the son a man of some thirty-five, and the wise and humble daughter who sat in a

corner reading a tract. They gave me a kind reception, and the old lady was surprised and gratified that I had kept my appointment. I introduced the subject of the carval book and after some hesitation I was allowed to have it. I made the kind people a present of three shillings. They thanked me warmly, but presently my old friend the woman became uneasy, walked hastily about the room saying that it was not lawful to take money for anything on the Sabbath day, and that it was not right to accept money for carvals at any time, which ought always to be given. That as for myself she wished the poor man to have the carvals, as he had taken plenty of trouble about them, but she did not like accepting his money. I overruled her scruples in the best manner I could, but what most effectually relieved her mind was my saying, that unless I was permitted to leave something as a present, I would not take the carvals, for my conscience would not consent to it. She then wanted to kill a fowl and make some broth, as she said I must be tired, but I would by no means permit her. She then would fain have boiled me two eggs, but I told her I could not eat them, having no appetite. Next she insisted on my having some milk; I told her I would rather have a jug of water. However, she made me drink a basin of milk and wanted me to have another, but I begged her to bring me some water which she at last did, though with manifest reluctance. After a little time I shook hands with each member of this honest family, and, placing the Manx book in my hat, I departed from Glion Dhoo making the best of my way towards Glen Moar, intending to ascend the pass and cross the mountains to Douglas." [1]

From this point begins the author's description of the terrible journey to Braddan and Douglas over the mountains, which suggested to him the title of his projected

[1] This carval book consists of 173 pages ($6\frac{1}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$ inches) and is fairly written, but old, grimy, and smoky. It contains 18 carvals which aggregate 2418 lines. The date 1808 is the prevalent one. At the end this note is added: "*Parted with this Book to an English gentleman.—John Boyde for John Boyde.—Glen Doo, Ballaugh, October 28th*, 1855."

book—*The Red Path and The Black Valley*. But space and the abundance of material admonish us to draw the line here.

Thus we have given an abstract of about one half of the Notes on the Isle of Man; but enough, I trow, to serve as a specimen. I will now close, therefore, with two characteristic extracts under the respective dates of the 4th and 10th of October.

October 4th.—" . . . I went on till I came to a man who sat breaking stones by the way-side. I gave him the sele of the day which he returned. I asked him where the road led to. 'To different farm-houses,' he replied.—'I thought it might lead me into the hills,' said I.—'And so it does.'—'Will it lead me to Beinn y Phott?'—'It will if you follow it.'—'In what parish are we?'—'In Kirk Onchan,' said the man, 'or, as *we* call it, Kirk Conochan.'—'Are you Manx?' said I.—'Real Manx,' said the man.—'Do you read Manx?'—'Better than English.'—'Have you seen any carols?'—'I don't know what you mean,' said he.—'Well, *caravels*,' said I.—'Yes, I have seen a book of caravels.'—'Written or printed?'—'Written with the hand. I saw it a long time ago. It was in the possession of a man of the name of Foyne. The book bore the name of Bishop Wilson, and was said to have belonged to him. He either wrote it himself or caused it to be written.'—'I did not know,' said I, 'that he understood Manx.'—'He tried at it for a long time,' said the man, 'and at last succeeded. The grand wish of his heart was to be able to preach a Manx sermon, and he was continually praying to God to be enabled to do so. His wish was at last granted him; he preached a sermon in Manx, and three hours afterwards he died. So he had the desire of his heart and went to Heaven—at least I have no doubt he did, for he was a very good man.'"[1]

[1] *Sept. 5th, Kirk Michael.*—"I went to Bishop Wilson's grave to copy the inscription. The tomb is surrounded with an iron railing. '*Sleeping in Jesus. Here lieth the Body of Thomas Wilson, D.D., Lord Bishop of this Isle, who died March the 7th*, 1755, *aged* 93, *and in the* 58*th year of his consecration.*'"

One day our author was strolling on the pier at Douglas when his wife brought him intelligence of the death of one of his cousins, William Borrow, which had lately occurred in the United States. William was the son of Samuel of Devonport, one of the sons of Henry Borrow and Temperance Trenniman. I cite this entry in the Journal to show the irritable state of mind into which George Borrow had insensibly grown, especially since 1847, and particularly manifest ever since the adverse criticism on *Lavengro*, and its consequent failure for that generation. Here is the item.

October 10*th*.—"In the afternoon I walked on the pier. My wife brought me intelligence of the death of William Borrow in America. He had accomplished great things there; won a prize for a new and wonderful application of steam, but had shortly afterwards died from excess of mental fatigue—a sacrifice, like my brother, to the greediness of the wretched English aristocracy. Were talent properly patronised in England, he might have staid at home and have become an ornament to his country. But there are no employments or honours in England for any but the connexions and lickspittles of the aristocracy. Read in the newspapers that Leicester Curzon, the son of Lord Howe, had been made a Lieutenant-Colonel for bringing despatches [from the Crimea]. William Borrow, the wonderful inventor, dead, and Leicester Curzon . . . a Colonel. Pretty justice!"

But notwithstanding these occasional explosions, Borrow was at root the kind-hearted man he showed himself to be in *Wild Wales* and the Mannin *Notes*—to the miller of Llanvair Mathavarn Eithav, and to the daughter of George Killey, the Methodist-Church clerk of Onchan. His portfolios in my possession are filled with testimonies of gratitude from poor men whom he had befriended, or for whom he had obtained desirable situations. He contributed to Church and Chapel alike, as the receipts prove

from Baptist and Non-Conformist of every hue, as well as from the neighbouring parish clergy. I have many a letter from that stiffest of Churchmen, Mr. Cunningham of Lowestoft, expostulating with him for lending his name and purse to found or foster dissident schools. He was a hater of the oppression of Church doles and uniformed charity—letting *both* hands know what others' alms bestow.

His filial tenderness towards his aged mother throughout all his wanderings, getting his wife to write when he could not, is truly touching. Sometimes he would introduce a line with his own hand, as we have already shown (p. 110). I remember that my late venerable friend and colleague at Yale University, Dr. S. Wells Williams, author of the *Chinese Dictionary*—used to say to me: "God will not abandon China, a country where the people are so kind and faithful to their parents—the first commandment with promise."

CHAPTER LIII

(1851–57)

The Romany Rye, or, Part Second of the Autobiography of George Borrow —History of its Preparation and Publication—The Calendar—The *Inferno* Enlarged.

GEORGE BORROW'S youthful impressions on the non-existence of matter had recoiled on him, from the time of the publication of *Lavengro* in the spring of 1851. His readers doubted the veracity of that composition, which in turn overthrew their faith in the *Bible in Spain*. Finding him to be a "pisky," and not being fond of Cornish folk-lore, the cold, practical English public first hesitated, then forsook him in a body.

Ford, even Ford, the best, the most faithful, he who had encouraged him with the *perge fidens* of friendship, now drew back and joined the croakers.

"I frankly own," wrote he for the last time,[1] "that I was somewhat disappointed with the very *little* you have told us about *yourself*. I was in hopes to have had a full, true, and particular account of your marvellously varied and interesting biography. I do hope that some day you will give it to us."

And a stranger, whose name and address I shall not disclose, followed in this strain:[2]—

"I am reading your work *Lavengro*, and I am so greatly interested in the account of yourself that I feel irresistibly compelled to write to you. *Are you really in existence?* For I also

[1] March 8, 1851. [2] July 16, 1851.

have occasionally doubted whether things exist, as you describe your own feelings in former days. I should rejoice to see you; to listen to some of your extraordinary adventures from your own lips, and to be assured that such narrations are not all ideal, but that you actually have passed through those strange scenes, and can confirm the words of the book."

Finally, Mr. Murray himself wrote in the late autumn:[1]—

"I was reminded of you the other day by an inquiry after *Lavengro* and its author, made by the Right Honourable John Wilson Croker.[2] Knowing how fastidious and severe a critic he is, I was particularly glad to see him expressing a favourable opinion of it; and thinking well of it his curiosity was piqued about you. Like all the rest of the world, he is mystified by it. He knew not whether to regard it as truth or fiction. How can you remedy this defect? I call it a defect, because it really impedes your popularity. People say of a chapter or of a character: 'This is very wonderful, *if true;* but if fiction, it is pointless.'—Will your new volumes explain this and dissolve the mystery? If so, pray make haste and get on with them. I hope you have employed the summer in giving them the finishing touches."

And yet no truer books were ever penned than the *Bible in Spain* and *Lavengro—Romany Rye*. There is no mystery about them, if you have the key. And what is the key?—only Sympathy! Believe them and read and weep and feel. Believe them and *then* investigate. Investigate the times in which Borrow lived and wandered and struggled and wrought, as the First Volume of this work will show. Not in the public documents of civil history, but in out-of-the-way pamphlets, obscure hand-books, local almanacs, rural newspapers, and old magazines—all long ago obsolete and now despised, found

[1] Nov. 8, 1851.

[2] 1780–1857—the eminent statesman and writer.

on the twopenny shelf of country book-stalls on market days. That is where I met *Lavengro* and *Romany Rye*, and rejoiced to find them *true*. There I found the author of them to be no banshee, no brownie, no mystery at all. The *brétima*—the haze of Galicia—the forerunner of corpse-candles, witches, and all the "fair family" of Celtic mythology—fades into thin air under the microscope of honest inspection, and untiring search in letters, registers, records, newspapers, poll-books, army lists, and all the forgotten dust-heaps of shop and attic.

Of course men easily ignore the details of family gossip, current only with the mothers and grandmothers of the century. All know how hard it is to preserve in memory the chronological horizon of a human life. The public and historic remains, the personal and private vanishes. I remember, for example, France under Napoleon III and the Republic; Spain under the Bourbons, the Revolution and the Restoration; the Civil War of my country, the Crimean War of '54–'55, even the Mexican War of '48; but of my childhood I recall two or three insignificant incidents only, the more insignificant the more distinct. So Borrow first called his life a *Dream*, as all must call their life, if they would sketch it; then a *Drama*, as all must feel it to have been, if so agitated by change and scanty joys as his was. When the whole was finished, that which served as scaffolding was cast aside, and Dream and Drama became so real and vivid, that the original sought to deny the likeness, and through his own vacillation the public raised the cry of *fiction*. His error was to declare so stoutly in the Appendix to the *Romany Rye* that his "Wahrheit" was "Dichtung"—that his Truth was Fiction.[1] He counted that the dullards would forget more than two years of "*LAVENGRO, AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY*" sounding through the press of England from July '48 to the close of '50. But the dul-

[1] See No. 71 of Chapter XXXIX.

lards were not so dull, and how could its author complain if *Lavengro* allowed that generation to pass with the label of DOUBT upon its pages ?

Of the Chronology of the five volumes embracing the autobiography of George Borrow, we have in the First the period from the birth of his father in 1758 to his death in February, 1824; in the Second, the story of *Lavengro* for the remainder of the year '24 up to chap. xvi., page 138; the rest of the volume, together with its three companions, are occupied with the incidents of the year '25. The *Romany Rye* closes with August, 1825, and there the Biography ceases.

As we did before, so we shall proceed to extract from the letters in our hands all that relates to the continuation of that work, published under the name of *The Romany Rye—a Sequel to Lavengro.*

CALENDAR OF "THE ROMANY RYE"

1. 1851. *Nov.* 8.—*Mr. Murray to George Borrow :*—"Will your new volumes explain this and dissolve the mystery ? If so, pray make haste and get on with them. I hope you have employed the summer in giving them the finishing touches."

2. 1852. *Oct.* 30.—*Mrs. G. B. to R. Cooke :*—(Mrs. Borrow asks that either Mr. Cooke or Mr. Murray write to Mr. Borrow as to his health and progress with vol. 4th, begging him to state how long it will be before it is ready for the press. Mrs. Borrow has already made considerable progress in copying it. All this to be kept private from Mr. B.)

3. 1852. *Nov.* 11.—*G. B. to F. M.*—"In answer to your inquiries about the Fourth Volume of *Lavengro*, I beg leave to say that I am occasionally occupied with it. I shall probably add some *notes.*" This is the first hint of the famous *Appendix.*

4. 1853. *Oct.* 18.—*Mrs. G. B. to F. M.*—"My husband hopes shortly to complete his work, which, if published, he proposes to call *The Romany Rye—a Sequel to Lavengro.*"

5. 1854. *Sept.—Mrs. G. B. to Mrs. Borrow* :—"George will, I expect, publish at Christmas his other book [*R. R.*] together with his Poetry in all the European Languages."

6. 1854. *Nov.*—(MS. of the *Romany Rye* delivered to Mr. Murray on the return from Wales.)

7. 1855. *Jan. 29.—Mrs. G. B. to J. M.*[1]—"DEAR MR. MURRAY,—We have received your letters. In the first place I beg leave to say something on a very principal point. You talk about *conditions* of publishing. Mr. Borrow has not the slightest wish to publish the book. The MS. was left with you because you wished to see it, and when left, you were particularly requested not to let it pass out of your own hands. But it seems you have shown it to various individuals whose opinions you repeat. What those opinions are worth may be gathered from the following fact.

"The book is one of the most learned works ever written; yet in the summary of the opinions which you give, not one single allusion is made to the learning which pervades the book, no more than if it contained none at all. It is treated just as if all the philological and historical facts were mere inventions, and the book a common novel. . . .

"With regard to *Lavengro* it is necessary to observe that if ever a book experienced infamous and undeserved treatment it was that book. It was (assailed by every trumpery creature who hated Mr. Borrow on account of his literary reputation and acquirements[2]) attacked in every form that envy and malice could suggest, on account of Mr. Borrow's acquirements and the success of the *Bible in Spain*, and it was deserted by those whose duty it was, in some degree, to have protected it. No attempt was ever made to refute the vile calumny that it was a book got up against the Popish agitation of '51. It was written years previous to that period—a fact of which none

[1] In the original *draft*—part was dictated to Mrs. B., and part written by Mr. B. The whole was then copied by Mrs. B. and sent as her own communication to Mr. Murray. Mr. M. has the latter, and I have the *draft*.

[2] The portion in parenthesis is the primitive reading which Mr. Borrow erased, writing *over* it what follows, with his own hand.

is better aware than the Publisher. Is that calumny to be still permitted to go unanswered ?[1] [*The following in Borrow's handwriting.*]

"If these suggestions are attended to, well and good; if not, Mr. Borrow can bide his time. He is independent of the public and of everybody. Say no more on that Russian subject. Mr. Borrow has had quite enough of the press. If he wrote a book on Russia, it would be said to be like the *Bible in Spain*, or it would be said to be *un*like the *Bible in Spain*, and would be blamed in either case. He has written a book in connection with England such as no other body could have written, and he now rests from his labours. He has found England an ungrateful country. It owes much to him, and he owes nothing to it. If he had been a low, ignorant impostor, like a person he could name, he would have been employed and honoured. [*In the handwriting of Mrs. B.*]—I remain—Yours sincerely,

"Mary Borrow."

8. 1856. *April* 5.—*Mrs. G. B. to J. M.*—"Will you have the kindness to send the MS. which my husband left with you [in November, '54]. Please to *book* it and direct it to 'George Borrow, No. 37, Camperdown Place, Great Yarmouth,'—which is our present residence, and should we remove, you shall know our address."

9. 1857. *Feb.* 27.—*G. B. to J. M.*—"Dear Sir,—I write this to say that the work must go to press, and that unless the printing is forthwith commenced, I must come up to London and make arrangements myself. Time is passing away. It ought to have appeared many years ago. I can submit to no more delays.—Yours truly,

"George Borrow.

"John Murray, Esq."

10. 1857. *March.* (The *Romany Rye* in Press.)

11. 1857. *April* 10.—*G. B. to J. M.*—"Dear Sir,—Yester-

[1] No calumny at all, but a natural inference, and one which Mr. Murray and Mr. Woodfall both noted in their letters to Borrow, before the reviewers proclaimed it.

day I received your letter. You had better ask your cousin [Mr. Cooke] to come down [to Yarmouth] and talk about matters. After Monday (the 13th) I shall be disengaged and shall be most happy to see him.

"And now I must tell you that you are exceedingly injudicious. You call a chapter heavy, and I, not wishing to appear unaccommodating, remove two or three passages for which I do not particularly care, whereupon you make most unnecessary comments, obtruding your private judgment upon matters with which you have no business and of which it is impossible that you should have a competent knowledge. If you disliked the passages, you might have said so; but you had no right to say anything more.

"I believe that you not only meant no harm, but that your intentions were good. Unfortunately, however, people with the best of intentions occasionally do a great deal of harm. In your language you are frequently in the highest degree injudicious; for example, in your last letter you talk of *obliging me by publishing my work.* Now is not that speaking very injudiciously? Surely you forget that I could return a most cutting answer were I disposed to do so.[1]

"I believe, however, that your intentions are good, and that you are disposed to be friendly.—Yours truly,

"George Borrow."

12. (*Romany Rye* published in two volumes April 30th, 1857, in one thousand copies.)

13. 1857. *May 27th.—G. B. to J. M.*—"Dear Sir,—I have received your kind letter. Advertise the *Second Edition* instantly; that will be the best answer to any hissings of the wretched fry I have held up. Please to order the printers to send me proofs of the last two sheets.

"I am staying at present at Oulton with my mother, but expect to be at Yarmouth by the end of the week [Saturday 30th].

"George Borrow."

[1] The allusion is probably to the large sales of the *Bible in Spain*, whereby he conceived that the obligation was on the other side.

14. 1857. *July 10th.—Hasfeldt to G. B.*—"London, 1 o'clock, A.M.—DEAR FRIEND,—It is your own fault that I have not written sooner to thank you for your hospitality and the delight I experienced in your society. Why did you write such an interesting book? All the spare time I could get I have devoted to the perusal of your *Romany Rye;* but I read slowly, for it is not a work to be hastily gone over. I have not got farther than the 'Magyar,' and have been obliged to tear myself away from the book to thank you, not because you gave it to me, but because you have written and printed it. For, many men would have reflected long before venturing to give the lesson to fools and to hold up the lantern on one side and the mirror on the other to their venerable countenances. Your book will meet with a dire reception by all persons who have got a piece of the roast, and there are many to whom you have served it. But your work will live as long as the *Owlglass*, for it has the same philosophical thought underlying it, namely—*Truth.* Many are of your opinion, but no one has dared print his way of thinking 'for fear of exasperating the geese' . . . "[1]

15. 1857. *Sept. 17th.—G. B. to F. M.*—"Shrewsbury.—MY DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter. I have lately been taking a walk in Wales of upward of four hundred miles.

"Pray don't send the work again to the press till you are quite sure the demand for it will at least defray all attendant expenses.[2]

"I was very anxious to bring it out, and I bless God that I had the courage and perseverance to do so. It is of course unpalatable to many; for it scorns to foster delusion, to cry 'Peace, where there is no peace,' and denounces boldly the evils which are hurrying the country to destruction, and which have kindled God's anger against it, namely, the pride, insolence, cruelty, covetousness, and hypocrisy of its people, and above all that rage for gentility which must be indulged in at the expense of every good and honourable feeling.

[1] From Krylof the Russian fabulist (1768–1844).—Here end the Danish Letters of John P. Hasfeldt.

[2] *Romany Rye*, Second Ed., 1858, 2 vols. in one—750 copies.

"What do you think of the affairs of the East? I know what I think of them. Just as England was going to swoop upon China and to behave to it as she had done to Bengal, God caused a rumour to come from the latter country which made it necessary for England to divert her boasted armament from its course, and to employ it for another purpose. Yet my countrymen are so blind as not to see the hand of Providence in this. 'We will put down the rebels in India,' say the miserable newspapers, 'and then we will go to work with China.' They forget to tell us how India is to be held without the Sepoys. Let England think of making no farther aggressions. She had better consider how she is to defend herself. My great fear is that she will exhaust herself in a vain attempt to regain what was never her own, and be then set upon and subdued by France, her eternal enemy, in which case the atrocities of the Conqueror's time will be repeated—atrocities to which the late scenes in Delhi bear no slight resemblance.[1]

"The newspapers seem afraid to speak of the *Romany Rye*, but are not ashamed to steal from it. The other day my wife saw the greater part of what I said about Lord Palmerston and his associates in the columns of one of the newspapers, without the slightest acknowledgment. I wish the book had appeared sooner than it did; but better late than never. It is rather singular that in the last page of the narrative there should be some mention of English goings-on in India, and that the book should have been published just about the time, if not on the very day, of the Sepoy revolt.—I remain (etc.),

"George Borrow."

[1] This seems to have been a favourite theme of our author. But Borrow's vaticinations were occasionally remarkable. Read this one composed during the Crimean War:—"In my childhood, the Russians used to help us against the French; now the French help us against the Russians. Who knows but before I die I may see *the Russians helping the French* against us?"—*Wild Wales*, p. 335.

CHAPTER LIV

(1857)

The Romany Rye Concluded—Press Comments.

FROM the correspondence presented in the foregoing Chapter, the history of the continuation of *Lavengro* under the name of *The Romany Rye* is clearly demonstrated. First, it was to appear as the "Fourth Volume" of the autobiography (p. 28). Later in the same year, 1852, the true cause of the delay is hinted at in the author's determination to "add some notes." Thus the famous "Appendix" is foreshadowed, satirising the critics of *Lavengro* and furnishing precious materials for his life. Most of this Appendix was certainly completed prior to his expedition into Wales, that is, by July 1, '54. Meanwhile the copying had been executed, and the entire MS. delivered to Mr. Murray on their return to London in November, or by the early part of December of that year.

That Mr. Borrow supposed his book would go to press immediately is shown by his wife's remark to their mother from Llangollen in September, '54 (No. 5); but instead of that came a severe letter from Mr. Murray, revealing a decided disinclination to publish the book at all. Hence the curious document of January, '55, purporting to be from Mrs. Borrow, but which was in fact her husband's rejoinder to the Albemarle Street publisher. Here their ways parted for a long time, and the lesions on both sides were never fully healed. From the commercial point of view—large immediate profit—Mr. Murray was probably

right; but he did not consider that a carefully written work, like that of *Lavengro—Romany Rye*, is a work for posterity. The sales would never be large in a given year, but they would never wholly cease.

More than a twelvemonth elapsed; the tour in the Isle of Man had been undertaken and the family had regained their lodgings in Yarmouth. Early in April, 1856, the MS. of *The Romany Rye*, which had remained all this time in the publisher's hands, was demanded, and, as Mr. Murray's memorandum on the letter declares, it was "sent by rail April 7, 1856."

Borrow now amused himself with lonely foot excursions over Norfolk and Cambridge. From April 28th to May 4th he walked from Yarmouth to Ely and back by the longest road, that is, by Cromer, Holt, Lynn, and Wisbeach. At North Repps he visited Miss Anna Gurney, and fled precipitately from the mansion when she proposed to him some question in Arabic Grammar.[1] However, he consoled himself with a good dinner at "Tucker's," supplemented with "brandy and water."

At Lynn, as he was standing in the door of the "Globe," he saw a driver beating a horse which had fallen down. "Give him a pint of ale," cried Borrow, "and I will pay for it." They gave the horse *two* pints, whereupon he got up. In about a quarter of an hour Borrow saw him "pulling merrily past the 'Globe' with the other horses."

Again, July 28–31, he made another semi-circular tramp through Norfolk, by way of Norwich. Here is his note on July 30:

"Coach—Put one in mind of old times—North Walsham—'Kings Arms'—Walked on Happisburgh (Hazeborough) road—Old man who remembered the fight between Painter and

[1] April 29th, in the Note Book. See Rev. Mr. Upcher in *Athenæum* for July, 1893.

Oliver; a deal of pocket-picking on that day. His brother, who worked in a field next that in which the fight took place, found the day after several pocket books." [1]

Thus passed the year 1856. At length the February following he reached the limit of his patience. He drew the old Manuscript forth from the box, read it carefully through, and clapped his hands with satisfaction. Then he sat down and wrote epistle No. Nine. It was one of his stand-and-deliver-letters: He would brook no more delay. The book must go to press immediately, or the author would apply elsewhere. This argument brought glorious John the Third to terms, just "to oblige Mr. Borrow"—a Parthian shot. By March 1st the corn fell into the hopper, the steam was turned on, the mill-stone revolved, and the grist, fine and pure, was delivered to the public in the early days of May, 1857.[2]

The first edition of one thousand copies lasted the publisher one year; the second edition of seven hundred and fifty copies (1858) lasted *fourteen* years; the third of two thousand copies (1872) lasted sixteen years; the fourth of two thousand (1888) lasted *eight* years, and the fifth edition of two thousand (1896) is now on the market. The resumption of a story after an interval of six years was not relished by the readers of *Lavengro*.

The watermarks in the paper of the MSS. of *The Romany Rye* tell the following tale when the sheets are held up to the light:—

Vol. I: pp.	1–360	show the date 1851.
Vol. I: pp.	361–372	" " "
Vol. II: pp.	1– 53	" " " 1844.
Vol. II: pp.	81–121	" " " 1848.
Vol. II: pp.	122–244	" " " 1854.
Vol. II: pp.	245–375 (Appendix)	1853.

[1] July 17, 1820. See future edition of *Lavengro—Romany Rye*.

[2] The proof-sheets are dated through March and April, '57.

We have observed that the story of Finn Mac Coul, he of the burnt thumb, produced in Murtagh's tale at Horncastle, was first communicated to Borrow in January, 1854, by the guide Cronan, on the way to Land's End in Cornwall. That, reading between the lines of the Irishman's travels from Italy to Spain and England, we discover the author's own carefully suppressed adventures in 1826–7 from England to Spain and Italy. Murtagh, who was a real character in Tipperary in 1815, is here conveniently introduced as a *bulto*—a lay figure, as they say in Spain—on which to produce later histories. With regard to Jack Dale, who declared that he drove up to Hertford Jail just in time to salute John Thurtell before the drop fell,—it is singular that most of the books and pamphlets of 1824 which describe that scene confirm the remark. Of the Lord Lieutenant I have naught to add. I believe I have made it clear enough. The tall Hungarian was a character picked up in the Eastern travels of 1844.

The Press remains—the Press of 1851, grown six years older, if not wiser.

The "QUARTERLY REVIEW," then in the hands of Mr. Elwin of Norwich, made the *amende honorable* for the silence of Mr. Lockhart on *Lavengro*, by including in his paper a notice of both works. The running title of the article was *Roving Life in England*. It begins in the Semitic fashion at the *end* of the five volumes, by attacking the "Appendix."

"Mr. Borrow is very angry with his critics. They have attacked *Lavengro* with 'much virulence and malice,' and he relates for their reproof a fable by Iriarte. The viper says to the leech: 'Why do people invite your bite and flee from mine?'—'Because,' says the leech, 'people receive health from my bite and poison from yours.' 'There is as much difference,' says the clever Spaniard, 'between true and malignant

criticism as between poison and medicine.' This only means that Mr. Borrow prefers praise to censure—that he derives pleasurable sensations from the first, and such torments from the last as are produced by an acrid poison. He confesses, to be sure, that his work is full of blemishes, but the adders who sting him are blind as well as deaf, and have 'not detected one of them.' This is the universal cry of every irritated author. . . .

"Mr. Borrow asserts that *Lavengro* is a philological book, and that the philology was 'the really wonderful part of it.' It is, at least, a very insignificant part, for all the information it contains upon the subject might be written upon a visiting-card, and, when dispersed among three [five] octavo volumes, attracts little more notice than a solitary thistle in a field of corn. . . . Nevertheless the blemishes to which he confesses are confined, by his own account, to this boasted philology—he was vulnerable there. Resolved 'to hold up [his critics] by their tails, blood and foam streaming from their jaws,' he quietly prepared a stratagem by means of which he could at any time exhibit them helpless in his hand. He wilfully spelt some Welsh, Italian, and Armenian words wrong, and, probably, without designing it, some English [and French] words also, and no reviewer thought proper to print for him a list of his errata. . . .[1]

"Mr. Borrow considers that he has gained a complete triumph over the unhappy critics who neglected to make an assault upon the weak place in his philological fortress. He tauntingly asks them 'Were ye ever so served before?' and we have no hesitation in answering 'Never.' . . . The spirit in which he himself would execute their office may be judged from the specimen we have given. 'So here ye are,' he concludes as he began, 'held up by the tails, blood and foam streaming from your jaws;' and all this murderous spleen is because they did not comment upon the misspelling

[1] [The *French* blunders in *Lavengro* (*expressions de ma part* and *le jument est bien beau*) reflect as much on the critics who did not see them, as on Mr. Borrow who committed them. But, I beg pardon, I do not intend to treat of the Borrovian philology.]

of an occasional Welsh and Armenian word which had been dragged into a narrative of English adventures. The punishment he supposes himself to have inflicted is, indeed, purely imaginary ; but it is the measure of what he would have done if he could, and, considering the nature of the offence, is by far the bloodiest code of criticism ever yet put forth. . . .

" Mr. Borrow boasts that he is the uncompromising enemy of cant in all its varieties, but a less stern judge than himself would hardly apply any milder term to his profession than he could have suffered no greater mortification than to have extorted praise where he has provoked abuse. Such protestations only show how much his opponents have succeeded in vexing him, and it would have been better if he had possessed a little more of the spirit of Bentley, who, when an enemy talked of writing him down, replied 'that no author was ever written down except by himself.' . . . Nobody sympathises with wounded vanity, and the world only laughs when a man angrily informs it that it does not rate him at his true value. The public to whom he appeals must, after all, be the judge of his pretensions. Their verdict at first is frequently wrong, but it is they themselves who must reverse it, and not the author who is upon his trial before them. The attacks of critics, if they are unjust, invariably yield to the same remedy. *Time* is the specific.

" Though we do not think that Mr. Borrow is a good counsel in his own cause, we are yet strongly of opinion that Time in his case has some wrongs to repair, and that *Lavengro* has *not* obtained the fame which was its due. It contains passages which in their way are not surpassed by anything in English literature. The truth and vividness of the descriptions both of scenes and persons, coupled with the purity, force, and simplicity of the language, should confer immortality upon many of its pages. . . . To this we must add that *various portions of the history are known to be a faithful narrative of Mr. Borrow's career, while we ourselves testify, as to many other parts of his volumes, that nothing can excel the fidelity with which he has described both men and things. Far from his showing any tendency to exaggeration, such of his characters as we*

chance to have known, and they are not a few, are rather within the truth than beyond it. However picturesquely they may be drawn, the lines are invariably those of nature. Why under these circumstances he should envelop the question in mystery is more than we can divine. *There can be no doubt that the larger part, and possibly the whole, of the work is a narrative of actual occurrences*, and just as little [doubt] that it would gain immensely by a plain avowal of the fact."

These remarkable lines from the pen of the Rev. Whitwell Elwin, who knew Borrow all his life, ought to satisfy the most obstinate doubter that the work in question was an Autobiography pure and simple. I visited Booton Rectory forty years after, in company with the Rev. Dr. Jessopp of Scarning, and found that time had only confirmed in the now venerable octogenarian the testimony he bore in the *Quarterly* of '57.

Other criticisms appeared in other Serials by writers who had no knowledge of the environment of Borrow's early life, as Mr. Elwin had, and who printed their views of the book biased by the bitter tone of the Appendix. Among the relatively fair and unprejudiced of these is the article in "THE SATURDAY REVIEW" of May 23rd. It discourses as follows:

"Most of our readers will be glad to hear that Mr. Borrow has just given the world two additional volumes of that strange cross between a novel and an autobiography, which he published some years ago under the name of *Lavengro*. Those who are acquainted with the author's other books will know what to expect from the *Romany Rye*. It contains many speculations about philology, and a few scraps of old ballads. It also contains here and there a good deal of curious speculation and information about the gipsies, and much rather coarse satire on the objects of the author's dislike. Like all Mr. Borrow's publications, it addresses itself to a set of feelings and associations which are quite independent of philology

or ethnology, and, indeed, are generally not very consistent with any great devotion to any kind of set study whatever. The real charm of [his books] is to found in the cast of mind which they prove to exist in the author, and with which they presume the reader to sympathise. Mr. Borrow seems to us to possess in a very high degree two gifts which never were common amongst Englishmen, and which the influences of our modern ways of life make rarer every day. Humour and romance are, perhaps, the two words which most nearly describe these qualities : but they have been so much abused and obscured by the innumerable speculations to which they have given rise, that we prefer to describe Mr. Borrow by a comparison, and to say that his mind has much in common with Izaak Walton, and something in common with George Sand. . . . He does not deal in description, and his language is often almost affectedly simple ; but he leaves upon the minds of his readers a general impression of the scenery and persons introduced so strangely vivid and lifelike, that it reminds us of Defoe rather than of any contemporary author.

"It is not merely in his love of nature that the charm of Mr. Borrow's style is to be found, but in his love of adventure. All the waifs and strays of society—Jews, gipsies, tinkers, wandering preachers, snake charmers and fairy smiths supply the character that he loves to study ; green lanes, wild commons, and outlying dingles, are the scenery in which he lays the plot of his stories. Every mystery, especially if it has the least pretensions to antiquity, has a charm for him. He loves the strange language of the gipsies, the passwords of the Jews, the trade secrets of rat-catchers and horse-charmers. . . . It is a pleasant thing to find a man who, in these days of railroads and enclosures, can still tell us stories about the old heaths where highwaymen often robbed and were sometimes gibbeted, and about the 'waste fens and windly fields' where gipsies talk about stealing poultry and poisoning pigs in a language which their ancestors brought from Hindostan, four hundred years ago.

". . . We must not, however, forget that, if Mr. Bor-

row's books have great merits, they have also great defects. He has taken the somewhat unusual course of affixing to his present work an Appendix, in which he not only replies upon the critics of his former publications, but sets forth in his own proper person, and without the veil of any sort of fiction, the justification of the various likes and dislikes—especially the latter—which play so large a part in all that he writes. . . .

"We do not, however, wish to be supposed to sympathize with the persons whom he attacks with so much vehemence. A great proportion of the current reviewing of the day is, no doubt, surprisingly ignorant and presumptuous, and we fully concur in the opinion that there is no vulgarity either in Mr. Borrow's subjects or in the treatment of them. His accounts of the gipsies and their strange language, and of the wild characters whom he occasionally saw in his wanderings about the country, seem to us to be eminently the reverse of vulgar. . . . We are sorry to say, however, that in his attacks upon his critics he lowers himself by using language which is unquestionably vulgar. It is not vulgar to write about gipsies, but it is vulgar to call people 'vipers' and 'serpents,' and to talk of 'holding them up by their tails, with blood and foam streaming from their jaws.' It is also vulgar for any man to praise his own honour, independence, and originality, and to take occasion from the publication of what was, no doubt, a foolish and low-minded attack in a Scotch magazine,[1] to express unmeasured contempt and hatred of the whole Scotch nation. . . .

"Mr. Borrow is also a great admirer of prize-fighting, and there is no doubt a good deal of truth, and of extremely valuable and well-timed truth, in the claims which he puts forward on all occasions on behalf of all manly exercises. We agree, with all our hearts, in his opinion that boxing and riding are excellent things, and highly important parts of education; and we also agree with him in thinking that the real vulgarity—the vulgarity of worshipping wealth and power—would be greatly checked by encouraging a wider taste for physical accomplishments amongst the classes which are principally affected by it;

[1] See pp. 30–31 in Chapter XL.

but he ought surely to be aware of the fact, that by turning amusements and accomplishments into trades, their character as amusements and their moral influence are destroyed. . . .

"If Mr. Borrow will take advice, offered him in a very friendly spirit, we should be inclined to suggest that his continuations of *Lavengro*—if any such there are to be[1]—would be far more interesting if they were written in the form of the *Travels of George Borrow*. Writing in his name, and confining himself to facts, he would avoid many crotchets which greatly diminish the pleasure which his later books afford us; and he would have ample opportunities of exercising the almost unrivalled freshness and liveliness of style which give such a charm to the *Bible in Spain*."

These two papers, which I have given at some length, fairly represent the intelligent criticism of that day with regard to the *Romany Rye*. I might produce a representative of another—an opposite—class, which (I am sorry to add) may be found in the ATHENÆUM of May 23rd; but I will limit myself to the opening and closing strain, merely to justify the classification I have made.

The article begins thus:—

"No author, to use a gipsy phrase, has *drabbed* so much *drao* into literary dough as the author whose dullest gipsy preparation we have now read." And ends:—

"Yes, *kosko divvus*, *Romany Rye*, say we; and so, we fancy, will our readers."

And yet this is the Journal that printed the praises of "Lavengro" in Russia, in Spain, in England, in 1836, '41, '42, '43, '44, and especially from 1881 to the present.

But his name will never die. When the *Lavengro—Romany Rye* are properly edited, they, with the *Bible in Spain*, will form a treasure for all time—a κτῆμα ἐς ἀεὶ—with which any ambition might justly be gratified.

[1] "At the conclusion of the 5th volume, which terminates the *first part* of the history, it hints," &c.—*R. R.*, ii., 247.

CHAPTER LV

(1857–1860)

Second Tour in Wales—Death of George Borrow's Mother—Walk through Scotland and the Orkneys—Irish Tour in 1859—Stirring Times—Italia Rediviva—The *Visions of the Sleeping Bard*—*The Welsh and their Literature.*

SECOND TOUR IN WALES

CATCHING up the trail where we left it at the end of Chapter LIII., we must show how Mr. Borrow came to be in Shropshire in the middle of September, 1857. The extraordinary letter to Mr. Murray (No. 15) has already informed us that he had been in South Wales, and the Note Book of the excursion furnishes us with the stations on his route. I will simply present the skeleton of it:—

1857

August 23: Laugharne in Carmarthen to Saundersfoot in Pembroke—12 m.
" 24: at Saundersfoot.
" 25: Tenby, Pembroke, Milford.
" 26: Milford Haven, Stainton, Johnston, Haverford.
" 27: Haverford to St. Davids.
" 28: St. Davids.
" 29: St. Davids to Fishguard.
" 30: Fishguard to Newport and Cardigan.
" 31: at Cardigan (ill).

Sept. 1: Llechrhyd, Cilgerran Castle, Cenarth, Newcastle Emlyn.
" 2: to Lampeter in Cardigan.
" 3: to Builth in Brecknock.
" 6: Presteign in Radnor and Mortimer's Cross in Hereford.
" 17: at Shrewsbury in Salop — Writes to Mr. Murray.
Oct. 5: at Leighton, Donnington and Uppington.

The last entry reveals the object of his rapid strides across Wales into Hereford and Salop. In the last named county, a little to the S.E. of Shrewsbury, are gathered three places that interested Borrow—Leighton, Uppington, and Donnington—especially the last two. Here he visited the parish registers to find the traces of his Welsh poet Gronwy Owen. And here he copied from them these items:

1749

"August the 3rd—The Rev^{d} Mr. Tipton late minister of this parish died, and was buried the 4th day at evening in Leighton. [He was] succeeded by John Douglas, M. A., in the charge of Uppington and school at Donnington presented to them by the Earl of Bath. Since the above s^{d} Mr. Tipton's decease, all the Births, Burials and other incidents in the parish of Uppington have been duely and carefully registered by Gronow Owen, Curate of y^{e} s^{d} parish."

The Welshman's entries extend from August 24, 1749, to August 20, 1753. Under 1751 stands this record—

May 5th—Gronow, son of Gronow Owen, Clerk, and Ellinor his Wife, was born and privately baptised, and had public baptism the 5th of June following."

At the close—like all the rest, in Mr. Borrow's handwriting—these two lines:—

"*Written at Donnington*
in Ty y Fonwent October 5, 1857."[1]

On his way back to Yarmouth Borrow delivered over to Mr. Murray his autograph MS. of the translation of the *Visions of the Sleeping Bard*, made from the Welsh, as we have seen, in 1830. He hoped that Albemarle Street would consent in 1858 to print what Smithfield had refused twenty-eight years before. Mr. Murray promised to wade through the work, patches, marginals, corrections, and all. But, having waited from October, '57, to May, '58, Borrow resolved to interpellate the publisher. Hence the following:—

"38 Camperdown Place, Yarmouth, May 25th, 1858.

"Dear Sir,—Have you looked over the MS. ? If you have you can either send it to the printers, or return it to me. In the latter case, I am thinking of printing it here. I think the book would sell, more especially with three engravings by Cruikshank. One might be the Dance of the Fairies in the first part; another the old Poet in Hades flinging a skull at the head of Ellis Wynne in the second, and the last the personification of Sin in the third part, at the very conclusion. I really want something to do ; and seeing the work passing through the press might amuse me.—Ever yours,

"George Borrow."

The MS. was returned by Mr. Murray, and locked up in Yarmouth until a favourable opportunity should present itself for printing it there.

THE MOTHER'S DEATH

Shortly after this affair an event occurred which threw a fresh gloom over the life of Mr. Borrow. His mother died at Oulton very suddenly of pulmonary congestion—so says the register—on the 16th of August, 1858, in her

[1] In the House of the Churchyard—Mortuary Chapel.

eighty-seventh year. Her son was detained by an engagement and arrived at her bedside but just before her spirit fled. So, that long quiet history had reached its term at last. Much of her life had been passed alone in Norwich—from 1824 to 1849—and even after her removal to Oulton she had seen but little of her son, especially during the last five years of his residence in Yarmouth and his wanderings in Cornwall, Wales, and the Isle of Man.

But that long interval of suffering from 1833 to '40 while George was absent from England, who can depict the yearnings of the lonely mother as she sat "in the dusky parlour in the solitary house at the end of the retired court?" How often in her incommunicable anguish she caught up the pen with her trembling hand and wrote to the Secretaries to ask for news of her absent son! Once in '37 when he was in the saddle (as we know now) threading his way across the great plain of Castile, Mr. Brandram wrote to her:

"I can easily understand your anxiety about your son, but I trust it is causeless. We have letters from him dated May 16th, received 23rd, when he was on the point of setting out on a journey. I will write you immediately on the receipt of the next letter, but be prepared not to hear from him very soon. May the God of the widow ever be your stay!"[1]

Another from the Society says that he had been "very closely and diligently occupied in his work. We set a high value on his talents and exertions. I hope these assurances will restore your comfort."[2] On the blank side of this letter you may still trace these words written with her own hand. She had evidently just been reading the Psalms: "Holy David! Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

[1] London, June 12th, 1837.

[2] 16 December, 1834.

Now we can understand the full meaning of those touching lines in *Lavengro*, sneered at by the pseudo-critics of '51.

"No more earthly cares and affections now, my mother? Yes, one. Why dost thou suddenly raise thy dark and still brilliant eye from the volume with a somewhat startled glance? What noise is that in the distant street? Merely the noise of a hoof—a sound common enough. But it draws nearer and nearer; it stops before the gate. Singular! And now there is a pause, a long pause. Ha! thou hearest something—a footstep, a swift but heavy footstep! thou risest, thou tremblest; there is a hand on the pin of the outer door; there is some one in the vestibule; and now the door of thy apartment opens; there is a reflection on the mirror behind thee—a travelling hat, a grey beard, a sunburnt face. 'My dearest Son!'—'My darling Mother!'"[1]

In the Oulton churchyard there are four vaults surrounded by an iron railing. At the head of the one on the extreme left a tree planted by well known hands casts its shadow over the horizontal slab now nearly hidden by ivy.[2]

"*She was a good wife and a good mother!*"

Mr. Borrow was greatly distressed and adopted, shortly after, his wife's suggestion to make a tour "to recruit his health and spirits." Early in October he set out for Scotland. His note-book presents nothing of general interest, and perhaps an extract from his letter to the Rev. William Gill of Kirk Mallew, Isle of Man (the author of the Manx Grammar and Dictionary) will best summarise the results of this journey.[3]

[1] *Lavengro*, i., pp. 8, 9, and our plan on page 50, vol. i. The *time* referred to is May, 1840, when he is riding down Willow Lane mounted on Sidi Habismilk—just from Spain.

[2] See the inscription in vol. i., p. 316.

[3] Letter dated Yarmouth, May 9th, 1860.

"In the latter part of the year '58," he goes on to say, "I visited the Highlands and walked several hundred miles amongst them. I also visited Mull which I traversed in every direction. Mull is a very wild country, perhaps the wildest in Europe. Many of the names of its localities put me in mind of the names of places in Man; for example, *Salen*, the same as your Sallen, and *Glen More* [great valley] the same as your Glion Moar. The best Scottish Gaelic is said to be spoken in the Isle of Mull, which, however, is very thinly inhabited."

The exact route in Scotland followed by Borrow, as laid down in his Note Book, may be given here for the sake of completeness. The Journal does not begin till—

Oct. 22: Left Oban for Tobermory (Mull Hotel: Ann Petrie).
" 23 to Nov. 2: About Mull (Salen, Iona, Bunesan, Kinloch).
Nov. 3: Mull of Cantire (*Ceann-Tir*, end of Land), Greenock, Glasgow.
" 4: Glasgow to Perth.
" 5: Perth, Aberdeen.
" 6: Inverness—7 and 8 *ibid.*
" 9: Inverness to Dingwall.
" 11: Invergordon, Tain. (Hotel bill dated Nov. 11 and 12.)
" 12: Tain, Dornoch.
" 13: Dornoch, Little Ferry, Brora.
" 14: Port Gower, Helmsdale.
" 15: Helmsdale, Ord, Berridale, Lybster.
" 16: Lybster to Wick.—17: Wick.
" 18: Wick to John o' Groat, Stroma.
" 19–21: Thurso. (Letter from Mrs. B. dated Oct. 28.)
" 22: Stromness (Orkney).
" 24: Kirkwall. (Hotel bill dated 24th to 27th.)

Nov. 28: Lerwick (Shetland) to Dec. 1. (Bill for shawls, veils, and hosiery dated Nov. 30.)

Since I have written this book for those "who love Borrow," and for such only, I transcribe the following from Mr. Murray's Collection of Autographs, to give a peep into the Yarmouth Lodgings during the absence of the wanderer.

Mrs. Borrow to Mr. Murray

"39 Camperdown Place, Gt. Yarmouth, 14th October, 1858.

"Dear Mr. Murray,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your kind letter in answer to mine [of Oct. 11th], and to thank you very sincerely for the sympathy therein expressed. I have written the purport of it to my dear husband, who is at or near Tobermory, Isle of Mull. He will, I doubt not, write to you on his return, which I trust will not now be long, and that we shall see him refreshed in body and in spirit.

"My dear daughter has just finished sketching a large water-dog as a present to her dear step-father on his return. This animal is a great favourite with him, frequently accompanying him in his winter baths. She begs her kind remembrance, and believe me (etc.),

"Mary Borrow."[1]

Nothing occurred worth recording in the life of George Borrow until we reach the close of June, 1859. On the 30th of that month he set out with his wife and her daughter for Dublin by way of London and Holyhead. Of this Irish tour we have no Note Book or other memorial, save the correspondence. In the letter to Mr. Gill, 1860, there is an allusion to it in these terms:

"In the autumn of last year [July 2 to Nov. 15] I was in Ireland. Leaving my family in Dublin, I walked to Conne-

[1] No. 66 of Mr. Murray's Collection of the Borrow letters.

mara, and from there to the Giant's Causeway. My expedition upon the whole afforded me much pleasure, though I was frequently wet to the skin and indifferently lodged.

"Several dialects of the Gaelic are spoken in Ireland. The difference between them is so great that the inhabitants of one province hold with extreme difficulty a Gaelic conversation with those of another.

"There are two Societies in Dublin established for the purpose of editing the ancient literature of Ireland, which is very extensive. It consists of historical and medical works, tales, and ballads about Fingal and Ossian, sacred poetry and metrical panegyrics on kings and great men. Some of the historical works are highly valuable. The most celebrated of all is the one generally termed the *Annals of the Four Masters.* It was composed in a Franciscan Convent, the ruins of which I saw. They stand at the end of a salt-water lake near the town of Donegal."

Of the Ossianic Society, one of the two mentioned in the letter, Borrow became a member on the 23rd of July. While in Dublin the family resided at No 75 St. Stephens Green South, from which address Mrs. Borrow wrote Mr. Murray under date of the 4th of November as follows:—

"Dear Mr. Murray,—We should have been glad to hear from you during our residence in Dublin. We now propose to leave on, or rather before, the 15th inst. We shall probably pass through London, and if so, my husband will give you a call. He is just returned from the Giant's Causeway. His pedestrian journey is full of adventure and interest.

"We intend (D. V.) to return for the present to our old winter quarters at Yarmouth, near which most of our property lies. If all be well, in the Spring (of 1860), I shall wish to look around and select a pleasant healthy residence within three to ten miles of *London.* . . .

"When we are settled at Yarmouth you shall have our direction, as we shall not return to a house with a North

aspect, as was our last.[1] The climate here is now become very damp, and I shall be glad to get back as quickly as possible to our warm winter-quarters. So, on the 15th inst. we hope to start. . . . Very sincerely yours,

"Mary Borrow."

One Irish gentleman wrote Mr. Borrow in Dublin "to express the pleasure it has given me to have seen you, and to have been favoured by some glimpses of your extensive archæological knowledge." And the last letter I find under the year 1859 speaks of his 'Omar Khâyyâm friend and neighbour, Edward FitzGerald of Boulge, and so I give it entire.

Rev. Robert Cobb to George Borrow [1]

"Ellingham, 19 Nov., 1859.

"My dear Borrow,—I must send you a line to say how sorry we were to miss you throughout the whole of our five weeks' sojourn at Yarmouth during the summer. I do not ask you to write to me, but I wish you to know that I am not unmindful of the many kindnesses and the constant goodwill I have always experienced from you.

"FitzGerald was at Bungay last week. He was staying with Mr. Childs,[2] and I met him at the Singing Class which the latter has established and which is working very well.

"We are living in very eventful days, and I cannot but think that many troubles are in store for us.[3] The French Press is frantic in its demonstration of hatred for us, and our own *Times* is forever fanning the flame. Alack! Alack! Neighbour, we must have a row. 'Claw for claw,' as Conan said to Satan, 'and the De'il take the shortest nails.' We have £700 subscribed for a Rifle Corps at Loddon, but no men; at Bungay we have men, but little money. So we hope to form a coalition.—Ever truly yours,

"Robt. Cobb."

[1] The new address was Trafalgar Place, Yarmouth.

[2] See Ritchie's *East Anglia*. London, 1893.

[3] Napoleon's Campaign in Italy and the Peace of Villafranca.

Those times, remote to the many, may not excite interest to-day; but to those who, like the present writer, were a part of them—who was in Paris when Napoleon came near being a victim to the rage of the Carbonari in the Rue Lepelletier (January, 1858); who was in Rome during the first outbursts for a United Italy; who travelled with Garibaldi on the Posilippo from Genoa to Leghorn, and witnessed the popular exultation that greeted him on land and sea; who at a later period (1868) listened in the Corps Législatif to the frantic cries of Napoleon's premier: "*L'Italie n'aura jamais Rome!* JAMAIS! JAMAIS!" in whose ears still echo the distant tumult of twenty years of European History—to such, indeed, the struggles of Italy, the judgment of France, the fall of the Bourbons and their Restoration, in Spain, with the monstrous upheavals that lie between, will always live fresh and vivid in the memory, as a picture that fades not away.

Hence the following, like the foregoing, transports us to scenes of which the present generation may behold the bloody issue.

Charles Jephson to George Borrow

"Quay, June 5, 1860.

"DEAR SIR,—The news of yesterday relative to Italy is very cheering to the advocates of liberty. Garibaldi is master of Palermo. The Neapolitan troops were obliged to capitulate. The exact terms are not stated, but it is inferred that they will only be allowed to return to Naples without their arms, to console their despotic master. Messina is now the only stronghold in the Island, and even this with all its strength must ultimately yield to the miraculous sway of the heroic Garibaldi. What an extraordinary result! With only 1500 raw recruits he attacks a fortified town of 300,000 inhabitants, defended by 25,000 disciplined troops, obliges it to surrender and accept of any terms which a brave and gen-

erous General will bestow! Surely this is the year of Grace and Liberty. Despots must tremble on their tottering thrones, and the Pope must shake in anticipation of an occupation gone. . . . —Yours (etc.),

"C. JEPHSON."

In April Mr. Borrow was in London to secure Mr. Murray's permission to put his name on the imprint of the *Sleeping Bard*. He handed the manuscript to J. M. Denew, a printer of Yarmouth, and on the 27th of June it was finished.[1] Two hundred and fifty copies were printed, at a cost of £15 16*s*. 8*d*., according to the bill which lies before me—thus averaging about 1*s*. 4*d*. per copy.

I am not aware that this work was advertised or reviewed at the time, but in the autumn Mr. Borrow determined to call attention to it himself. He revamped an old article he had written in 1830, entitled "The Welsh and their Literature," and sent it to Mr. Murray for the *Quarterly Review*. The result was the following correspondence.

Mr. Macpherson to Mr. Murray

"48 Inverness Terrace, Nov. 14, '60.

"MY DEAR MURRAY,—The paper on Welsh literature is very interesting, and gives us for once a glimpse of a people who did not think as all the world thinks, but had their own way of viewing things. If you could persuade Mr. Borrow to give us some of his personal experience in Wales, it would add greatly to the value of the paper. . . .—Yours very truly.

"W. MACPHERSON."

[1] The title was: "*The Sleeping Bard; or Visions of the World, Death, and Hell, by Elis Wyn. Translated from the Cambrian British by George Borrow, author (&c.). London: John Murray*, 1869." 8vo, pp. vii., 128.

Mr. Murray to Geo. Borrow

"Albemarle St., Nov. 16.

"My dear Borrow,—I have been very pleased to receive the note annexed, which has reached me this day. I shall be truly glad to see your paper in the *Quarterly*. Will you be able to attend to the suggestions of the Editor? and shall I send you the MS. for that purpose?—Yours very sincerely,

"John Murray."

Mr. Macpherson to Geo. Borrow

"Nov. 19, 1860.

"Dear Sir,—I have read your Welsh paper with much interest. It only wants to be connected with modern times by some little touches of the living mind of Wales, instead of relating, as it does, exclusively to ancient days. Your modern experiences will no doubt suggest to you more than I can easily do, for I have no acquaintance with Wales myself. Some personal sympathy with the Welsh might easily be inspired by the sort of additions which I mean, and then the thoughts of the old bards would be better understood. Excuse these suggestions, and believe me—Yours faithfully,

"W. Macpherson."

The modern literature and things of Wales were not introduced into the article, as desired by Mr. Macpherson, because it was determined by Borrow to publish ere long his travels in that country. When the editor understood this, he put the paper to press, and it appeared anonymously in the *Quarterly* for January, 1861.[1] It is in fact Borrow's own (and the only) review of *The Sleeping Bard*, which, however, is well written, and had the decisive result of selling off the whole edition in a month. A new one was contemplated, but Mr. Murray drew the line at translations, and the interpreter did not care to reprint it at his own expense, as before.

[1] Pp. 38–63.

This version of the *Bardd Cwsg* was much talked of in Wales, and among other inquiries was one from a man in Newtown, Montgomery, dated February 1, 1861, to which Mr. Borrow wrote an answer, which his wife copied and sent. He says:—

Mr. Borrow to Thos. Llwyd

"Sir,—In reply to your question about the *Bardd Cwsg*, I am requested to inform you that a translation of it was made in the year 1830 by George Borrow, which was published in 1860 by John Murray, Albemarle Street, under the following title" [etc.]. "It was reviewed in the *Quarterly*, January 1st, 1861. The work is now out of print, and it is probable that a new edition will be shortly published.—Yours,

"Mary Borrow."

SECTION VII

RESIDENCE IN LONDON

(1860–1874)

CHAPTER LVI

(1860–1862)

The Removal to London—Residence in Brompton—Dearth of Information—Manner of Life—The Race between Deerfoot and Jackson—History Repeats Itself—Comfortably Off—A Hankering after Translation—*Once A Week*—The MS. Autobiography.

IT will be remembered that on the eve of the return from Ireland in the month of November, 1859, Mrs. Borrow, in her letter to Mr. Murray, intimated that it was their intention to seek a residence in the neighbourhood of London in the ensuing spring. This design was accordingly carried out in the midsummer of 1860. Twenty years of wintering on the damp and chilly East Anglian coast during the literary period of George Borrow's life finds its solution, as we have more than once hinted, in motives of filial attachment to that parent who had shared the sorrows of his early struggles and the triumphs of his later years. But now that long history is written and sealed up. The grave has closed over the last duty that bound him to Oulton, and he felt free to indulge a little in a more cosmopolitan atmosphere. So Mrs. Borrow and he took the train for London on the 30th of June, 1860, leaving Miss Clarke behind them at Yarmouth till they should be domiciled in their new home. In the meanwhile they lodged at No. 21 Montague Street, Portman Square. Mr. Borrow seemed to be in his usual low spirits, judging by a characteristic note addressed by his wife to Mr. Cooke about this time.

"DEAR MR. COOKE,—Pray excuse my writing a line to say that I hope either you or Mr. Murray will give my husband a look, if it be only for a few minutes. I do not think you will see him again till such has been the case. He seems rather low. . . . Do not let this note remain on your table, or *mention* it, but believe me—Very truly yours,

"MARY BORROW."

On the 25th of September they took possession of the premises which Mr. Borrow will occupy for the next fourteen years. The house was situated in Brompton—No. 22 Hereford Square. On the one side (at No. 20) lived a Mr. Robert Collinson, and on the other (at No. 26) the well-known writer, Miss Frances Power Cobbe, with Miss Lloyd. Miss Cobbe speaks of Mr. Borrow in her *Autobiography* with the harmless poignancy of her sex.[1]

So long as Mr. Borrow lived at Oulton or Yarmouth his correspondence with Mr. Murray and many others furnished a clue to the sequence of his personal history; but from the date of his residence in town all letters suddenly cease, and a little more than the barest outline of his life can be given. From his receipts and an occasional note from his friends, or an entry in one or another old memorandum book, it appears that, when not engaged in study at home, he was rambling in the environs of London, attending now and then a race or a fight, or frequenting the haunts and caravans of his quondam friends the Gypsies, sedentary, predatory and nomadic. But his conversation on such occasions, which were carefully treasured up in the note-books before me, and which are not particularly edifying, by the way, may be found gathered in his last publication, the *Romano Lavo-Lil* of 1874.

I will jot down, however, just one of his random shots that escaped the *Word-Book* aforesaid, and for that reason only.

[1] London, 1894, ii., pp. 117–120.

"*October* 14*th*, 1861.—Saw at Brompton the race between Deerfoot, the Seneca Indian, and Jackson, generally termed the American Deer. The race was a four mile heat for fifty pounds. Jackson stood not the slightest chance and gave up very much distressed after running about three miles. The Indian, after running the full distance, appeared to be as fresh as when he started. He was a tall athletic man about twenty-eight, and was dressed in the costume of his race, with a feather sticking in a kind of cap which he wore. Jackson was a poor miserable looking creature, about forty-two and very bald at the crown. He was said to be a Chelsea man and had nothing of the appearance of an American. The crowd was immense and there was much disorder. All kinds of characters were mingled together—high born gentlemen, pugilists, raff and pickpockets. Mills, a splendid young runner, who shortly before had beaten the Indian in a six mile race but had been vanquished by him in one of twelve, ran several of the rounds and appeared to wait upon Deerfoot. I was grieved to see poor Jackson after his defeat ; he looked the picture of despair. His case was indeed a pitiable one. He had long been considered as about the best runner in England. His pace, which did not appear remarkably swift, put me much in mind of the long loup of the wolf. Amongst the medley were two blacks with hideous features and using the most disgusting language, but dressed in the extremity of fashion. Though so late in the autumn, the day was exceedingly hot."

Here we have again the Norwich lad of 1820, the companion of Jack Thurtell, Ned Painter, and Dan Gurney of the Bowling Green.[1] The forty years have changed only the epidermis; beneath that you can still recognise the pal of Jasper Petulengro scurrying with him along the highway to Coltishall Bridge in the pouring rain of that July day—I had almost said you can still hear his friend repeat in smothered tones: "I believe in dukkeripens, brother." Strange world!

[1] "The retired coachman with one leg."—*Lavengro*, p. 98.

Borrow seems to have been comfortably off at this period. He lived in a handsome house for which he paid sixty-five pounds a year rent, exclusive of the rates, and occasionally enjoyed a dinner with his friends at the Star and Garter, Richmond. The bill of one of these suburban meals bears a funereal date which many will recall—the 4th of July, 1861[1]—avenged at last on its thirty-seventh anniversary. There were four who sat down at the festive board—"King Murray," as Ford called him, his partner Mr. Cooke, his brother-in-law Dr. David Smith of Edinburgh, and their opulent host George Borrow. The cost footed up £6 3*s.*, and the item of wines alone amounted to £4 1*s.* 6*d.*

For some years Mr. Borrow had in contemplation a return to his early weakness for publishing translations. The old illusion of 1821 which had overshadowed him, first in the Magazines, then in the *Romantic Ballads*, and finally in the *Targum*, came back to him with renewed force in the course of his Welsh rambles of 1854. It will be remembered that in September of that year Mrs. Borrow wrote that he was expecting to publish at Christmas his poetry translated from all the European lanugages. This promise, however, was carried no farther than an announcement, made at the close of the *Romany Rye* in 1857, that the following "Works by the author of *The Bible in Spain*" were then "ready for the Press." These were, among others (I quote from the MS.)—

1. *Celtic Bards, Chiefs and Kings.* 2 vols.
2. *Songs of Europe, or Metrical Trânslations from all the European Languages.* 2 vols.
3. *Kœmpe Viser* (sic); *Songs about Giants and Heroes, with Romantic and Historical Ballads translated from the Ancient Danish*, etc., etc. 2 vols.
4. *The Turkish Jester, or the Pleasantries of the Cogia*

[1] The Battle of Bull Run, Virginia.

Nasr Eddin Efendi (sic), *translated from the Turkish.* 1 vol.

5. *Russian Popular Tales.* [Eleven] in 1 vol.

6. *The Sleeping Bard,* etc. [printed in 1860]. 1 vol.

7. *Northern Skalds, Kings and Earls* (unfinished). 2 vols.

8. *The Death of Balder. A Heroic Play. Translated from the Danish of Evald.* 1 vol.

Without pausing to discuss this list, it will be sufficient to say, that, at the close of the year 1861, Mr. Borrow had arranged with the editor of *Once A Week* to print in that Magazine certain specimens of these versions. Accordingly, we find them in the volumes for 1862 and 1863 in this order:—

1. Ballads of the Isle of Man:
   "Brown William"—vol. vi., 1862, pp. 37–38.
   "Mollie Charane"—vol. vi., 1862, pp. 38–39.
2. Russian Popular Tales:
   "Emelian the Fool"—vol. vi., 1862, pp. 289–294.
   "The Story of Yvashka with the Bear's Ear"—vol. vi., 1862, pp. 572–574.
   "The Story of Tim"—vol. vii., 1862, pp. 403–406.
3. "Harald Harfagr" (Danish)—vol. vii., 1862, pp. 152–155.
4. "The Count of Vendel's Daughter"—vol. viii., 1863, pp. 35–36.
5. "The Hail-Storm, or the Death of Bui" (Old Norse)—vol. ix., 1863, p. 686.

See *Chronological Bibliography* for details.

THE MANUSCRIPT AUTOBIOGRAPHY

In the years 1861 and 1862 John Longe, Esq., J.P., of

Spixworth Park, next Norwich, edited and published at his own expense an English version of Burton's *Antiquities of the Royal School of Norwich*, that is, the old Grammar School in the Close. Two Appendices were added, the first, compiled by the Rev. Dr. Jessopp, at that time Head Master of the School, and the second by Mr. Longe. Desiring to introduce in this second appendix a more complete account of certain graduates of the School in the present century, he wrote among others the following letters.

Mr. Longe to George Borrow

"Spixworth Park, Norwich, 7th October, 1862.

"DEAR SIR,—With the aid of some old schoolfellows and friends I am preparing for publication, amongst other subjects, a List of eminent and distinguished men who were educated at King Edward the Sixth's Grammar School, Norwich, and it gives me much pleasure to include you amongst them. Would you, therefore, do me the kindness to give me a few particulars, as under, relating to yourself and family, in order that the description may be correct and authentic?

"('George Borrow—born—at—son of—Borrow, Esq. of—formerly Captain and Adjutant in the West Norfolk Militia—author of the following works, viz.——')

"Any other information you would obligingly give me deserving of being recorded, I should be glad to acknowledge. The proceeds of the above work will be for the benefit of the School Library.—I am, dear sir, yours very truly,

"JOHN LONGE."

Mr. Borrow, after some delay, forwarded his autobiography to Mr. Longe, who replied as follows:—

Mr. Longe's Second Letter

"Spixworth Park, Norwich, 15th October, 1862.

"DEAR MR. BORROW,—I will not permit a post to escape me without acknowledging the receipt of the interesting sketch

of your eventful life received this morning. I have scarcely had time to read it over fully, but have gathered sufficiently from it to make me feel eager to peruse it again. In the narrowed little history of our School I am attempting, I shall not be able to make so much use of it as I could wish.

"You have omitted an important and characteristic anecdote of your early days (fifteen years of age). When at school you, with Theodosius and Francis W. Purland, *absented* yourself from home and school and took up your abode in a certain 'Robbers' Cave' at Acle, where you *resided* three days, and once more returned to your homes. T. Purland is, I think, now an eminent surgeon-dentist in Mortimer Street [Cavendish Square], and his brother, F. W., a popular surgeon at Woolwich. Allow me to remain—Yours very truly,

"J. Longe."

Nearly ten years after these two letters came into my possession, being in Norwich in 1896, the long missing MS. Autobiography referred to in Mr. Longe's last letter drifted into my hands. It consists of two parts: one, the autograph original in four quarto pages, and the other, the final copy in the handwriting of Mrs. Borrow, on seven pages of the same sized paper as the first draft.

This document, as being the only authentic biography of George Borrow ever penned prior to my pamphlet of December, 1887, has been freely used in these pages. It will, however, now be given entire, both because it confirms the autobiographical character of *Lavengro* and the *Romany Rye*, and because, even in 1862, it takes a leap over the veiled period, making it this time eight years (1825–1833). The failures of his early life still lead him to misquote his dates—1818 instead of 1819, 1823 for 1824, 1839 for 1840, 1825 for 1832, London to Norwich for Norwich to London. These are some of the "scars," of which I spoke in Chapter VIII., p. 72, "that disfigure the remnant of life."

The MS. Autobiography of
George Borrow
Written October 9–13, 1862, for
Mr. John Longe of Norwich
(*Mrs. Borrow's Copy*)

"George Henry Borrow was born at East Dereham in the County of Norfolk, on the 5th July, 1803.

"His father, Thomas Borrow, who died Captain and Adjutant of the West Norfolk Militia, was the scion of an ancient but reduced Cornish family, tracing descent from the De Burghs, and entitled to carry their arms.

"His mother, Ann Petrement,[1] was a native of Norfolk, and descended from a family of French Protestants banished from France on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

"He was the youngest of two sons. His brother John Thomas, who was endowed with various and very remarkable talents, died at an early age in Mexico. Both the brothers had the advantage of being at some of the first schools in Britain; the last at which they were placed was the Grammar School at Norwich, to which town their father came to reside at the termination of the French war.

"In the year 1818[2] George Borrow was articled to an eminent Solicitor in Norwich, with whom he continued five years.[3] He did not devote himself much to his profession, his mind being engrossed by another and very different subject, namely philology, for which, at a very early period, he had shown a decided inclination, having when in Ireland with his father acquired the Irish language.

"At the expiration of his clerkship he knew little of the law, but was well versed in languages, being not only a good Greek and Latin scholar, but acquainted with French, Italian, Spanish, all the Celtic and Gothic dialects, and likewise with the peculiar language of the English Romany Chals or Gypsies.

[1] "The late Mr. Borrow and myself were first cousins." (Signed) "Charles Edward PARFREMENT."—*Athenæum*, Sept. 24, 1881, p. 401.

[2] Read 1819, March 30, as I have proved.

[3] To the 30th of March, 1824.

This speech or jargon, consisting of about eleven hundred and twenty-seven words,[1] he had picked up amongst the wandering tribes with whom he had formed an acquaintance on Mousehold, a wild heath near Norwich, where they were in the habit of encamping.

"By the time his clerkship had expired his father was dead, and he had little to depend upon but the exercise of his abilities, such as they were. In 1823 [1824] he betook himself to London, and endeavoured to obtain a livelihood by literature.[2] For some time he was a hack author, doing all kinds of work for booksellers. For one in particular, he prepared an edition of the *Newgate Calendar*, a book from the careful study of which he has often been heard to say that he first learned to write genuine English.

"His health failing, he left London, and *for a considerable time lived a life of roving adventures* [1825–1833!]. In the year 1833 he entered the service of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and, being sent to Russia, edited at St. Petersburgh the New Testament in the Mandchou or Chinese Tartar. Whilst at St. Petersburgh he published a book called *Targum*, consisting of metrical translations made by himself from thirty languages and dialects. He was subsequently for some years agent of the Bible Society in Spain, in which country he was *twice* imprisoned for endeavouring to circulate the Gospel.[3] Whilst in Spain, he mingled much with the Caloré or Zincali, called by the Spaniards Gitanos or Gypsies, whose peculiar speech he found was radically one and the same as that of the

[1] "Something less than 1200 words," says the autograph original.

[2] This whole passage is thus given in the autograph MS.: "At the expiration of his clerkship, which occurred *shortly after the death of his father*, he betook himself to London," etc., without any mention of date. His father died Feb. 28th, 1824, the articles expired March 30th, and he went to London April 1st, '24.

[3] That is, in May, 1838, at Madrid, and in November, 1839, at Seville. In his letter to Mrs. Clarke of March 29, 1839 (*prior*, therefore, to the Seville affair) he says:—"I have been *three* times imprisoned *for the Gospel's sake*, and once on the point of being shot." Here (allowing for exaggeration) we *must* include Pamplona in 1826–7, Finisterra in 1837, and Madrid in 1838. Now he very properly leaves out the affair of '26 and the *arrest* of '37.

English Romany Chals. At Madrid he edited the New Testament in Spanish, and translated the Gospel of Saint Luke into the language of the Zincali. He also edited at Madrid a translation of the same Gospel in the Euscarra or Basque, which language he had acquired, and which, he says, in one of his subsequent works,[1] is closely connected with the Hungarian, the Turkish, the Mandchou, and the Mongolian.

"Leaving the service of the Bible Society he returned to England in 1839 [*read* 1840], and shortly afterwards married a Suffolk lady. In 1841 he published the *Zincali*, or an Account of the Gypsies in Spain, which soon obtained a European celebrity;[2] and in 1842 the *Bible in Spain*, or an Account of an Attempt to circulate the Gospel in the Peninsula—a work which received a warm and eloquent eulogium from Sir Robert Peel in the House of Commons.[3] In 1844 he was wandering about amongst the Gypsies of Hungary, Wallachia, and Turkey, gathering up the words of their respective dialects of the Romany, and making a collection of their songs.

"In 1851 he published *Lavengro*, a work in which he gives an account of his early life; and in 1857 *The Romany Rye*, a sequel to the same. In 1860 appeared *The Sleeping Bard*, a work which he had translated from the Welsh of Ellis Wynne, or Wyn, some thirty years before. His latest publication is *Wild Wales*.

"Many of his works still exist only in Manuscript; amongst these is an Account of the Isle of Man, its People and Literature. A list of all his productions, whether published or unpublished [in 1857], will be found at the end of the *Romany Rye*.

"He is at the present time a landed proprietor in the County of Suffolk, but spends much of his time in wandering on foot about various countries. He has been a great rider, walker, and swimmer. When only thirteen,[4] he saved the life

[1] *Bible in Spain*, p. 218.

[2] The autograph MS. truly adds:—"and was the cause of many learned works being published on the Continent on the subject of the Gypsies."

[3] April 11, 1843.

[4] That fixes the date (1816) of the affair related of John Borrow in *Lavengro*, i., 260.

of a lad who was on the point of being drowned in the Norwich river, and in the year 1853 assisted in rescuing several individuals who had been overturned in a raging surf on the Yarmouth coast.

In November, 1825 [*read* 1832] he walked from London to Norwich [*read* Norwich to London], a distance of one hundred and twelve miles, in seven and twenty hours. His entire expenses in this expedition amounted to five pence halfpenny, the only refreshments which he took on the road consisting of a pint of ale, a roll of bread, half a pint of milk and two apples." [1]

From this interesting, but very inexact, autobiography, it is not strange that Mr. Longe's notice of George Borrow on pages 94 and 95 of Burton's *Antiquities* should be inexact also. The same wrong dates—1818, 1823, 1839—the same evasion of the "veiled period," confronts us here as in *The Men of Our Time*, to whose editors Borrow furnished a transcript of his life in 1865. No one cared to take the trouble to apply to register or record, and so biographies, like many histories, descend to posterity—palimpsests of erroneous dates and data.

[1] In view of our change of date (1825 to 1832) and the direction of the foot-journey, it becomes us to explain. Borrow was in Norwich from the 1st of September, 1825, to the latter part of May, 1826, as we *know* by the correspondence in our hands. That he walked from Norwich to London in November, 1832, we learn by putting together his letter to Mr. Cunningham and Mrs. Clarke's to him, the *Memories* of Caroline Fox, and the Rev. W. Webster's article in the Gypsy Lore Society's *Journal*. Borrow's object in covering up these years was to obliterate all traces of the "Veiled Period." The only invasion of that resolve was the advertisement of the *Romantic Ballads* of 1826 at the end of the *Bible in Spain*.

CHAPTER LVII

(1862–1866)

The Publication of *Wild Wales*—Its Critics—A Long Pause—The Run to the North of Ireland, Galloway, and the Scottish Borders—Extracts from the Notes—Visit to Esther Blyth—Tombs of Scott and Lockhart—Belfast—Lisburn—Antrim.

TOWARDS the close of the year 1862 Mr. Borrow brought out one of his best works, in three volumes, octavo. I refer to his *Wild Wales*. As we have already shown, it is the record of his rambles on foot over portions of the Principality in the summer and autumn of 1854. The book was written during the two following years, and announced in 1857 as ready for the press. The apathy of the author—and, I may add, of the publisher—that grew out of the reception of *Lavengro* and *The Romany Rye*, kept the book on Wales in abeyance for some years. At last the success of the *Sleeping Bard* of 1860, and of Borrow's article thereon in the *Quarterly Review*, stimulated him to draw it forth from its obscure retreat. Being now a resident in London and in frequent communication with Mr. Murray, the bulky manuscript was handed over to him, and, after examining its pages and finding nothing in them "against the Pope," the work was accepted and published.

The Reviews were generally silent about *Wild Wales* and those which did vouchsafe a passing notice were for the most part trivial and unfair, if not positively abusive.

The *Cornhill* delivered itself after this fashion:—[1]

[1] January, 1863, vol. vii., p. 137.

"It is difficult to characterise the work just issued by Mr. George Borrow, without preface or explanation of any kind, under the title of *Wild Wales*. We are dubious whether it is simply a record of his walks through Wales, or whether he has mingled a quantity of very mild and not very amusing fiction with actual experiences. In any case the book is extremely defective, and contains an unpardonable proportion of trivality and self-glorification. Really it is too much to demand that we should read the record of every glass of ale which Mr. Borrow drank—usually with his criticism on its quality—or be patient under the fatiguing triviality of 'I paid my bill and departed,' which occurs incessantly; the more so because, while he is careful to inform us that he paid the bill, he never once mentions the amount; the detail he records is superfluous, the detail he omits would at least have been serviceable to future travellers. Snatches of commonplace conversation, and intensely prosaic translations of Welsh poems, swell out this book, and render it rather tiresome reading," *etc.*

The paper that appeared in the *Spectator*, on the other hand, was evidently written by a man who knew something of his subject. The article says:[1]—

"This is the first really clever book we remember to have seen in which an honest attempt is made to do justice to the Welsh literature. If Welshmen had any wish to propitiate the Saxons in their favour, they would undoubtedly feel considerably indebted to the experienced, shrewd, and discerning traveller who passed through a great portion of their country on foot a few years ago, and now presents the world with a most interesting account of his adventures. But we do not believe they have any such desire. Their mildest feeling towards the Saesneg is that of jealousy and aversion, while in many instances this prejudice assumes a much more virulent form, and breaks out into uncompromising hatred and enmity. The Welsh have not yet reconciled themselves to be friendly with their conquerors. They cling to their language with the

[1] December, 1862.

tenacity peculiar to a conquered people ; and, although they have never sought to regain their independence, like the Irish, yet no one who has lived among them can doubt that they regard themselves as a down-trodden nation, and believe that 'Wild Wales' has never been the glorious land it was since the hateful Saxon subjugated it. This is the feeling among those who are thoroughbred Welshmen ; in the border counties it is far less strongly evinced, and those who are Welsh by birth, but have mixed much with the English, are rarely found to possess any bias whatever against the Saesneg. They learn the language willingly, and eventually get almost ashamed to speak their own. But the true Welshman can neither endure to hear an Englishman speak Welsh, nor will he learn to speak English himself. He is very hospitable and warm-hearted where he takes a liking, but implacable and a little treacherous, perhaps, towards those who awaken his national jealousies and resentments. . . .

"In the course of his wanderings, Mr. Borrow caught very happily the salient points in the Welsh character, and he has depicted them with those light, free touches which none but George Borrow can hit off to such perfection. Many a man would have gone over the route taken by Mr. Borrow and come back with the report that all was barren. But the Romany Rye goes about his work after a different method, and, with much of the freshness, humour, and geniality of his earlier days, he tells us of the people he encountered, and the magnificent scenery he gazed upon during his light-hearted rovings. His knowledge of the Welsh language was a very great assistance to him, although more than once he came across a rugged *Cymro* who refused to answer him, or answered him in English—unwilling to acknowledge that a Saxon could speak Welsh.

"His knowledge of old Welsh literature is immeasurably greater than that which most educated Welshmen possess, and his admiration for the bards is something wonderful. On several occasions he made troublesome pilgrimages to their birthplaces, and nearly scratched himself to pieces in scrambling to the chair in which Huw Morris used to sit. He went

some distance out of his way to visit the spot where Gronwy Owen was born, of whose *Cywydd y Varn* (Day of Judgment) he remarks 'that it contains some of the finest things ever written.'

"Mr. Borrow is a capital pedestrian, and never man enjoyed a ramble through Wales more thoroughly than he. He walked from Cerrig y Drudion to Bangor, a distance of thirty-four miles, in one day, and seemed to think nothing of it. Everywhere, nearly, he was well received; but it is not every tourist who possesses the complete art of ingratiating himself like George Borrow. Once, happening to open a Welsh Bible in a house where he had halted, his eye fell on the words '*Gad i mi fyned trwy dy dir*' (Num. xx. 22).—'I may say these words,' said he to the woman of the house: '"Let me go through your country."'—'No one will hinder you, sir, for you seem a civil gentleman.' True, his Welsh must have been a little outlandish, for he acquired it from books; but he rarely got into a difficulty, and when he did he soon got out of it again. He never missed an opportunity of learning something about the habits and the character of the people. He conversed with every one, and we must say that he was very fortunate in the persons whom he met. We think we discover the 'fine Roman hand' of Mr. Borrow in some of the speeches of his friends; but, at the same time, we feel sure that the conversations are, in substance, faithfully recorded. Indeed, not the least of the merit of the work is its great truthfulness. We know some part of the country through which Mr. Borrow travelled, and we find that his inimitable descriptions bring before the mind the land in all its wild and picturesque beauty, and the people with their turbulent, uncertain, and irascible, yet kindly dispositions.

"Mr. Borrow never smoked in the course of his travels; but he heartily enjoyed his cup of ale, and sometimes he is rather hard on the teetotallers. Once he bought a paper of a tramp, which he tells us 'was stuffed with religious and anti-slavery cant, and merely wanted a little of the teetotal nonsense to be a perfect specimen of humbug.'[1] As to sherry,

[1] *Wild Wales*, p. 113.

he thinks it 'a silly, sickly compound, the use of which will transform a nation, however bold and warlike by nature, into a race of sketchers, scribblers, and punsters, in fact, into what Englishmen are at the present day.'[1] This slashing vigour is very characteristic of George Borrow—he ought to have been a Welshman, for he is very fond of giving knock-down blows. He likes the country and its language, and he is very hearty in his likes and dislikes. As it is, he has written the best book about Wales ever published. It would be easy, perhaps, to pick out faults; but the time spent in the process would be entirely misapplied, and a fair idea would not be given of the work. We have preferred to judge it as a whole, not caring to boggle and wrangle over minor defects in what is intrinsically good."

We must now pass over some years in silence. For, as far as the public was concerned, nothing was known or heard of George Borrow from the *Wild Wales* of 1862 to the Gypsy *Word-Book* of 1874—nearly twelve years of an almost total eclipse. Mr. Watts tells us, in his graphic way, that society supposed him, like Latham, long since *dead*.

"I well remember," says Mr. Watts in the *Athenæum*[2] "telling some American celebrities at one of the late Mrs. Procter's delightful Sunday afternoons, an anecdote of a whimsical meeting between Borrow and Latham. My anecdote was fully appreciated and enjoyed by my auditors till I chanced to let fall the fact that both heroes of the quaint adventure were still alive, that they occasionally met at Putney, and that I had quite lately been seeking for sundews on Wimbledon Common with the one, and strolling through Richmond Park with the other. Then the look that passed from face to face showed how dangerous it is to indulge on all occasions in the coxcombry of mere truth. And afterwards my brilliant

[1] *Ibid.*, p. 124.
[2] March 17th, 1888, p. 340: time—1870 to '74.

hostess did not fail to let me know how grievously my character for veracity had suffered for having talked about two men as being alive who were well known to have been dead years ago—'talked of them as though I had just left them at luncheon.' And yet at this very time Latham and Borrow were in the eyes of a few of England's most illustrious men, the important names they had always been."

Notwithstanding the public judgment of George Borrow's disappearance from life, the materials that lie before me continue from year to year to manifest the survival of his name and fame. But the spirit and the friends of 1843–1851 are gone for ever: Ford has been dead many years, and Mr. Murray, though he sees him occasionally, has long since ceased to write to him or expect aught from his pen. Borrow, the dear enigma of our youth and the solution of our age, seems to be prematurely approximating to the days which compel the sad confession: "I have no pleasure in them," and when the harmony of nature is exchanged for the discord of dissolution. His life was lonely, and he yielded more and more to the forces that made it so. He strode on over England alone, and as the shadows of night settled down in the path before him, his mind would revert to the compositions of his youthful days and his voice would break forth in song as he pressed forward to the next halting-place.

But let us take things in their order.

On the 12th July, 1866, Mr. and Mrs. Borrow left London for Fleetwood and Belfast, on a visit to "Henrietta." Miss Clarke had married, the year before, William MacOubrey, M.D., of Belfast.[1] The "inseparables," as mother and daughter called themselves in '34, still kept together, for we find the bride and groom shortly after in Sydney Street, Brompton.

[1] On the marriage register he is a physician of Sloane Street, London, and on his tombstone at Oulton, he was a barrister. But this does not concern us.

The Borrows reached their destination in the morning of the 13th July, and went into lodgings at No. 2, College Street, South. On the 17th, the restless lord and "pardner," as they say in Cornwall, took ship and crossed to Stranraer for a foot-tramp through Galloway and the borders of Scotland.

NOTES

July 17: "Left family at Belfast and crossed over to Stranraer, Scotland, by steamer. Stranraer: Commercial Inn. In the evening strolled up the hill. Old church—Kirk Columb. The dark woman; believed her to be a Gypsy. Did not speak to her; sorry I did not."

July 18th: Stranraer to Glen Luce. "Set off in the direction of Castle Stewart. Fine view of mountains on the left. Plantations and old Castle in the foreground. Most beautiful scene I ever saw—hot sun—far distant misty mountains—cattle in the water—stay and look at them. Discourse with a Scotch pedlar—been everywhere—Dunragit and Delragit—*Glen Luce.* Regular old-fashioned Scottish town—very beautiful scenery, hills and wood. M'Lellan's hotel. Ale. Stroll about the town. The glen—the little bridge—the rivulet and the trees—children playing in the water—strong smell of turf-smoke throughout the village. Capital dinner. Cool, delightful evening. People in the streets sitting or standing, enjoying the cool. Return to the inn. Sleep comfortably."

July 19th: Glen Luce. "Go to the sea to bathe—two miles distant—coast rocky—some difficulty in getting down to the water—some people bathing—none could swim—seemed surprised that I could. Go to Crows-Nest, a house by the sea side. Visit Abbey on New Luce road—belongs to Sir John Hay of Castle Park. Return. The miller and his friends seated on a stone wall drinking cool water out of a basin—discourse about the war [Sadowa—Germany *v.* Austria] and the Pope of Rome. Many Papists in the neighbour-

hood, but all Irish—the natives all Protestants. Dinner: rice, soup, salmon, mutton chop, pancake. Stroll. Free church—minister preaching in a meadow near the bridge."

July 20th: Glen Luce to Newton Stewart. "Proceeded for several miles between hills; the sun was burning hot—in fact, I never was out in a fiercer summer day. The land seemed to be very poor and sterile. Saw at last a kind of lake on my right, apparently about three hundred yards across. A cottage stood near it, and seeing a woman engaged in weeding a potatoe garden, I entered into conversation with her. We first talked about the weather, and she told me that the crops had suffered much from drought. I praised the country, but she did not agree with me, saying that it was a '*coorse* country.' She spoke in the broadest Galloway dialect, and I had the greatest difficulty in understanding what she said. I asked her the name of the place where we were, the lake, and the distant hills. She said, Carn Top, Dushelwyn Loch, and Cairnsmore. That there were fish in the loch, but not many. 'Are they pike?' I asked. 'Geddes,' she replied. Proceed. Came to a toll-bar kept by one John Douglas, a little short fellow of seventy-three. Wretched country. *Kirkcowan* on the right. Took wrong road. Written under the shade of trees, sitting on a stone near a house, after passing over the dreadful sunburnt moors. No water—at length came to a pleasant valley—asked a girl if there was any water near. She said that there was none that she knew of. Presently saw a little rill under some trees. Sat down. The horse and cart with the women and children. 'Will it please you, Sir, to raise in order that the mare may go down to drink.' When they were gone I drank and drank. *Newton Stewart*, Black's Hotel," etc., etc.

July 21st: Newton Stewart to Gatehouse of Fleet.
" 22nd: Gatehouse to Castle Douglas.
" 23rd: at Castle Douglas.
" 24th: Castle Douglas to Dumfries.
" 25th: Dumfries and Excursions.

July 26th: Dumfries to Lochmaben—"owing to a cold which I had caught among the lakes of Loughmaben whilst hunting after Gypsies."[1]

" 27th: Lochmaben to Lockerbie.

" 28th: Lockerbie, Ecclefechan, Gretna Green, River Esk, Carlisle—9 P.M., 23 miles.

" 29th: Carlisle—Castle, Cathedral, letter from Mrs. B.

" 30th: Carlisle to Langholm.—"Eight miles to Langholm—night descending fast—push on up steep hill—told by lads that there was a wild bull farther on—at the end of about a mile and a half saw a large dark object in a field to the right—the bull—he said nothing to me nor I to him—reached Langholm somewhat after ten at night. Crown Inn—landlord, tenant to the Duke of Buccleuch."

" 31st: at Langholm.

Aug. 1st: Excursion to Gilnockie and the Castle of Johnnie Armstrong, the celebrated border outlaw, *temp.* James V.

> "Farewell old Gilnockie tower,
> Ye stand on Askside where ye stood,
> If I had lived but seven years mair
> I wad have gilt your walls we gowd."

" 2nd: Langholm to Hawick—"23 miles without meeting an inn on the road,"—arrived 6.20 P.M.

" 3rd: Hawick to Jedburgh in the afternoon—10 miles. Arrived at a quarter to seven. "I noticed nothing remarkable, except that the crier went through the place beating a drum instead of ringing a bell" [as in England].

[1] *Lavo-Lil*, p. 314.

Aug. 4th: Jedburgh to Yetholm—" Mac Callum's Inn—strange company—all drunk with the exception of the maid." [Visit to Kirk Yetholm and Esther Blyth—see *Lavo-Lil*, pp. 305–331; James Simson's " Border Gypsies," in *Once a Week*, vi. p. 431; *Lloyd's Weekly*, June 5, 1898; *The People*, Sept. 18, 1898.]

" 5th: Sunday—at Yetholm (town) and Kirk Yetholm —Description.

" 6th: Yetholm to Kelso—7½ miles—Fair—Dryburgh —Abbey—Tombs of Walter Scott and Lockhart—Newton—Melrose—Abbey Inn.

" 7th: Abbotsford—Scott's house—Melrose.

" 8th: Roxburgh Castle. The Tweed. Kelso.

" 9th: Kelso to Coldstream—9 miles.

" 10th: Coldstream to Berwick; to Edinburgh by train.

" 11th: Edinburgh to Glasgow by train, and to Belfast by steamer.

" 12th to 21st at Belfast.

" 21st: Belfast to Lisburn on foot.

" 27th: Belfast to Antrim on foot.

CHAPTER LVIII

(1869–1873)

Mrs. Borrow's Sudden Death—Dr. Playfair's Opinion—Mr. Borrow at this Time—Miss Frances Power Cobbe's Wisdom—Charles Godfrey Leland—The New Editions.

THE letter which Mr. Borrow received from his wife when he was at Carlisle in July, 1866, contained evidences of her declining health. Still her chief anxiety was manifested for his well-being; urging him not to shorten his wanderings on her account, so long as he was interested in them and they continued to benefit his own health. The letter is a very touching one, and, although important in its bearings on our subject at this period, I do not feel that it would be becoming to invade its privacy. In the autumn of the following year they were at Bognor; but while Mrs. Borrow was enjoying the sea air, the traveller, with his umbrella and note-book in hand, was threading the country roads, visiting Chichester, Portsmouth, Southampton, Lyndhurst, and his favourite New Forest, returning to Bognor by train.

During the year 1868 my portfolios show that there is much business going on between Brompton and Oulton —matters touching the management of the estate—which at last requires the personal attendance of Mrs. Borrow. These annoyances we may safely affirm brought on the nervous disorder, complicated with an affection of the heart, with which she was assailed on the 24th of January, 1869, and to which she succumbed on the 30th. The

letters in my possession, written by the Collinsons, Miss Lloyd and Frances Power Cobbe, are all undated, but manifest neighbourly solicitude. The one intelligible document is from Dr. Playfair, explaining the circumstances of his presence in the case to the family physician, who was out of town at the time. It affords a momentary flash of light on the distressed household of our friend with whom we have tarried so long.

"5, Curzon Street, Mayfair, W., January 25th, 1869.

"My dear Sir,—I should have written sooner to explain how I came to see your patient, Mrs. Borrow, in your absence. I was informed by Mr. Collinson who came for me that you happened to be out of town, and that Mr. Borrow was extremely anxious that his wife should be seen at once. Under these circumstances it seemed to me that there was no alternative but to go, and explain to you afterwards how I came to do so.

"I found great difficulty in making out the case exactly, since Mr. Borrow himself was so agitated that I could get no very clear account of it. I could detect no marked organic affection about the heart or lungs, of which she chiefly complained. It seem to me to be either a very aggravated form of hysteria, or, what appears more likely, some more serious mental affection. In any case, the chief requisite seemed very careful and intelligent nursing or management, and I doubt very much, from what I saw, whether she gets that with her present surroundings. If it is really the more serious mental affection, I should fancy that the sooner means are taken to have her properly taken care of, the better—I am, dear sir, faithfully yours,

"W. S. Playfair."

But death mercifully intervened to dissolve the cruel alternative intimated by Dr. Playfair. The official register states that the disorder was "valvular disease of the heart and dropsy." Mrs. Borrow was buried in Brompton cemetery on the 4th of February, 1869. She was

seventy-three years of age; her husband was in his sixty-sixth year.

What would a man like Borrow do in the first months of his bereavement? Just what you and I would do in like circumstances—apply to books, or what interested us most in life, according to our gifts and habits. So at this period my portfolio is plastered over with book-bills—all from "J. Poole—Booksellers' Row." And the first is "Drake's *Historia Anglo-Scotica*"—which is suggestive.

Miss Cobbe, with her "usual bitterness and injustice," to quote her own phrase of another, has given us a certain exaggerated glimpse of our author at this trying period. She says:[1]—

"Mr. Borrow says his wife is very ill and anxious to keep the peace with C. (a litigious neighbour). Poor old B. was very sad at first, but I cheered him and sent him off quite brisk last night. He talked all about the Fathers again, arguing that their quotations went to prove that it was *not* our gospels they had in their hands. I knew most of it before, but it was admirably done. I talked a little theology to him in a serious way (finding him talk of his 'horrors') and he abounded in my sense of the non-existence of Hell, and of the presence and action on the soul of *a* Spirit, rewarding and punishing. He would not say 'God'; but repeated over and over that he spoke not from books but from his own personal experience.

Some time later—after his wife's death—she wrote:

"Poor old Borrow is in a sad state. I hope he is starting in a day or two for Scotland. I sent C. with a note begging him to come and eat the Welsh mutton you sent me to-day, and he sent back word 'Yes.' Then, an hour afterwards, he arrived, and in a most agitated manner said he had come to

[1] *Life*, ii., 118–120. Miss Cobbe lived at 26 Hereford Square from 1859 to 1884.

say 'he would rather not. He would not trouble any one with his sorrows.' I made him sit down, and talked as gently to him as possible, saying: 'It won't be a trouble, Mr. Borrow, it will be a pleasure to me.' But it was all of no use. He was so cross, so *rude*, I had the greatest difficulty in talking to him. I asked him would he look at the photos of the Siamese, and he said: 'Don't show them to me!' So, in despair, as he sat silent, I told him I had been at a pleasant dinner-party the night before, and had met Mr. L——, who told me of certain curious books of mediæval history. 'Did he know them?' 'No, and he *dared say* Mr. L—— did not, either! Who was Mr. L——?' I described that *obscure* individual (one of the foremost writers of the day), and added that he was immensely liked by everybody. Whereupon Borrow repeated at least twelve times, 'Immensely liked! As if a man could be immensely liked!' quite insultingly. To make a diversion (I was very patient with him as he was in trouble) I said I had just come home from the Lyells' and had heard ——. . . But there was no time to say what I had heard! Mr. Borrow asked: 'Is that old Lyle I met here once, the man who stands at the door (of some den or other) and *bets?*' I explained who Sir Charles was (of course he knew very well), but he went on and on, till I said gravely: 'I don't think you meet those sort of people here, Mr. Borrow. We don't associate with blacklegs, exactly.'"

"Borrow also came" [on another occasion], "and I said something about the imperfect education of women, and he said it was *right* they should be ignorant, and that no man could endure a clever wife. I laughed at him openly, and told him some men knew better. What did he think of the Brownings? 'Oh, he had heard the name; he did not know anything of them. Since Scott, he read no modern writer; Scott *was greater than Homer!* What he liked were curious, old, erudite books about mediæval and northern things.' I said I knew little of such literature, and preferred the writers of our own age, but indeed I was no great student at all. Thereupon he evidently wanted to astonish me; and, talking of Ireland, said, 'Ah, yes; a most curious, mixed race. First

there were the Firbolgs,—the old enchanters, who raised mists.' . . . 'Don't you think, Mr. Borrow,' I asked, 'it was the Tuatha-de-Danaan who did that? Keatinge expressly says that they conquered the Firbolgs by that means.' (Mr. B., somewhat out of countenance), 'Oh! Aye! Keatinge is *the* authority; a most extraordinary writer.' 'Well, I should call him the Geoffrey of Monmouth of Ireland.' (Mr. B., changing the *venue*), 'I delight in Norse-stories; they are far grander than the Greek. There is the story of Olaf the Saint of Norway. Can anything be grander? What a noble character!' 'But,' I said, 'what do you think of his putting all those poor Druids on the Skerry of Shrieks and leaving them to be drowned by the tide?' (Thereupon Mr. B. looked at me askant out of his gipsy eyes, as if he thought me an example of the evils of female education!) 'Well! well! I forgot about the Skerry of Shrieks. Then there is the story of Beowulf the Saxon going out to sea in his burning ship to die.' 'Oh, Mr. Borrow! that is n't a Saxon story at all. It is in the Heimskringla! It is told of Hakon of Norway.' Then, I asked him about the gipsies and their language, and if they were certainly Aryans? He did n't know (or pretended not to know) what Aryans were; and altogether displayed a miraculous mixture of odd knowledge and more odd ignorance. Whether the latter were real or assumed, I know not!"

I have a few notes to Mr. Borrow from Miss Lloyd and Miss Cobbe, which, though of no importance in themselves, are curious when compared with the above to Miss Lloyd.

"26 Hereford Squre, Brompton, Saturday [before Easter], 1869.

"Dear Mr. Borrow,—Will you come and dine with us to-morrow at 7 o'clock instead of eating a solitary Easter dinner? Miss Cobbe begs me to say it would give her as well as myself much pleasure if you would be persuaded to do so. A verbal answer by the bearer will be sufficient—*plain yes or no!*—Yours very truly,

"M. C. Lloyd."

"June 11th, 1869.

"DEAR MR. BORROW,—We have a few friends coming to us next Wednesday evening (the 16th). Will you be persuaded upon to join us at 9 o'clock? We should be very glad if you would.—Yours,

"M. C. LLOYD."

"DEAR MR. BORROW,—This is our only spare evening till I leave for Wales on Monday; so will you not come in and have a chat with us? I want to say good-bye, and shall think you have been offended at something we have said or done if you will not come to-night.—Yours truly,

"M. C. LLOYD."

"DEAR MR. BORROW,—We shall have some friends with us to-morrow (Wednesday) to take a five o'clock cup. If you feel disposed to join us we shall be much pleased. Do not be at the trouble of answering, but come as you may feel inclined.—Truly yours.

"FRANCES P. COBBE."

The next year a well-known name happened along, introduced by himself, as we shall see.

"Brighton, October 24th, 1870.

"DEAR SIR,—During the eighteen months that I have been in England, my efforts to find some mutual friend who would introduce me to you have been quite in vain. As the author of two or three works which have been kindly received in England, I have made the acquaintance of many literary men and enjoyed much hospitality; but I assure you very sincerely that my inability to find you out or get at you has been a source of great annoyance to me. As you never published a book which I have not read through five times—excepting the *Bible in Spain* and *Wild Wales*, which I have only read once—you will perfectly understand why I should be so desirous of meeting you.

"As you have very possibly never heard of me before, I would state that I wrote a collection of Ballads satirising

Germany and the Germans under the title of *Hans Breitmann.*

"I never before in my life solicited the favour of any man's acquaintance, except through the regular medium of an introduction. If my request to be allowed the favour of meeting and seeing you does not seem too *outré*, I would be glad to go to London, or wherever you may be, if it can be done without causing you any inconvenience, and if I should not be regarded as an intruder. I am an American and among us such requests are *parfaitement en règle.*[1] I am . . .

"CHARLES G. LELAND."

The interview seems to have been granted, if we may judge from the following answer from the same pen.

"No. 123 Marine Parade, Brighton, January 4th, 1871.

"DEAR SIR,—When the great Roman orator wished to induce a friend to visit him, he kindly said: *Nil recitabo tibi.* And it *is* a great sign of weakness and unkindness when a man reads his poems or even sends them to people. Still I have ventured for especial reasons to ask my publisher to send you, not only my *Breitmann Ballads*, but also *The Music Lesson of Confucius*, etc., which will appear in a few days. My reasons therefor are special and beyond vanity. First, in the *Breitmann* you will find a ballad written by myself in the Germany Romany *jib:*

"'*Schunava baschno dela goli*'[2]

which I would gladly learn from yourself whether it be worth anything or not; and secondly, in the *Music Lesson of Confucius and other Poems*, there is one suggested by a passage in *Romany Rye*, referring to the melancholy Sven Vonved, the Northern Sphynx, who went about giving out riddles and gold rings. I knew him of old; but your mention of him brought out my ballad.

"Though I have had the impudence to write a Romany *gilí*, I am far from being proficient in the language. I know

[1] Text: *parfaitment en régle*—by an oversight.

[2] Literally: "I hear a cock give a cry" = *I hear a cock crow.*

tolerably well what is contained in Pott's great book, which I possess, Liebich's *Zigeuner*, Paspati's new Lexicon of the Turkish Gipsy, and Vaillant's trash [1]—and having in America always had the *natural gift* of winning the confidence of Indians and negroes, have applied it occasionally to Gipsies, with happy results. For, I must admit that they have always treated me with real *politeness*. I think the most *naturally* polite man I ever met was a tinker and rat-catcher, who, by the way, astonished me by singing

"'*Jawl in the ker, my honey*,'

to the air of *La ci darem*. By the way, I don't understand *jawl—jaw*, from *java*, etc., but the *l*? [2]

"My dear Mr. Borrow, for all this you are entirely responsible. More than twenty years ago your books had an incredible influence on me, and now you see the results. One of them you might have seen *apo waver divvus* [3] when I carelessly quoted to old Gentilla at the Devil's Dyke, standing beside the handsome tomb there—your lines

"'*Canna marel o manusch chivios andé puv*,' [4]

and was startled by hearing the *purí* [5] exclaim, 'You must be one of our people!'

"I hoped to have gone to London ere this. But several special hunts (by the way, I can *never* thank you sufficiently for your instructions in the *Romany Rye* as to taking care of

[1] Pott: *Die Zigeuner in Europa und Asien*. Halle, 1844–45, 2 vols., 8vo.—Liebich: *Die Zigeuner in ihrem Wesen und in ihrer Sprache*. Leipzig, 1863, 8vo, pp. xii. + 272.—Paspati: *Études sur les Tchinghianés ou Bohémiens de l'Empire Ottoman*. Constantinople, 1870, roy. 8vo, pp. xii. + 652 (lacks pp. 537–552, and so of less value).—Vaillant: *Les Rômes. Histoire Vraie des Vrais Bohémiens*. Paris, 1857, 8vo, pp. 486.—*Id.*: *Grammaire, Dialogues, et Vocabulaire de la Langue Rommane des Sigans (!)* Paris, 1861, 8vo, pp. 152.

[2] (Go in the house)—the *l* proceeds from the 3rd sing. See *Lavo-Lil*, p. 167—"*jal* (*jawl*) *and dick leste*" (go and see him).

[3] (the other day).

[4] *Lavengro*, p. 94.

[5] (old woman).

a horse on a thirty-mile ride) and other 'functions' have delayed me. Fox and hare hunting is a good thing, though I must say it is small potatoes compared to running buffalo on the prairies.

"With apologies for the careless tone of this letter, and with sincere thanks for your kindness in permitting me to call on you and for your very courteous note,—I am your sincere admirer,

"Charles G. Leland."

I have printed these two letters in this place, first, because they belong here, and, secondly, because they are introductory to the last book Mr. Borrow ever published. According to Mr. Leland—and I think his statement is justified—we owe to him the *Romano Lavo-Lil*, or, *Word-Book of the Romany*, by George Borrow. He was now about seventy years of age; but the interview he granted must have proved clearly to him that a new era was opening, in which his unique glory was in danger of being obscured, if not wholly superseded, in England. He seemed already to feel that the championship which he had so long exercised without a competitor on his native soil must be resigned to other hands; that at last the scientific era, that *proves* all things, must strip off the romantic vestments that had adorned the green lanes and hedges of his country with a picturesque and mysterious people. In the next ten years the Axons, the Brockies, Colocci, Constantinescu, Crofton, Dyrland, Goeje, Groome, Hoph, Jeshina, Kalina, Leland, MacRitchie, Miklosich, Morwood, Palmer, Paspati, Pincherle, Pischel, Rochas, Smart, Sowa, Wlislocki, with a cloud of other witnesses, were to introduce a world that would not be Borrow's world, and in which Borrow could have no part or lot whatever as a "deep 'Gyptian."

But though his own hand trembled now and his faithful amanuensis was no longer at his side to strengthen and to cheer, yet he would not yield without one more

struggle, if only to show that he was still "el Gitano" of Lockhart and Ford.

For, when Leland met "Lavengro" in 1871, he announced to the latter that he had a book in preparation on the English Gypsies.[1] A natural feeling of jealousy, rather than a spirit of emulation, seized upon the man who had occupied this field so long, and he determined to anticipate his new friend who had recommended himself as the satirist of the hated Germans.

But before he could enter the lists with his young and enthusiastic competitor, he must discharge an obligation, or rather obligations, which he had contracted with old friends and publishers just before Leland's visit had set in motion long slumbering ambitions. These obligations consisted, first, of new editions, in one volume each, of *Lavengro* and *The Romany Rye*, which appeared in 1872. The other was a more formidable undertaking, since it involved a complete reconstruction of his translation of the Gospel by St. Luke into *Caló*, or Spanish Gypsy, published at Madrid in 1837. On this subject I find but one Bible Society communication of any interest to this record.

"British & Foreign Bible Society, London, March 7th, 1871.

"My dear Sir,—I have been hoping to see you or hear from you with regard to the Gypsy St. Luke. Do not let my mistake in inking up your pencil marks hinder the poor Gypsies from reading the Gospel of our Lord. I made what amends I could, and at some trouble, in the hope that I might shortly receive from you the copy in such a form as that the printer might take it in hand.—I am . . . Yours sincerely,

"W. B. Girdlestone."

The proof-sheets are dated from June 19th, 1871, to December 3rd, 1872, and the work was published the same year.

[1] *The English Gipsies and their Language*. London & New York, 1873, 8vo, pp. xiii. + 259.

CHAPTER LIX

(1874)

The *Lavo-Lil*—A List of Omissions—The Reviews of 1874.

MEANWHILE Mr. Leland and his English Gypsies were not forgotten. But the only legal means that Borrow possessed to eject the Squatter from his "claim" consisted in priority of publication and superiority of merchandise. Hence the year 1873 was a trial of speed—a pen and ink circus. Poor Borrow was worsted. Leland was "out" at the end of the year, just as they finished printing *Lavo-Lil.* The preface is dated December 1, 1873, and the imprint gives 1874.

The book is made up of a hastily compiled and very defective vocabulary (pp. 17–101); a kind of Chrestomathy, or Mumpers' Reading-Book, in prose and verse, and interviews with gentlemen living in caravans who mended bottomless chairs, or manufactured skewers and other useful articles for domestic consumption. But there are matters of some interest in the narrative portion, especially the story of Ryley Bosvil, and the visit to Hester or Esther Blyth at Kirk Yetholm. In that of Bosvil we find the Life of Clara, so provokingly cut short in Samuel Roberts' *Gypsies,* here continued to the year '65, when Borrow met the now "full-blown Egyptian matron" on Epsom Downs.

In the visit to the Queen of the "nokkums," which took place, as we have seen, on the 4th day of August, 1866, he was regularly examined by that distinguished

lady, and passed triumphantly through the ordeal. But why did our lexicographer withhold from his Vocabulary the "Nokkum" words contained in the list she gave him on that occasion, and which I find faithfully recorded in his note-book entry of the date? And why, too, did he not include *all* the Gypsy words and phrases which are scattered through *Lavengro* and *The Romany Rye?* Perhaps for the sake of completeness we had better add the absent ones here as a useful item in this chapter. Those that carry the *asterisk* are of the Yetholm list; the rest, of course, refer to the text of the above-mentioned works.

WORDS AND FORMS OMITTED FROM THE VOCABULARY OF THE "LAVO-LIL"

Adré, in, into.
Ambról, pear.
Andé, in, into.
Angár, coals.
Asal,* ass. (Germ. *esel.*)
Avella (*avéla*), is coming (he).
Balluva, pork, bacon.
Baró, í. See *boró* in *Lavo-Lil.*
Batu. See *dad* in *LL.*
Bitchadey (*bitchavdé*, pl. of *bitchavdo*), sent.
Cafi, horse-shoe nail.
Calches,* trowsers.
Cana (*kanna*), when.
Caulor. See *collor* in *LL.*
Chabó. See *chavó* in *LL.*
Chachipen, truth. See *tatchipen* in *LL.*
Chal. See *jal* in *LL.*
Chikno (*tiknó*), young, small.
Chinomescro, cutter, paring knife.
Chipes. See *jib* in *LL.*
Chive, to throw, pass (bad money).
Chivios, is cast.
Chong. See *chumba* (*tumba*) in *LL.*

Chong gav, Norwich (hill town).
Choomer. See *choomia* in *LL.*
Cloch* (Gaelic), stone. *Bar.*
Covantza, anvil.
Cukkerin, merely alliterative with *dukkerin.*
Curava. See *coor* in *LL.*
Curomengro. See *cooromengro* in *LL.*
Dearginni (Hung.), it thunders.
Devlehi, with God.
Devlis (*hir mí*), by my God.
Dloovu (for *luvvo*).
Dook, Duk } (Rus. *dûkh*), soul, spirit.
Dromengro, roadster.
Drow (Sp. *drâo*—drab: grass, herb), poison. (O. Sp. *yerbas*, poison.)
Dukkerin' = dukker*ing* (from *duk* and *kerava*, to invoke a spirit, to tell fortunes).
Dukkeripen, invocation of spirits, fortune-telling.
Dumo, back (not *black*, as in *LL.*)
Duvel, God.

Duvelskoe, divine.
Dye (*daï*), mother.
Eray. See *rye* in *LL.*
Gajo * or Gadjo. See *Gorgio* in *LL.*
Gil, to sing.
Gorgiko, adj. of *gorgio.*
Grondinni (*grandinni*, Wallachian G.), it hails.
Harkomescro, tinker, worker in copper.
Hatch and atch. See *LL.*
Herris,* halfpence. See *horry* in *LL.*
Hinjiri, hangman.
Hir, by (in oaths).
Hog,* shilling.
Hokkawar, to cheat.
Hokkeripen, cheating,
Inapopli = In *apopli.*
Kairdo, did, made (he).
Kaulomescro, smith.
Kekaubi (*kekkauvi*).
Kerdo. See *Kairdo* above.
Kleetch * (Rus. *kliutch*), key.
Kleisto,* soldier.
Knaw. See *kanau* in *LL.*
Kral. See *krallis*, king, in *LL.*
Lachipen, goodness, virtue.
Lacho, i, good.
Lel, to take.
Lil-bar,* pound note.
Liri, law.
Lis, it. *Mek lis* (leave it), hush.
Manro, bread.
Manus. See *Manush* in *LL.*
Marel, dies (he).
Miduveleskoe, godly, holy.
Muchtar. See *muktar*, tool-box, in *LL.*
Mullit.* See *mullo* in *LL.*
Nashkado, hanged, ruined.
Nashky, gallows.
Pabrom * (*babom ?* my father), clergyman (*Paspati*, 117).
Palor, brothers.
Parraco (?), I thank.
Patteran. See *patrín* in *LL.*
Pesham, bee.
Peshota (*pl.*), bellows.
Pindró, foot, hoof.
Plaistra, pincers.
Por,* belly.
Pre. See *opré* in *LL.*
Pudamengro, bellows.
Pushca,* gun.
Puv, earth, ground.
Rat, Rati, } blood, race.
Rikkeno, i. See *rinkeno* in *LL.*
Rin, file.
Romí, wife.
Rovel, weeps (he).
Sapengro, snake-charmer.
Sastra. See *saster* in *LL.*
Sastramescro, smith.
Saulo. See *sorlo*, morning, in *LL.*
Scoppelo, simpleton.
Shukaro, hammer.
Shun, to hear.
Shunava, I hear.
Shunella (—*ela*), hears, listens.
Sos, who.
Strommel,* straw. See *pus* in *LL.*
Swety (Rus. *sviet*), people, folks.
Tacheno, i, chaste, honest.
Tachipen, chastity, truth.
Tacho, i, honest, true.
Tasaulor (= *ta sorlo*, and in the morning), to-morrow early.
Tirahaĭ,* shoes.
Vagescoe, of fire, fiery.
Vauro,* hour.
Villaminni (Hung. *villam*, flame), it lightens.
Wastes,* hands.
Ye, of the.
Yov, he.

The new school of critics in Gypsy philology received Mr. Borrow's Vocabulary in a very different character and spirit from the reviewers of 1841. These looked upon the *Zincali* from the standpoint of wonder and curiosity; those sat down to the *Lavo-Lil* with a thorough grasp of the subject in hand, and with no sentimental bias towards the Nestor of antiquarians in this field.

Mr. Hindes Groome opened the discussion with the remark that when the *Gypsies of Spain* appeared, just three and thirty years before, "there were not two educated men in England who possessed the slightest knowledge of Romany."[1] The very heading of his article was significant of the great change that time had wrought. Instead of one Gypsy book to criticise in 1874, he offered a "kosko Romano habben"—a first-rate "Roman" banquet—consisting of three succulent dishes, of which our venerable champion furnished the last. There was Leland's, bound in Hester Blyth's latest "smirks and smiles;" then, first and foremost, there was the great work in German (or a section of it—for the whole was issued in twelve parts between '72 and '80) by Dr. Franz Miklosich —*On the Dialects and Migrations of the Gypsies in Europe.*

In such company Borrow's roots and stems, with a few inflections and many English connectives, seemed *poggado habben*—"broken victuals" indeed.[2] Mr. Hindes Groome, however, treated the book fairly, in view of the new departure from crust to crumb, from a horrid jargon to an inflected member of the great Indo-European family of living tongues.

[1] *The Academy* of June 13th, 1874, pp. 665–667.

[2] For an example of *deep*, that is, *inflected*, Gypsy, take this: *Av akaï, kamav te vrakerav tusa* (Come hither, I want to speak with you)—which is understood *anywhere* in Europe and in European Turkey, except only Spain. The English Romany *broken* forms, *mande cams, pens, dicks* (Me wants, says, sees), correspond with the Spanish Caló: *camélo, penélo, diquélo*—built up on the correct 3rd pers. sing.—*kamela, penela, diquela*, but with the Spanish endings *o, as, a*, etc.

"In the *Romano Lavo-Lil*," he goes on to say, "the first thing that struck me was the absence of a number of words given by Mr Borrow in his earlier writings as belonging to the English Gypsy dialect. One looks in vain for *shukaro*, hammer; *covantza*, anvil; *dearginni*, it thunders,—and other words familiar to the readers of *Lavengro* and the *Romany Rye*, or for an explanation of the obscure verse in *Wild Wales* [III., 348], which latter, though fairly intelligible to any one acquainted with continental Romany, would, I fancy, be Hebrew to the travellers of the English roads.[1] Still, with these omissions, Mr. Borrow's present vocabulary makes a goodly show, extending over some ninety pages, and containing no fewer than fourteen hundred words, of which about fifty will be entirely new to those who only know Romany in books.

"Mr. Borrow does not seem to me to be very strong in derivations. . . . He is wrong in regarding *engro* as an independent word, signifying 'fellow.' . . . Nor are such double adjectival forms as *pov-engreskey*, admissible in Romany. . . . *Vava* he defines as an affix by which the future of a verb is formed; . . . but in *ava* we really have the ter-

[1] Everything turns up when you have the *pièces du procès*. Borrow made due provision for posterity; "them that finds, wins," said he of the pea and thimble (*Lav.*, 166), and in a bundle of autograph papers in my possession you may read the following:—

"HUNGARIAN GYPSY SONG."

"Ando berkho rai cano,
Oté pivo te khavo—
Tu l'erasque ando berkho piraní
Te corbitcha por pico."

TRANSLATION.

"To the mountain the fowler has taken his way,
There he doth eat and make himself gay
From the basket thou bearest thy shoulder upon;
Thou art the fowler's gay leman I ween,
Who rovest with him in the mountain so green—
Bearing the basket thy shoulder upon."

We will not discuss this version—"*peor es meneallo*."

mination of the first person. As a matter of fact, English Romany possesses no future.

"By far the best portion of Mr. Borrow's book is his specimens of Gypsy songs. In one of them, *Tugnis amande* (more properly *Tugno se mande*), I recognise an old Romany favourite. Of his prose I cannot say so much. . . . Mr. Borrow has attempted to rehabilitate English Romany by enduing it with forms and inflections, of which some are still rarely to be heard, some extinct, and others absolutely incorrect; while Mr. Leland has been content to give it as it really is. Of the two methods I cannot doubt that most readers will agree with me in thinking that Mr. Leland's is the more satisfactory."

The critique in the *Athenæum*[1] is much more outspoken and severe, on the question of philology especially. We shall quote it pretty fully:

"When it was known that the author of *Lavengro* and the *Romany Rye* had in the press a dictionary of the English Gypsy Dialect, all who took an interest in the [subject] looked forward to the appearance of the volume with no small curiosity. The *Romano Lavo-Lil*, however, adds but little to our knowledge of the subject; the vocabulary consists of not more than 1200 or 1300 words [1392 by actual count], and even this number must be still further reduced, since many of the words are but variants of those already given.

"The author seems to make the mistake of confounding the amount of Romanis which he has collected in this book with the actual extent of the language itself. He tells us, for instance, that the Gypsies have no word for 'green,' whereas they have an equivalent in the not at all rare word *selno*.[2] It would, indeed, be strange if they had no name for the colour of the trees and hedges under which they camp, and of the grass upon which they sit, to say nothing of the green coat

[1] April 25, 1874, pp. 556–557.

[2] Borrow was speaking of English Gypsies, for he himself gives the word *zedun* as "green" at the end of the *Zincali*, 264 (ed. 1846), which, with the above *selno*, are pure Russian (*zélĕno*); and not Gypsy at all.

which was until recently the indispensable garment of a well-to-do son of Rom.[1]

"Mr. Borrow is quite right in assigning to the Gypsy language a Sanscrit, or, at least, an Indian origin, and it would have been well had he confined himself merely to such general philological propositions. When, however, he proceeds to give the etymology of particular words, he exhibits an ignorance, not only of the Oriental languages which he cites, but even of the first principles of comparative philology, which is absolutely ludicrous. It appears to be quite enough for him to find the faintest resemblance in sound between a word in Gypsy and in any other language; the two are at once set down as identical, without regard to the family of languages to which they respectively belong, and in many instances without even a correspondence in sense.

Here the reviewer quotes a number of examples, with several very severe, but not wholly unwarranted, criticisms on his author's derivations. But let us proceed.

"These errors are the more unpardonable as Mr. Borrow might have found a rational account of the derivation of nearly every Romany word in the works of Pott, Miklosich,

[1] Strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless true. Some of their stock in trade—their commonest words—are borrowed from their neighbours. A few such are:—

bájі, *bokht*	fortune, luck	Persian بخت *bakht*
cócal, bone	M. Greek	κόκκαλον.
curkó, Sunday	" "	κυριακός.
drom, road	" "	δρόμος.
dook, spirit and ghost; *duk-ker*, to evoke a spirit	Russian	*dookh* or *duχ*.
foros, town, city	M. Greek	φόρος (ἀγορά).
kekkaúvi, kettle	" "	κακκάβι(ον).
krdllis, king	Slavic	*kral*, *karól*.
pétul, horse-shoe	M. Greek	πέταλον.
sollibari, bridle	" "	συλληβάρι.
trupo, body (living)	Russian	*trup* (dead body).

Paspati, or any other well-known Continental writer upon the subject. A slight acquaintance with any of these would have saved him from the elementary blunders into which his own want of knowledge of Oriental languages has betrayed him.

"On a par with these quaint pieces of etymology is the wild notion which Mr. Borrow has enunciated in so many words in a former book, that the Romanies, or Gypsies, are identical with the founders of the Eternal City—a notion to which he evidently clings with pertinacity still, since he almost invariably translates the word *Romano* by 'Roman,' and speaks of the race collectively as the 'Romans.'"

"One portion of the book is devoted to 'Little Sayings,' and 'Gypsy Philosophy' ('Wisdom of the Egyptians,' as Mr. Borrow renders it), consisting presumably of *verbatim* reports of speeches actually uttered by Gypsies. Pieces of this kind are, more than anything else, valuable to the philologist; for they are specimens of the language as it exists at the present time, and as such are, of course, more trustworthy than information elicited by direct questioning. But our confidence in the purity of the specimens here given is much shaken by the fact that we discover in many of them indisputable traces of the idiosyncrasy of the author himself, and indications that some of them at least have been, if not entirely composed by himself, at least filtered through his mind, and cast more or less into his own form of expression. We find, for instance, the word *bavolengro* used in no less than three places in the sense of 'ghost,' instead of *mullo*, the correct Gypsy equivalent.[1]

"The book contains a few specimens of Romany poetry, not particularly happy specimens, but to a certain extent forcible and characteristic. Of the translation of these we cannot speak very favourably, the simplicity of the originals being lost in the redundancy of the paraphrase.

"In the accounts given in the present work of the Potteries

[1] "Mullo," or rather *mulo*, does not mean "ghost," but simply "dead," as Borrow himself notes (*Zinc.*, 1843, II., 153, *n.*). *Dook* is the word, as may be seen in *Lav.*, 171, 173, and *R. R.*, 34, where the "*dook* of Abershaw" is alluded to. Also in Vocab. to *Zinc.* under "*Duquende*, a spirit, ghost—*ende* being inflectional (*Dat. pl.*)."

and other Metropolitan Gypseries, and in the accurate, though incomplete, list of Gypsy names, the reader will find some interesting information. The biographical notices of one or two Gypsy celebrities will also well repay perusal. But we look in vain for such ethnological information, for such an account of the language, manners, modes of thought, superstitions, and general characteristics of this singular race, as Dr. Paspati has given us in his work on the Turkish *Tchinghianés*, or Mr. Leland in his pleasant book upon the *English Gypsies*.

"We feel that in criticising this work we are treading on delicate ground, for we shall be reminded that Mr. Borrow was one of the very first to give a clear account of the Gypsies in English, and that, although, before the appearance of either of the two works to which we alluded at the commencement of this article, many sources of information existed, not a few of the 'Romany Ryes,' of those who have studied the Gypsies and their language, owe their first taste for the subject to the perusal of Mr. Borrow's books. But we cannot allow merely sentimental considerations to prevent us from telling the honest truth. The fact is, that the *Romano Lavo-Lil* is nothing more than a *réchauffé* of the materials collected by Mr. Borrow at an early stage of his investigations, and nearly every word and every phrase may be found in one form or another in his earlier works. Whether or not Mr. Borrow *has* in the course of his long experience become the *deep* Gypsy which he has always been supposed to be, we cannot say ; but it is certain that his present book contains little more than he gave to the public forty years ago, and does not by any means represent the present state of knowledge on the subject. But at the present day, when comparative philology has made such strides, and when want of accurate scholarship is as little tolerated in strange and remote languages as in classical literature, the *Romano Lavo-Lil* is, to speak mildly, an anachronism."

But good or bad, the *Word-Book of the Romany* was the last public announcement that George Borrow would ever make to his fellow-countrymen and to the world. His career was over, his work was done. In his case, as in

that of every great writer, in order to reappear he must disappear. The law of life must yield to the law of death. "Except the corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

SECTION VIII

THE RETURN TO OULTON, AND THE END

(1874–1881)

CHAPTER LX

(1874–1881)

The Farewell to London—Oulton—Edward FitzGerald—Miss Brightwell —Norwich—The Return of Henrietta—"He cannot walk to the Gate"—Mr. Borrow on People's Age—The Will—The 26th of July, 1881—Found Dead!

EITHER at the Midsummer or Michaelmas quarter, 1874, Mr. Borrow gave up his Brompton residence, bade adieu to Mr. Murray and a few London friends, and returned home to Oulton—to die.

Mr. Theodore Watts has painted that departure in glowing colours in his charming *Reminiscences*, published in the *Athenæum* seven years later.[1] His words are these—

"The last time I ever saw George Borrow, was shortly before he left London to live in the country. It was, I remember well, on Waterloo Bridge, where I had stopped to gaze at a sunset of singular and striking splendour, whose gorgeous clouds and ruddy mists were reeling and boiling over the West-End. Borrow came up and stood leaning over the parapet, entranced by the sight, as well he might be. Like most people born in flat districts, he had a passion for sunsets. Turner could not have painted that one, I think, and certainly my pen could not describe it; for the London smoke was flushed by the sinking sun and had lost its dunness, and, reddening every moment as it rose above the roofs, steeples, and towers, it went curling round the sinking sun in a rosy vapour, leaving, however, just a segment of a golden rim, which

[1] Sept. 10th, 1881—p. 338.

gleamed as dazzlingly as in the thinnest and clearest air—a peculiar effect which struck Borrow deeply. I never saw such a sunset before or since, not even on Waterloo Bridge; and, from its association with 'the last of Borrow,' I shall never forget it.

"We talked of 'Children of the Open Air'
Who once in Orient valleys lived aloof,
Loving the sun, the wind, the sweet reproof
Of storms, and all that makes the fair earth fair,
Till, on a day, across the mystic bar
Of moonrise, came the 'Children of the Roof,'
Who find no balm 'neath Evening's rosiest woof,
Nor dews of peace beneath the Morning Star.

"We looked o'er London where men wither and choke,
Roofed in, poor souls, renouncing stars and skies,
And love of woods and wild-wind prophecies—
Yea, every voice that to their fathers spoke;
And sweet it seemed to die ere bricks and smoke
Leave never a meadow outside Paradise."

At Oulton there was still the cottage on the lake, the summer-house where he wrote *Lavengro*, the boat-house among the reeds, farmer Pitcher who had replaced farmer Adams, and Mrs. Barbour who took care of him and his house. But the best earthly friends, the wife and the mother, were gone, and Henrietta remained in London with her husband. A few business letters pass between him and his step-daughter touching the property, beside which all is a blank. However, during the holidays, he had met his old friend John Kerrich of Geldeston, by whom he sent a message to Edward FitzGerald of Woodbridge, urging him to come and see him. The answer, declining the invitation, is the last we find of a literary import on our list.

"Little Grange, Woodbridge, Jan. 10/75.

"Dear Borrow,—My nephew Kerrich told me of a very kind invitation you sent to me, through him, some while ago. I think the more of it because I imagine, from what I have

heard, that you have slunk away from human company as much—as I have! For the last fifteen years I have not visited any one of my very oldest friends, except the daughters of my old George Crabbe,[1] and Donne—once only, and for half a day, just to assure myself by my own eyes how he was after the severe illness he had last year, and which he never will quite recover from, I think; though he looked and moved better than I expected.

"Well—to tell you all about *why* I have thus fallen from my company would be a tedious thing, and all about one's self too—whom, Montaigne says, one never talks about without detriment to the person talked about. Suffice to say, 'so it is;' and one's friends, however kind and 'loyal' (as the phrase goes), do manage to exist and enjoy themselves pretty reasonably without one.

"So with me. And is it not much the same with you also? Are you not glad now to be mainly alone, and find company a heavier burden than the grasshopper? If one ever had this solitary habit, it is not likely to alter for the better as one grows older—as one grows *old*. I like to think over my old friends. There they are, lingering as ineffaceable portraits—done in the prime of life—in my memory. Perhaps we should not like one another so well after a fifteen years' separation, when all of us change and most of us for the worse. I do not say *that* would be your case; but you must, at any rate, be less inclined to disturb the settled repose into which you, I suppose, have fallen. I remember first seeing you at Oulton, some twenty-five years ago; then at Donne's in London; then at my own happy home in Regent's Park;[2] then *ditto* at Gorleston—after which, I have seen nobody, except the nephews and nieces left me by my good sister Kerrich.

"So shall things rest? I could not go to you, after refusing all this while to go to older—if not better—friends, fellow Collegians, fellow schoolfellows; and yet will you still believe me (as I hope *they* do),

"Yours and theirs sincerely,

"Edward FitzGerald."

[1] Vicar of Bredfield—died 1857.

[2] 31, Great Portland Street.

Three months later, a life-long friend died at Norwich, at the age of sixty-four, of whom a word must be spoken. Miss Cecilia Lucy Brightwell (1811–1875) was an intimate and constant visitor at the Willow Lane home from her early years. Old Mrs. Borrow mentions her in her letters as " the child " and " Lucy," and the latter in her correspondence calls Mrs. Borrow " mother."

Miss Brightwell published more than twenty different volumes of her own composition, most of which are enumerated in the article concerning her in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Her letters that have been preserved number seventeen only, extending from 1845 to 1851 inclusive. Then she began to write the *Life of Mrs. Opie*, and her other works, for the next ten years. It was in the garden of her house in Surrey Street, Norwich, that the only *photograph* existing of Mr. Borrow was taken by her brother " Tom " in 1848. This picture is now so faded that it has defied all attempts to reproduce it for this book.

I have given so much space to Miss Brightwell here, because the letters in her correspondence require this brief notice of her. She was deeply attached to " dear dear George," who behaved like a hero towards her.

At this period, and for the next three or four years, he spent much of his time in Norwich. He lodged in Lady Lane, between Bethel and Theatre Streets, in a house that stands opposite the Wesleyan Chapel. It was but a step—through Rigby's Court and across St. Giles—to Willow Lane. The mother, the brother, the father were gone, but the memories of the place and of them remained. This is the period when those of the present generation used to see Mr. Borrow walking through the Market, London Street, and Tombland. He would sit, too, for hours in a certain chair in the old " Norfolk," talking with his friends, a little table before him on which stood a glass—of course, to pay for the seat.

At last Henrietta and Dr. MacOubrey removed from London to Oulton to bear him company. A new tenant had been secured for the farm—a Mr. John Robert Palmer, who gave them a world of trouble. Henrietta, in her sixtieth year, was the youngest of the household, and upon her devolved the business of curbing the hacking and hewing propensities of the "cenfigenous" Welshman. A document before me proves that Borrow possessed some of the ancient spirit, for in an application for a "distress" occurs this item, in Mrs. MacOubrey's handwriting:—

"On the 21st of November [1878], the place having been going to decay for fourteen months, Mr. Palmer called to demand that Mr. Borrow should put it in repair; otherwise he would do it himself and send in the bills, saying 'I don't care for the old farm or you either,' and several other insulting things, whereupon Mr. Borrow remarked very calmly, 'Sir, you came in by that door, you can go out by it'—and so it ended."

The same paper informs us incidentally that at this time (1879) he was "unable to walk as far as the white gate," which forms the boundary of his premises just beyond Pitcher's (formerly Adam's) cottage and garden. The state of the house and grounds so graphically and truly described by Mr. Ritchie,[1] resulted naturally from the long absence of the proprietor in London, and from his age and infirmities after his return. The neglect could not have been caused by the diminution of his income, for the Oulton Hall farm rented for £430 per annum, the Malt House on the Broad for £60 more, while the property in Norfolk which he inherited from his mother in 1858 yielded him the additional sum of £30 a year. All this is clear from the receipts that lie before

[1] *East Anglia*, pp. 62–72.

me, confirmed also by the *Will* which records his annual revenue in 1880 to be £519 13*s.* 4*d.*

The last composition I possess in the handwriting of George Borrow, consists of a few lines on "People's Age," much worked over and corrected, till on the next page a new and reduced edition is written out without a mistake—and so I present it in facsimile. The *occasion* of this last literary effort reached me in the month of February of this present year, 1898, in a reminiscence sent to me by Mr. Murray, who had just received it from a friend of his. I will put the two stories together, and so let them rest.

It seems that the Vicar of Lowestoft expressed a desire to make the acquaintance of Mr. Borrow and applied to a mutual friend to that end. They "chartered" a conveyance one day, and drove over to Oulton. Mr. —— duly presented the vicar, and a general conversation ensued for some time without accident, until the minister asked Mr. Borrow the question that Pharaoh asked the aged Jacob—"How old art thou?" But our patriarch did not possess the humility of Israel, became very angry, and closed the session with this reply: "*Sir, I tell my age to no man!*"

So when he was alone he retired to the summer-house and composed the first draft of his epilogue.

"PEOPLE'S AGE

"Never talk to people about their age. Call a boy a boy and he will fly into a passion and say, 'Not quite so much of a boy either; I 'm a young man.' Tell an elderly person that he 's not so young as he was, and you will make him hate you for life. Compliment a man of eighty-five on the venerableness of his appearance, and he will shriek out: 'No more venerable than yourself,' and will perhaps hit you with his crutch."

A Bit of Advice
Connected with Age.

When people are particularly anxious to know your age be sure you tell something about the same age as yourself: but are neither of its children!

BORROW'S AUTOGRAPH IN 1880.

To Thos. Campbell Esqr.

Sir

I send you two translations from the old Danish. If they meet with your approbation I shall consider myself exceedingly fortunate. If not,— I shall always remain your grateful and obliged

G. B. Borrow

16 Milman St.
Bedford Row.

BORROW'S AUTOGRAPH IN 1824.

On a Wednesday, December 1st, 1880, Mr. Borrow, conscious that the end could not be far off, summoned his old friend, Richard Henry Reeve, the well-known solicitor of Lowestoft, to draw up his last Will and Testament. This instrument consists of four pages, and opens and closes thus:—

"This is the last Will and Testament of me George Henry Borrow of Oulton in the County of Suffolk Esquire—I devise all my real estate unto Elizabeth Harvey of 1 Southgate House Bury St. Edmunds in the said County of Suffolk Spinster her executors and administrators during the life of my stepdaughter Henrietta Mary MacOubrey the wife of William MacOubrey—In trust to pay the rents and profits thereof to her," etc. etc.

"In witness whereof I have hereunder set my hand this first day of December one thousand eight hundred and eighty

[Signed] "George Henry Borrow."

On the 26th of July, 1881—nearly eight months after the execution of the above-mentioned Will—Mr. Borrow was found dead in his home at Oulton. The circumstances were these. The stepdaughter and her husband drove to Lowestoft in the morning, on some business of their own, leaving Mr. Borrow without a living soul in the house with him. He had earnestly requested them not to go away, because he felt that he was in a dying state; but the response intimated that he had often expressed the same feeling before, and his fears had proved groundless. During the interval of those few hours of abandonment, which nothing can palliate or excuse, George Borrow died as he had lived—*alone!* His age was seventy-eight years and twenty-one days.

I do not propose to enter any farther into these sad details, save only to remark that, by reason of the absence of a physician's certificate, the body was detained in Oulton from the 26th of July to the 4th of August.

On that day it was transported to London, and buried beside Mrs. Borrow, in the cemetery at West Brompton.

A few words, summarising later events at Oulton, may furnish a not unwelcome postscript to the Life of George Borrow.

At his death, the manuscripts, note-books, papers, and correspondence of sixty years, together with the books composing his library, were stored in the octagon summer-house on the lawn. It was soon understood in the neighbourhood that this unbroken and unique record of his history was to be dispersed. The late Mr. J. J. Colman of Norwich sent the well-known curator of the Castle Museum to treat for the purchase of the whole, for the Carrow Abbey Library. The price, however, having seemed excessive to Mr. Reeve,[1] the collection was lost to Norwich. It was at last borne away by Mr. Webber, a bookseller of Ipswich, through whom and Mr. Edward Allen of Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, it was eventually rescued from dispersion.

Three years after the death of Mr. Borrow, Dr. MacOubrey died at the Cottage—August 24th, 1884. The whole estate was then surveyed and divided up into eleven lots, and on the 10th of September, 1885, was sold at auction to different purchasers. The Cottage was pulled down not long after, giving place to a new and comelier building, erected by those who knew not Borrow. But the summer-house, where *Lavengro* was written, still stands among the trees.

It may be interesting for collectors to know the principal articles giving reminiscences of our author and reflections on his works. They are the following:

[1] £1000.

1. "Mr. Borrow." By the Rev. Whitwell Elwin.—*Athenæum*, August 6, 1881.
2. "Recollections of George Borrow." By A. Egmont Hake.—*Athenæum*, August 13, 1881.
3. "Reminiscences of George Borrow." By Theodore Watts.—*Athenæum*, September 3 and 10, 1881.
4. "George Borrow." By A. Egmont Hake.—*Macmillan's Magazine*, November, 1881.
5. "Scholar and Gipsy." By Charles Mackie.—*East Anglian Handbook* for 1883, pp. 178–196.
6. J. Ewing Ritchie in his *East Anglia*, 1883, pp. 62–72.
7. "George Borrow." By Professor Saintsbury.—*Macmillan's Magazine*, January, 1886.
8. "George Borrow." By Augustine Birrell.—*Obiter Dicta*, 1887, pp. 258, 259.
9. "Some of my Favorite Books." By Julian Hawthorne.—*The Epoch* (U. S.), February 11, 1887.
10. "George Borrow." By W. I. Knapp.—*The Chautauquan* (U. S.), November, and New Haven, December, 1887.
11. "George Borrow." By A. Birrell.—*The Reflector*, January 8, 1888.
12. "A Norfolk Author, George Borrow: a Sketch of his Life and Work." By "Jack Plane" (Robt. Wm. Cook).—*Eastern Daily Press*, September 17 and 19 1892.
13. "George Borrow. Personal Recollections." By E. H. (Elizabeth Harvey).—*Eastern Daily Press*, October 1, 1892.
14. "Notes upon George Borrow." By Theodore Watts. —Ed. of *Lavengro*, 1893.
15. "Lavengro." By Dr. Augustus Jessopp.—*Athenæum*, July 8, 1893.
16. "Another Reminiscence of George Borrow." By the Rev. A. W. Upcher.—*Athenæum*, July, 1893.
17. "Some Authors I have Known." By John Murray. —*Good Words*, February, 1895, pp. 91–93.

APPENDIX I.

SELECT CORRESPONDENCE.

APPENDIX I.

SELECT CORRESPONDENCE OF GEORGE BORROW, HIS FAMILY AND FRIENDS TO ILLUSTRATE HIS LIFE AND WORKS. WITH NOTES BY THE EDITOR.

1. *George Borrow to Roger Kerrison* [1]

"Norwich, January 20th, 1824.

"DEAREST ROGER,—I did not imagine when we separated in the street on the day of your departure from Norwich [January 1st], that we should not have met again. I had intended to have come and seen you off, but happening to dine at Mr. Barron's I got into discourse and the hour slipt past me unawares.[2]

"I have been again for the last fortnight laid up with that detestable complaint which destroys my strength, impairs my understanding, and will in all probability send me to the grave, for I am now much worse than when you saw me last. But *nil desperandum est;* if ever my health mends, and possibly it may by the time my clerkship is expired, I intend to live in London, write plays, poetry, etc., abuse religion and get myself prosecuted, for I would not for an ocean of gold remain any longer than I am forced in this dull and gloomy town.

"I have no news to regale you with, for there is none abroad; but I live in the expectation of shortly hearing from you and being informed of your plans and projects. Fear not to be prolix, for the slightest particular cannot fail of being interesting to one who loves you far better than parent or relation, or even than the God whom bigots would teach him to adore, and who subscribes himself—Yours unalterably,

"GEORGE BORROW.

"To Roger Kerrison, No. 16 Millman Street, Bedford Row, London."

[1] Favoured by Mr. C. Gould, Traps Hill, Loughton, Essex, Feb. 11, 1889.

[2] Mr. Edward Barron, member of various literary societies of Norwich, lived in St. Martin's-at-Palace Street.

2. *Borrow to Kerrison*[1]

"Norwich, 13th February, 1824.

"My dear Roger,—You wish to know the state of my health; it has considerably improved since I last wrote to you, and I believe after a few more doses of mercury will be perfectly established. How much am I obliged for the kind letter you sent me; it roused my spirits at once, and they, Heaven knows, have long needed some such stimulus. You say *you* are well and happy, and 'thank God for it'—believe me, no one joins more sincerely in that thanksgiving than myself.

"I was informed by Rackham that you had lately the offer of a situation in a solicitor's office which you refused. Now whether you were right or wrong in doing so, I know not, being unacquainted with the particulars; but I entreat you, my beloved friend, to get by heart this Spanish proverb: 'When fortune knocks at the door, let her in at once, or perhaps she will not knock again'—and now no more from—Your affectionate,

"George Borrow.

"P.S.—Mr. Taylor is well, and sends his kindest respects to you."

3. *John Thomas Borrow to Benjamin Robert Haydon*[2]

"Norwich, April 26th, 1824.

"Sir,—It being in contemplation here to have a portrait of our late Mayor, Robert Hawkes, Esq., painted for St. Andrew's Hall, as a pupil of yours to whom you formerly paid much attention (although I fear I was an idle one), I have endeavoured by every means in my power to have you paint it. Will you favour me immediately with your lowest terms for a full length? Mr. Hawkes desires me to say, that, if you are appointed by the Committee, he should like you to come to Norwich and be his guest. I have no doubt that by painting the portrait you would have an opportunity of doing some

[1] From Mr. Jackson, St. Giles's Plain, Norwich, 1895.
[2] Favoured by Miss Haydon, Eastbourne.

others in this part of the kingdom ; and, although it could not add to the high reputation you have acquired, it might eventually put some money into your pocket.—I remain, . . .

" J. Borrow, Lieut. W.N.M.

" P.S.—I hope you do not forget me, and I trust you will favour me with an immediate answer."

4. *John Thomas Borrow to Robert Hawkes, Esq.*[1]

" London, April 29th, 1824.

" Sir,—I waited on Mr. Haydon immediately on my arrival here. I have persuaded him to paint your portrait for one hundred guineas. That is the lowest sum he will accept. He will, I believe, come to your house, according to your invitation. However, as I had not long to stay with him, being desirous of informing you immediately of his lowest terms, I had no time to enter on particulars. I shall continue in London ten days or a fortnight ; therefore, if you will permit me, I will engage him ; for, having studied under him some time, I flatter myself I can make as good a bargain for you as you would wish.—I remain . . .

" J. Borrow, Lieut. W.N.M."

5. *Roger Kerrison to John Borrow* [2]

" London, May 28th, 1824.

" My dear John,—I understand from George that he intends visiting Norwich on Monday next (31st) for a day or two only, for the purpose of fetching some books, etc. Since you were in town he has been much better than before you came, but has still at times been in a very melancholy and low state of mind and has frequently threatened to destroy himself. I think, therefore, that when he is in Norwich, you had better, if possible, contrive to prevail on him to stay there, at least two or three weeks ; for I fear that, should he immediately return to London, as he will then be in lodgings alone by himself, without any one to converse with, he will again make some attempt

[1] Favoured by Miss Haydon. [2] From Mr. Jackson, Norwich.

to destroy himself. From his threatening it so repeatedly, and his violent and frequent fits of desperation, he has rendered me very uneasy and uncomfortable on his account, so that I have found it utterly impossible to live any longer in the same lodgings with him, and I have in consequence been obliged to change them and am now residing in Lichfield Street. If you should not be able to prevail on him to remain with you in Norwich, I should strenuously advise you not to let him return to London alone, but come with him. I feel convinced that were he left entirely to himself he would soon relapse into his former state of desperation, and having no one with him to prevent him from destroying himself, would effectually do so.

"I trust you will weigh these lines in your mind and act as you may deem most expedient. I entreat you on his account and on many other accounts which I will fully explain to you when I see you, and which will be in a very short time, not to show this letter to any one, not even to Mr. Taylor or your mother, as there is no necessity for it. . . .—Your friend,

"R. K."

6. *Allan Cunningham to George Borrow* [1]

"27 Lower Belgrave Place, 10th February, 1826.

"My dear Sir,—Take a sheet of paper—the larger the better—and give me a sketch of the prevailing character of your Northern Ballads; for I assure you I am not master enough of the subject even, to write poetry about it; and though Prior says—

"'*Ye gods, must one swear to the truth of a song?*'

yet I hold truth in this matter to be indispensable. Do this and I shall write you two or three prefatory verses addressed to you in person, and do it with great pleasure—aye, and do it soon. I hope I am not too late.

"I anticipate great pleasure from your translations. The revelations which Jamieson [2] has made of the secrets of the

[1] The Editor's Collection.

[2] *Popular Ballads and Songs, etc.* By Robert Jamieson. Edinburgh, 1806, 2 vols., 8vo.

great northern prison-house of song, are heavy and unpoetical. From what I know of you, I am sure your work will be welcomed by all who feel what graphic nature and poetical superstition are. Be bold and free and nowise afraid in your renderings. A rude, a careless and vigorous hand, is dearer far to the world than one cautious and correct. The easy dash, the ready words, and the unpremeditated air are captivating.

"My wife desires to be remembered to you. We shall be glad to see your book and praise it, and gladder still to see yourself. I remain, my dear friend, yours very truly.

"ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

"P.S.—I have published my *Songs of Scotland*[1]; they sell slowly and have not been much abused. My romance of *Paul Jones*[2] is nearly completed, and I have planned a new one, most sublimely dark, and filled with old influences of good and evil—quite a new sort of book.[3] "A. C."

7. *George Borrow to Allan Cunningham*[4]

"Willow Lane, St. Giles, Norwich, 15th February, 1826.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I received your kind letter of the 10th inst., and as you wish to be better acquainted with the character of the ballads I am publishing, I will endeavour to accommodate you.

"They are not ancient, because I have interspersed them with translations from Oehlenslæger; but you will find among them four genuine *Kæmpe Viser*, that is to say, 'Heroic ballads,' and several old ballads about love, witchcraft, etc. The strict *Kæmpe Viser* in the old Danish are in number fifteen. I have translated them all, and am now publishing four of the best, viz. *Svend Vonved*, *The Tournament*, *The Triple Murder*, *Grimmal's Vengeance*.

[1] *Songs of Scotland, Ancient and Modern, with an essay and notes.* London, 1825, 4 vols., 8vo.

[2] *Paul Jones, a Romance.* London, 1826.

[3] *Sir Michael Scott.* 1828.

[4] Mr. Murray's Collection.

"Singular is the ballad of Svend Vonved [p. 61 of *Rom. Ballads*].

"In *The Tournament* all is monstrous: the knights are monstrous, so are their arms, so are their actions. A number of warriors appear before Brattingsborg. The King sends out Sivard Snaresvend to examine their bearings. He goes to their tent and challenges him who can best ride a steed to meet him immediately by the green wood's side. Young Sir Humble is sent to encounter him. They fight; and, at the second run, Humble is dashed to the ground. Sivard asks him the name of his parents, and discovers that he is his own sister's son. In his zeal to do his nephew service he forgets every selfish consideration and tells the youth to bind him to a tree, and go back to his associates and boast that he had conquered the redoubtable Sivard. He does so, but is not believed. Vidrik Verlandson mounts grey Skimming his steed and goes to the wood to clear up the affair.

"'*Sivard stands in the good green wood*' [p. 96 of *Romantic Ballads*].

"He then runs home to Brattingsborg with the oak at his girdle, just in time to join in the grand heroic dance.

"'*Now dance the heroes by Brattingsborg*' [p. 97].

"In short, wildness, sublimity, and brevity are the characteristics of old Danish songs, many of which closely resemble our old English and Scottish ballads, owing, I suppose, to the close connection of the two nations during the reign of Canute, *alias* Knud.

"You will be quite in time with the verses, I dare say; for printing does not proceed so fast here as in London. Present my best respects to Mrs. Cunningham and all your dear family. I was overjoyed when I saw your Romance advertised, and though Paul Jones is not my favourite among the pirates, I make no doubt that he *will* be so when introduced to me by you. I have read your *Songs of Scotland*, and I think the introduction is the very best thing of the kind I ever met with. As for your intended Romance, I cannot possibly conceive what it will treat upon, since it is to be 'a new sort of book.'—Yours most sincerely, "George Borrow."

"P.S.—You once expressed to me a wish to have an autograph of William Taylor. When I send you my volume, I will enclose a sonnet of his written about thirty years since [1796] called the *Bastille*. There are some monstrously fine lines in it, for example:

"'*High on the walls had Tyranny his throne,*
And struck a mighty harp whose strings were chains.'"

8. *Allan Cunningham to George Borrow*[1]

"27 Lower Belgrave Place, 22 Feb. 1826.

"My dear Friend,—I enclose you rhymes with all the rudeness, without the force, of your far-famed Scandinavians. If they suit you I make you welcome to them, and for your sake as well as mine I wish they were as good as verses dipt in the dews of the heather, hill and spring. I wish well to your works, and I wish well to yourself.

"I am glad you like the introduction to my *Songs of Scotland*, and I am also glad that you cannot imagine the character of my proposed Romance. It will make you stare—it will come upon you like the Hammer of Thor, or like the Spirit of Lodi [Loki?], and set your poetical tresses on end.

"My *Paul Jones* I hope you will like. I have written it with some freedom—struck right and left at lords and peasants, and written like one of the companions of old—friend to God and enemy to all the world.

"I shall be happy to receive your Ballad Book, and also to obtain the handwriting of Mr. Taylor. I have long paid the truest compliment to his genius that man can pay—I have admired his works without knowing his name or bearing. You were the first to open my eyes.

"My wife joins me in regards and in the wish to see you once more at our fireside. We are both well and the bairns are stirring.—I remain, dear Sir, your faithful friend,

"Allan Cunningham."

[The Dedicatory verses to the *Romantic Ballads* follow, signed *Belgrave Place*, and with this "P.S. Tell me *honestly*

[1] Favoured by Mr. Wm. Webber, Ipswich.

how you like this. If it fails to please, you are not obliged to publish it.—*A.C.*"]

9. *George Borrow to Allan Cunningham*[1]

"Norwich, May 13th, 1826.

"Sir,—I here send you the volume of *Ballads* and return you my best thanks for the noble lines you were so kind as to send me, which I was so proud to insert, although I made bold to alter the line of—

"'*Sir Oluf and his dancing elves*'
into
"'*Saint Oluf and his spiteful elves*,'

the reason for which you will perceive by turning to page 53.

"I printed five hundred copies of this work, of which two hundred have been sold in Norfolk so as amply to pay all expenses. As I know not what to do with the rest *here*, I should feel infinitely obliged if you would ask Mr. Taylor, the publisher, whether he would accept them. They are well printed as you see, and in his hands, with a little reviewing and advertising, would most likely go off.

"I have been very unwell for the last month, and know not what is going forward in the world of letters. Is your *Paul Jones* out yet? I am crazy to see it, and shall order it for myself and for a reading club of which I am *preses* [*sic*] as soon as it appears. I have got half of your *Songs of Scotland* by heart; the ballads of 'Lord Randal' and 'Saddled and Bridled' are my favourites. With best love to Mrs. Cunningham and the bairns,—I remain, yours most sincerely,

"G. Borrow."

10. *Allan Cunningham to George Borrow*[2]

"27 Lower Belgrave Place, 16th May, 1826.

"My Dear Sir,—I like your Danish Ballads much . . . [Vol. i., pp. 106, 107.] But I must find fault. You sometimes

[1] Mr. Murray's Collection.

[2] The following letters are from the Editor's Collection, save when otherwise indicated.

use what I call classic words, instead of Gothic; more particularly in the translations from Oehlenslaeger. This hurts your ballads in my Scottish eyes and ears. The 'Honour's bright ray' in 'Sir Middel' disturbs, like a stone in a stream, the deep familiar Gothic flow of that affecting composition. You must look after this fault, for it is a fault, when you reprint these ballads in your projected work. Your Danish names ought to be sobered into English ones more. This of course you will call barbarous, but they *look* harsh, and sometimes sound harsh. 'Sir Mydal,' 'Swayne Vonved, and St. Olave,' *look* better than Sir Middel, Sven Vonved, and St. Oluf. I have done with blaming; so now to business.

"Taylor will undertake to publish . . . [Vol. i., p. 106.]

"My *Paul Jones* is nearly finished. The printers don't hurry me, and I am merciful to myself. I intend even to astonish *you* with a wild Romance some day; you will think some old Danish Minstrel has risen from the grave.

"My wife joins me in good wishes for your success and health.—I remain your very faithful friend,

"ALLAN CUNNINGHAM."

11. *Dr. John Bowring to George Borrow*

"5 Millman St., 21st Nov., 1829.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I only returned yesterday from Denmark where I have been *Scandinavianising* for a few weeks. I shall be glad to see you any morning before half-past 10 o'clock, when you will do me the favour to call.—Truly yours,

"J. BOWRING.

"G. Borrow, Esq., 17 Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury."

12. *George Borrow to the Highland Society*

[London, December, 1829.]

"To the Committee of the Honourable and Praiseworthy Association, known by the name of the Highland Society.

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,—I take the liberty of submitting for your approbation a project, which, as its sole aim is the extension of the fame of the Scottish Highlanders, I en-

tertain a strong and sincere hope that it will meet with the approbation of the head of a body animate with patriotism, which, guided by philosophy, produces the noblest results, and many of whose members stand amongst the very eminent in the various departments of knowledge.

" The project alluded to above is the following : The metrical translation and publication in the English tongue of the best and most approved poetry of the ancient and modern Scoto-Gaelic Bards, with such notes on the usages and superstitions therein alluded to as will enable the English reader to form a clear and correct idea of the originals. The chief prototype of the translating [to be] the excellent Collection of the works of Gaelic [Bards] by Alexander and Donald Stewart, in two vols., 8°., termed *Cochruinneacha Taoghta de Shaothair nam Bard Gaeleach*, [Dun-Eidin, 1804]. The proper size of the work when published, two thick vols. 8°.

" That poetry of very high merit has, during the past three or four centuries, been produced in the Scottish Highlands, no person acquainted with that poetry and of the slightest poetical [—— ?] can, if a lover of cadence, for a moment deny. One who is conversant with the poetry of many nations might demand, where is the one from whose literature a more varied and beauteous garland can be woven than from that of the Scottish Gael, comprising as it does poetry of every description ? In what language have the feats of heroes been more pathetically praised, or beauty received sweeter and more ardent homage ? and in what language has satire been vented in strains more bitter and remorseless ?

" It will perhaps be objected to the present project that the poetry of the Gael has too much of a local character, and that it is not calculated to interest any but the Gaelic reader ; that the scenes described are Highland scenes, the customs those of a scanty people to-day scattered amongst rocks and mountains ; but that which some may allege as an objection is perhaps one of the most speaking recommendations for the translation of the Gaelic poetry into a generally understood language. Where is the utility of translation, except it introduces what is new and strange, thereby adding to our previous

stock of information? Did not the Gaelic poetry describe the customs of the Highlands, their superstitions, the deeds of their mighty heroes? If the thoughts it contains were not native Highland thoughts, if in a word, the best Gaelic poetry did not exhibit a peculiar character, the stamp of originality, the present project would certainly not have been transmitted for the consideration of the Highland Committee; but it is the confidence which the projector entertains that, by translating the poetry of the Highland Gael, he shall be rendering an acceptable service to an age eager for every species of information, and which is certainly not distinguished for its patronage of what is trite and common-place—that has induced him to the step which he has taken, and which, although it may prove unsuccessful, he is perfectly sure that he shall never repent of having taken, however mortified he may feel at having been baffled in a laudable attempt.

"My lords and gentlemen: I have little more to state but that no sordid motive is connected with the plan submitted to your consideration. My sole object is to employ my time in an honourable service and for which I may be found qualified. I shall be perfectly contented with any remuneration which the Highland Committee may consider adequate to my labours, which I propose to enter upon at the commencement of the year now next ensuing, when I shall be disengaged from labours somewhat similar in which I am at present occupied in conjunction with a character of high literary eminence. I herewith transmit a translation from the Gaelic, executed several years ago, which, when compared with the original, will manifest the competency or incompetency as a translator from the Gaelic language of—My lords and gentlemen, Your most obedient servant,"

[George Borrow.]

[*Margin*] "The work I will pledge myself to accomplish within the space of two years, to be spent in the Highlands and (——?) of Scotland."

13. *Borrow to Bowring*

[January 1830.]

"[*Fragment*] . . . One of my chief reasons for wishing to reside in Greece is that the mines of Eastern literature would be opened to me. I should soon became an adept in Turkish, and would weave and transmit to you such an anthology as would gladden your very heart.

"As for the *Songs of Scandinavia*, all the ballads would be ready before I could depart, and I would take books and in a very few months send you translations of the modern Lyric poetry. I hope this letter will not displease you. . . ." [Vol. i. p. 133.]

14. *George Borrow to* . . .

[February, 1830.]

"Sir,—I take the liberty of troubling you with these lines from having received information that an order has been issued for the making a transcript of the celebrated Anglo-Saxon Codex of Exeter, for the use of the British Museum. The volume is to be conveyed to London either by one of the retainers of the Cathedral, or by some person despatched by the Museum. Now, Sir, I should be very happy to obtain the task of transcribing that most illustrious relick of Anglo-Saxon literature, which I have seen, and am perfectly certain that I could execute the task satisfactorily. If you can assist me therein, and will, I shall be highly grateful. I am fully aware that no one has as yet been engaged, for I have obtained the very earliest information, and it is not very probable that either of the two Anglo-Saxon Gentlemen of the Museum would have time or inclination for the affair, for the volume is of great thickness, the Poem of the *Traveller* alone, which constitutes but a small portion of it, being upwards of 3000 lines. Hoping, Sir, that if you should care to interest yourself in my behalf, it will be speedily, I have, etc. . . ."

Correspondence with the A. P. O.

[John Borrow, from 1826 to June 1830, had drawn his half-pay in Mexico directly from the Army Pay Office, London, and then sent it by draft to his mother. Wishing to avoid the serious loss on bills of exchange, he transmitted to George a Mexican Power of Attorney, that is, an official *copy* of the original document, without John's signature, which was on the original instrument archived in Mexico. Hence George's conflict with the Home Office, of which I can only give such of his letters as he preserved in rough draft.]

15. *George Borrow to the A. P. O.*

" Norwich, 6th August, 1831.

" Sir,—I had the honour of receiving your letter dated 1st August, 1831, in which I am informed that the power of attorney granted by my brother, Lieut. Borrow, to me to receive his disembodied allowance is insufficient document to authorise the payment of the disembodied [allowance] to me as his agent. I now beg leave to observe—

" 1st (and what I am about to state I will verify on oath), That, on applying personally to the Army Pay Office in the month of January 1830, I was informed that provided my brother granted to me a power of attorney to receive his half pay, I on producing the proper affidavits should be entitled to receive the same.

" 2nd. That on enquiring whether it would be necessary to transmit a power of attorney drawn up in England to my brother in Mexico, I was informed there would be no manner of occasion therefor, and that a power of attorney drawn up by a scrivener of the country in which he was resident, according to the forms of law in use in that country, would be legal and valid when produced in England.

" Now, Sir, I have received a power of attorney whereby I am authorised by my brother to draw his disembodied allowance. That power of attorney was drawn up by the national scribe of the State of Guanajuato. It bears the certificate of two of the first magistrates of that state to the effect that the

composer of it was profoundly versed in the laws of the State and that he had the sole privilege of transacting these matters within the limits of the aforesaid State. A certificate under the hand and seal of office of his Britannic majesty's consul is affixed, to the effect that whatever is vouched for by these magistrates is and ought to be attended to in judicature and without ; yet upon transmitting the document to the Army Pay Office I am answered that it is insufficient.

"I beg leave, Sir, to request an explanation as to this conduct, and, as the army pay office has been guided in its behaviour by the Solicitor of the Treasury, to desire that he may be requested to state on paper in what respect the document is insufficient or illegal. It will be of little utility to answer that it is drawn up in the Spanish language, and not in the forms of English law. I am a solicitor myself, Sir, and a general translator, and have frequently had to turn into English documents relating to the affairs of various subjects of Great Britain written in Persian, Hindee, Italian, Spanish, etc., and each drawn up in the particular forms of law of the particular country in which they were written ; yet the validity of these documents was never denied by an English Court, and I never remember one the accuracy of which was so thoroughly and respectably certified as my brother's. I am compelled, Sir, respectfully to inform you that as far as the power of attorney is concerned, the rights of my brother, and indeed of all disembodied officers—for they are all interested in this affair—shall be upheld, and if justice is refused in this instance, every one of the documents shall be laid before Parliament by the members of the County to which my brother belongs.

16. *George Borrow to the A. P. O.*

"Norwich, August 26th, 1831.

"Sir,—I take the liberty of returning the documents relating to my brother's disembodied allowance with a letter to the Solicitor of the Treasury which I request after having honoured with your perusal you will please to cause to be sent to him. All the demur which has so long delayed the settlement

of this business has been owing to my brother's sign manual which appears in two places in the document having been overlooked ; but the blame, sir, cannot properly be laid at my charge, for in my second letter to the Pay Office, when [I afforded?] the translation, I mentioned the circumstance.—I have the honour to remain,

"Geo. Borrow."

[*Enclosure.*]

"Sir,—Having been favoured by the Army Pay Office with a Copy of your opinion dated 18th instant relating to the Power of Attorney transmitted from Mexico by my brother Lieut. Borrow of the West Norfolk Militia, whereby I am authorised to draw his half pay, I am happy to say that I can afford an explanation which will terminate to the satisfaction of all parties a matter hitherto attended with a vast deal of trouble.

"You state, sir, that the document appears to be a certificate from a public officer at Guanajuato and not a power of attorney from Lt. Borrow. Whilst pondering over this [——?] I had the good fortune to observe a mark of yours in the original document under the words *este registro* and a query upon the same words in the translation afforded by me, from which I instantly understood that the document did not appear to you to have been signed by Lieut. Borrow. I will now take the liberty of making an extract in the original.

"'*En cuya virtud asi lo otorgo y firmo* [sic] *en este registro* (*siendo tenidos* [testigos !] *los Ciudadanos B. M., G. T. y F. J. de esta vecinidad* [sic]).'

"'By virtue of which he thus authorises and confirms it in this register' (the Citizens B. M. &c. of this neighbourhood being referred to as witnesses). Then follows my brother's own signature, or in plain English his *mark*.[1]

"You are fully aware, Sir, that even according to English law a man's mark is equivalent to his name written at full length, and that consequently my brother's mark being affixed to the document renders it legal and valid. It is true my

[1] [This "mark" was, of course, the notary's official *rubrica* placed at the bottom of each page to authenticate the document.]

brother can write, but there are not on the average three persons among as many thousands who can in Mexico (where the most simple learning is almost entirely confined to the priesthood and the public authorities) on which account it is not customary for the executing party to write his names but merely to make his own manual as my brother did in the presence of four witnesses, his name being written for him by the Notary who also subjoins his own.

"Now, Sir, after this explanation, I ask you as a member of the same honourable profession to which I was myself bred up, whether I have not law, justice and common sense on my side and whether I persist in asserting my claims on any weak and frivolous grounds. Is the power of attorney signed by my brother bearing the hand and seal of his Britannic Majesty's Consul General to stand for nothing? Are the affidavits sworn to and signed by my brother and transmitted to me to stand for nothing? I have sent back the Power of Attorney to the Paymaster General in the full confidence that in your next report you will assent to its validity. I have only to observe that my mother and myself are willing to swear to my brother's mark (!) being well acquainted with this *particular* one, and that our affidavits before a magistrate shall be transmitted to the Army Pay Office, if required."

[*No signature.*]

17. *George Borrow to the Secretary at War*

"Norwich, Sept. 8th, 1831.

"Sir,—I take the liberty of troubling you with these lines for the purpose of enquiring whether there is any objection to the giving of the disembodied allowance of my brother, Lieut. John Borrow, of the West Norfolk Militia, who is at present abroad. I do this by the advice of the Army Pay Office, a Power of Attorney having been granted to me by Lieut. B. for the purpose of receiving the said allowance. I beg leave to add that my brother was present at the last training of his regiment [1826]; that he went abroad with the permission of his commanding officer who has never recalled him; that he has sent home the necessary affidavits, and that there is no

clause in the pay and clothing act which can authorise the stopping of his allowance.—I have the honour to remain, Sir, Your most obedient humble servant,"

[*G. B.*]

18. *George Borrow to War Office*

"Norwich, Sept. 18th, 1831.

"Sir,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of No. 33063 dated the 16th inst. from the War Office in which I am informed that it does not feel authorised to give instructions for the issue of the arrears of disembodied allowance claimed by my brother Lieutenant Borrow of the West Norfolk [Militia] until he attend the next training of his regiment, and I now beg leave to ask the following question and to request that I may receive an answer with all convenient speed.

"Sir, provided my brother is not entitled to his arrears of disembodied allowance at the present moment, he will be entitled to them at no future period, and I was to the last degree surprised on the receipt of an answer which tends to envolve the Office in an inextricable dilemma. For it is in fact a full acknowledgment of Lieut. Borrow's claims and a refusal to satisfy them until a certain time, and it may now be asked by what authority does the War Office seek to detain the disembodied allowance of an officer to which he is entitled by Act of Parliament a moment after it is legally demanded? If it be objected that it is not legally demanded, I can avow that the affidavits filled up in the required form are in the possession of the Pay Office and also a power of attorney in the Spanish language together with a notarial translation, which power of attorney has been declared by the Solicitor of the Treasury to be legal and sufficient. To that part of the official letter relating to my brothers's appearance at the next training, I have to observe that he is at present lying sick in the mountains above Vera Cruz, the pest-house of the world, and that it would be certain death for him to descend into the lower country (for the fever is raging there at present) even were he capable of the exertion. Nearly nine months have elapsed since he prepared to return to his native country, hav-

ing received information that there was a probability that his regiment would be embodied; but the hand of God overtook him on his route. He is the son, Sir, of an officer who served his King abroad and at home for upwards of half a century. He had intended his disembodied allowance for the use of his widowed and infirm mother, but it must now be transmitted to him for his own support until he can arrive in England. But, Sir, I do not wish to excite compassion in his behalf; all I request is that he may have justice done him, and if it be, I shall be informed in the next letter that the necessary order has been given to the Pay Office for the issue of his allowance. —I am, . . ."

[*G. B*].

19. *War Office to George Borrow*

"War Office, 7th December, 1831.

"Sir,—In reply to your letter of the 24th ultimo I am $\frac{33063}{22}$ directed to acquaint you that Lieutenant Borrow having been absent without Leave from the Training of the West Norfolk Militia has, under the provisions of the 12th Section of the Militia Pay and Clothing Act, forfeited his allowance.—I am, . . .

"L. Sulivan.

20. *War Office to George Borrow*

"War Office, 21st January, 1832.

Sir,—I am directed to acquaint you that the requisite $\frac{33063}{25}$ Instructions have been conveyed to the Paymaster General for the Issue of the Disembodied Allowance of Lieutenant Borrow from the 25th June 1829 to the 24th December 1830.—I am, Sir, Your obedient Servant,

"R. W. Lukie."

"George Borrow, Esqre., Norwich."

(*a*) *George Borrow to His Mother*

St. Petersburgh, February 1/13, 1834.

[*Extract.*] "What you tell me about the Staff [of the W. N. M. regiment] I was much vexed and incensed to hear; but do

you tell Gotts to stand up for his rights, and if his pay is taken from him, not to submit, but to petition Parliament, and never to give up till justice is done him. *Remember how I served the Pay Office about John's pay.*"

21. *George Borrow to the Rev. Francis Cunningham*

Norwich, [December, 1832].

"Revd. Sir,—I this day returned to Norwich, and considering it my first duty to inform you of all that passed in London between the Society and myself, I have taken up the pen, and will not offer any apology for troubling you with this letter, being well aware that it will not be uninteresting to you. I am happy to be able to say that the Committee, which met last Monday, are quite satisfied with me and my philological capabilities from the report of the Revd. Messrs. Brandram and Jowett who had various opportunities of examining me. They have, moreover, defrayed the expenses of my journey to and from London, and also of my residence in that city, in the most handsome manner ; so that I have much to be grateful for and nothing to complain of.

"It having for some time been amongst the views of the Committee to publish a translation of the Scriptures in the Manchou-Tartar, which is the Court language of China—being the mother-tongue of those Seven hordes of Tartars, who, towards the conclusion of the Sixteenth Century, made a complete conquest of China, and established a Tartar dynasty on the throne [1]—I was requested to inform the Committee, through Mr. Brandram, whether I should be willing, if the suitable means were put in my power, to make myself acquainted with this language sufficiently to edit or translate the sacred writings into it, on the promise of being employed as soon as I had accomplished such an undertaking. I unhesitatingly replied that I should have great pleasure in so doing ; whereupon I was furnished with a great many Tartar books, and I am returned with a firm determination to exert all my energies to attain the desired end ; and I hope, Sir, that I shall have the benefit of your prayers for my speedy success, for the language is one of

[1] Seventeenth Century—1644.

those which abound with difficulties against which human skill and labour, without the special favour of God, are as blunt hatchets against the oak; and though I shall almost weary Him with my own prayers, I wish not to place much confidence in them, being at present very far from a state of grace and regeneration, having a hard and stony heart, replete with worldly passions, vain wishes, and all kinds of ungodliness; so that it would be no wonder if God to prayers addressed from my lips were to turn away His head in wrath, and in lieu of cleverness were to send stupidity, dimness of vision in lieu of sharp sightedness, and in every case that which is contrary to what I pray for. Therefore, Sir, I hope you will not be offended if I recommend this point particularly to your recollection.

"Some days since, in a conversation I had with Mr. Brandram, he spoke of the Gypsies and the profound darkness as to religion and morality that envolved them. He likewise spoke of a Committee which had been formed for the express purpose of enlightening their minds on these important matters.[1] It is singular enough that these unfortunate people have been objects of my particular attention; for, many years ago, hearing that they had a language which they themselves are alone acquainted with, I went amongst them, and having discovered the truth of the report, I was at some pains to learn a portion of it. On informing Mr. Brandram of this, he begged that on my return to Norfolk I would endeavour to form a kind of vocabulary of this tongue during my hours of relaxation from other studies, which I certainly intend to do. . . .—I have the honour to remain, Revd. Sir, your much obliged and obedient servant,

"George Borrow."

[At the end of this letter were given the verses first printed at the opening of the *Targum* (1835), and then in the *Bible in Spain* (1843, iii., 333), under the title of *Adun Oulem.*]

[1] The "Southampton Committee for the Amelioration of the Condition of the Gipsies," founded by the Rev. James Crabb (1774–1851), author of the *Gipsies' Advocate*, London, 1830.

Adôn 'Olâm.[1]

"Reigned the Universe's Master ere were earthly things begun;
When His mandate all created, Ruler was the name He won;
And alone He'll rule tremendous when all things are past and gone;
He no equal has nor consort, He the singular and lone
Has no end and no beginning, His the sceptre, might, and throne;
He's my God and living Saviour, Rock to whom in need I run;
He's my banner and my refuge, fount of weal when called upon;
In His hand I place my spirit when I rise or lay me down,
And therewith my body also; God's my God—I fear no one."

22. *Rev. Joseph Jowett to George Borrow*

"Bible House, 23rd July, 1833.

"My dear Sir,—I have but a moment to inform you that the recommendation of the Sub-Committee respecting your journey to St. Petersburgh was yesterday adopted and confirmed by the General Committee; and in order that no delay may occur in carrying the measure into effect, it will be desirable that you should be at this house on Friday morning next [26th], with the probability also of setting out on your journey on the following Tuesday [30th].

"I must not close even this hasty notice, without expressing the great satisfaction which was felt both by myself and Mr. Brandram, on reading your last letter. Its spirit was truly Christian, in harmony with the rule laid down by Christ himself, and which in one sense he so wonderfully exemplified, that 'he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.'—Ever truly yours,

"Joseph Jowett."

23. *George Borrow to Dr. Bowring, M.P.*

"Evora, 15th Dec., 1835.

". . . I left our dear glorious Russia about three months since, after having printed the Mandchou New Testament in eight volumes in about sixteen months. I am now in Portugal . . . I have been wandering among the wilds of the Alem-

[1] "Lord of the Universe." Found in the Hebrew Psalter beginning—

אֲדוֹן עוֹלָם אֲשֶׁר מָלַךְ | בְּטֶרֶם כָּל־יְצִיר נִבְרָא

adôn 'olâm asher mâlakh | *b'tèrem kol y'tzîr nivrâ*

tejo for the last six weeks, and have introduced myself amongst the rustics, banditti, etc., and become very popular; but, as you know very well, it is easier to make yourself known in the field than in the Hall. I therefore want you to give or procure me letters to the most influential and liberal minds in Portugal, and I likewise want a letter from the Foreign Office to Lord [Howard] de Walden. In a word, I want to make what interest I can towards obtaining the admission of the Gospel into the public schools which are shortly to be established in Portugal, I beg leave to state that this is *my* plan and no other person's, as I was merely sent over to Portugal to observe the disposition of the people. Therefore I do not wish to be named as an Agent for Portugal, but as a gentleman who has plans for the mental improvement of the Portuguese. But before I set my machine at work here, I go to Madrid . . .

"I shall go there in a few days, and after staying a short time I shall depart for Andalusia and make some sojourn with the Gitanos of the mountains (?) If you could send me two or three letters to influential people at Madrid you would increase my obligations, for I have the same project with respect to them.—Yours . . .

"George Borrow."

24. *George Borrow to his Mother*

"Madrid, February 24, 1836.

"Dear Mother,—I have suffered terribly from the frost and cold since I left Lisbon. I have since that time crossed the whole of Portugal and the greatest part of Spain, and two more uncomfortable miserable countries I never was in, especially during the winter, when the cold is horrible. I have been in Madrid about a month,[1] and have had an interview with the Prime Minister, Mendizábal, who has promised that when things are in a little more quiet state the Bible Society may print what books it pleases here.

"You cannot think what a filthy, uncivilised set of people the Spanish and Portuguese are. There is more comfort in

[1] Arrived, as we have shown, January 26th.

an English barn than in one of their palaces ; and they are rude and ill-bred to a surprising degree. Yet I am very glad I came here, for I have done much in both countries. I have lately written to London, giving an account of what I have been about, and asking what I am to try next.

"Madrid is a small town, not larger than Norwich,[1] but it is crammed with people, like a hive with bees, and it contains many fine streets and fountains. In summer it is one of the hottest places in the world, and in the winter one of the coldest ; for there are mountains near it which are then covered with snow, and there come such blasts from them that the body is drawn up like a leaf. Everything in Madrid is excessively dear to foreigners, for they are made to pay six times more than natives. Two young men that I know went to an inn here, and in a few days they were stript of all their money ; for they did not understand the language, and could not help themselves. I manage to get on tolerably well, for I make a point of paying just one quarter what I am asked.

"I have a servant, the greatest thief and villain that ever existed ; who, if I would let him, would steal the teeth out of my head.[2] But I can't do without him, for he is very clever and useful, and as I am obliged to call on different people every day whose places of abode I do not know, I am compelled to keep him in order to find them up. I never go out at night, for then the people walk about by hundreds, cutting and murdering one another on account of their being split into different factions. Of the two parties [Christino and Carlista] I scarcely know which is the worst, most bloody and tyrannical ; for every Spaniard is by nature a cruel, cowardly tiger. Nothing is more common than to destroy a whole town, putting man, woman, and child to death, because two or three of the inhabitants have been obnoxious. How happy

[1] In perimeter, of course, for in 1836 the population of Madrid was 200,000 (now 500,000), and Norwich 61,500 (now 110,000).

[2] What Quevedo calls *sisones*, that is "chippers," "pilferers," from Lat. *sciss-are* (*scindere*, *scissus*), Span. *sisar*, because, though they appropriate modestly, they do it untiringly. As a frequent victim I can authenticate the text.

the English ought to consider themselves, living in a country where there is law and justice; and what fools they are to come over here to fight for these vagabonds, where they get nothing to eat and are starved with cold, and instead of thanks are treated worse than dogs.[1]

"Part of the time that I have been in Spain I have been living among the Gypsies of the Province of Estremadura. They were very kind to me because I spoke their language, and I learnt a great deal amongst them. I have written down one hundred of their songs, which are very pretty, and which I intend to translate. Poor people! they are terribly used and are hunted like wolves. They carry immense scissors with them to defend themselves [shears—*cachas*]; they are as long as one's arm, and they can snip off with them a man's hand, fingers, nose, or ears in a moment. They chiefly live on pork, tripe, and acorns, which last do not grow on oaks here, as in England, but on cork trees [*alcornoque*, *Quercus suber*]. They are as good as a chestnut, and when roasted serve instead of bread.[2]

"Spain would be the most fertile and beautiful country in the world, if the people resembled human beings, which they do not; for they are almost as bad as the Irish, with the exception that they are not drunkards; for, though wine is as common here as water, you never see any one intoxicated. God bless you.

"G. B.

"(Burn this!)"

25. *Bailly to Borrow*

(In Spanish.)

"Seville, February 13th, 1839.

"Señor Don Jorge Barron [*sic*]:—I received your letters, the last dated the 8th inst., and was greatly rejoiced to learn that you reached Madrid in safety, and that you had

[1] Referring to the British "Auxiliary Legion," under Gen. Evans.

[2] Basque *árloa* (bread) and possibly Greek ἄρτος, were originally made of acorns (Strabo III., 223).

received the packet [of Gypsy songs]. Our poor secretary is ill, and, as it seems to me, *algun tanto dislocado de sentido* (somewhat out of sorts in his head-gear); that is the reason he is unable to continue writing [out 'Luis Lobo' from memory], in spite of the fact that Don Francisco [José de Silva, the proprietor of the Queen's Inn] does not fail to give him money whenever he brings any extract.[1] I see him often, but you know my situation. I have had but one traveller since you were here. I send this by Mr. Metaxas, son of the Greek chargé at Madrid, who desires to make your acquaintance.

"A few days after you left Seville, I met the friend who promised us the [Gypsy] Vocabulary, and he told me he had not had an opportunity to see his friend [who had it] pretending that he should have to 'treat' him in order to induce him to bring the book [MS.]. When I asked him if he thought he could favour me with an interview, he evaded my question. What I am thinking of now is, to see if getting him drunk (for this is his weak point), I can surprise his secret, and find out where the owner of the Vocabulary lives; then I will write and let you know.

"Enclosed I send you the last part [of *The Deluge*], which our secretary has handed me.[2] In the meantime, receive, etc.

"JUAN ANTONIO BAILLY."

26. *George Borrow to Luis de Usóz*

(In Spanish.)

"No. 16, Calle de Santiago, Madrid, February 22nd, 1839.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—In my last letter I gave you to understand that I was on the point of setting out for England, whither certain matters called me.[3] I travelled by way of the Pyrenees, and passed through France. I spent a fortnight in Paris, of which I am very fond; for, leaving all prejudices aside, it is a magnificent city, well supplied with sumptuous

[1] This is poor *Manuel*, the lottery-ticket seller. See *B. in S.*, iii., 211–213, and sm. ed. 280, 281; *G. of S.* ii., 59–61, and sm. ed. 216, 217.

[2] *Zincali*, ii., 74.

[3] September, 1838.

buildings and public squares, unequalled by any town in Europe. I availed myself of the opportunity to provide myself with a few rare books which will, I trust, forward me in my studies. From Paris I proceeded to Boulogne, and thence by steamboat to London.

"I shall not trouble you with what happened to me in England; suffice it to say that my friends and I had long talks on Spanish affairs, and as they desired me to return to Spain I made my bow and embarked, after a stay of two months in my native land. I must confess that England is little to my taste; for, notwithstanding its advance in civilisation and the marvellous public works that call the traveller's attention on every side; in spite of the fact that one can travel there at the rate of twenty Spanish leagues an hour, and that you have peace, tranquillity and justice, still I must say I prefer poor distracted Spain, and prize its bright sun above all the arts and civilisation of England, especially for a person like myself, gloomy by nature and averse to a climate of fogs and rain.

"A few days before I left London I received your letter from Rome, laconic enough to be sure, but since I was pretty well acquainted with the character of the extraordinary man who wrote it, I was right content. You ask me for information on literature, and I will communicate the little I know.

"Three or four years ago there appeared in England a second Fielding, a young writer who, in certain novels founded on life in London and the provinces, as displayed in every grade of society from the lowest to the highest, has evinced such talent, such humour, variety and profound knowledge of character, that he charms his readers, at least, those that have the capacity to comprehend him. The true name of this new phenomenon is *Charles Dickens*, but he is better known as 'Boz.' His first publication is styled the *Memoirs of the Pickwick Club*, which describes the adventures of certain respectable antiquaries in their frequent expeditions to different parts of England. This work is well-known on the Continent; for, unless I am mistaken, there are French and German translations of it. You may have seen it already.

"On my arrival in London [September, 1838], every body

was in raptures over a certain *Oliver Twist* that had just come out, and the *Memoirs of the Nickleby Family*, which was appearing in fortnightly numbers. I was not long in getting at at both, and confess I was, like every body else, delighted with them, especially with *Oliver Twist*. It relates the trials and miseries of a foundling who had been taken in by the parish, from which, after manifold sufferings consequent on the English parochial system now in vogue, he escaped, fled to London, and fell into the hands of a Jew who harboured thieves and murderers and who taught children to steal, rob, etc. This last is truly a frightful character—the most diabolical creation ever engendered by the human brain. But I must not tarry on this subject. Read, as soon as you can, all the writings of 'Boz,' and I am sure you will thank me all your life for having disclosed to you a mine of such delectable reading.

"I hope, by the end of summer, to publish my *Diccionario Gitano* as spoken in Spain. On my journey to Madrid, as I had to pass through Andalusia, I secured some additional sources which will serve to swell out my volume. When it comes out you will find that it is well-stocked, for I have waited long so as to gather all the phrases and words of that singular language to be found in Spain; and to that end I can truly say that I have spared neither pains, expense, nor danger. But before all this, I have other much more important duties to discharge than the publication of Dictionaries, however curious and interesting they may be. *Perfiné penchabar en el Gabicote Majoró.*[1] God be praised we have again commenced the distribution, and with a good deal of success, in the suburban villages.

"In a few weeks I propose to undertake another great expedition. My plan is to cross the Guadarrama Mountains, proceed to Ciudad Rodrigo and the Portuguese border, thence cross the mountains to Estremadura [Plasencia], and return to Madrid by Andalusia and La Mancha. One of my objects in this expedition is to penetrate the mystery connected with the *Batuecas*.[2] I propose to visit that almost inaccessible valley and the whole mountainous region that surrounds it, and it will not be my fault if Spaniards do not know what the Batue-

[1] I must not forget the Holy Book.

[2] *Ford*, pp. 555, 556.

cas were and their origin. Some traces, however insignificant, must still exist of the language of that nation that lived totally apart from the Spanish race until the middle of the last century, and who knows whether we may not be fortunate enough to find in the archives of the convent that was established there on the first discovery of the mysterious valley, some account of the people that once dwelt there. At all events it is worth while to go and investigate. . . .—Yours,

"GEORGE BORROW."

27. *George Borrow to Mr. Metaxas*

(Greek Minister at Madrid).

Γεῶργιος *βώρρο προσκυνεῖ τὸν πρέσβυν τῆς* Ἑλλάδος *καὶ ἐλπίζει ὅτι δὲν θέλει πέρνει εἰς κακὸν ὅτι ὁ* Γεῶργιος *παρακαλεῖ αὐτὸν νὰ ἀποδεχθῇ δυῶ μικρὰ βιβλία, τὸ πρῶτον γραφόμενον εἰς τὴν ὁμιλίαν τῶν* Γυφτῶν, *εἴτε* Ζιγγανῶν Ἱσπανῶν, *τὸ ἄλλο εἰς τὴν ἀγγλικὴν γλῶσσαν τυπωμένον εἰς* Πετρούπολιν.

Μαδρήτι, *κατὰ τὴν* 25$^{\text{την}}$ *φεβροναρίου εἰς τὸν δρόμον τοῦ ἁγίου μάρτυρος* Ιακώβου *εἰς τὸν ἀριθμὸν δεκαέξ, πρῶτο πάτωμα.*

[*Translation.*]

"George Borrow presents his respects to the Minister of Greece, and hopes he will not take it amiss if he begs him to accept two little books, the first written in the language of the Spanish Gypsies or Zingari, the other in English (and) printed at St. Petersburg.

"Madrid, February 25th (1839), No. 16, Calle de Santiago, first floor.

28. *Bailly to Borrow*

(In Spanish.)

"Seville, February 27th, 1839.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I received your favour of the 22nd inst. As soon as our common friend Don Francisco José de Silva had read yours addressed to him, he expressed a willingness to ad-

vance the necessary funds to our Secretary, but he desires you to fix the amounts to be paid him. I have made every effort for the last four or five days to find Manuel in order to induce him to begin to write the *Diluvio*, but I have not as yet been able to trace him. In the Lottery Office they think he has gone to the surrounding villages to sell his tickets. But I shall find him yet, I assure you.

"As for the man of the Vocabulary, I do not imagine he can escape me, for I have enlisted several, and, among others, the *maestro* who employs him, to find up the name of the person who owns it. . . .

"I enclose the 'Conversation of the Thieves,'[1] and the 'Jealousy of the Gitana,'[2] the last paper handed in by our Secretary. By Saturday [March 2nd], if possible, I shall send you *El Diluvio* [The Flood].[3]—Yours,

"JUAN ANTONIO BAILLY."

29. *George Borrow to Mrs. Clarke*

"No. 16, Calle Santiago, Madrid, 29th March, 1839.

"MY DEAR MRS. CLARKE,—I received your kind letter of the 15th inst., which afforded me much pleasure. In the first place I am glad to find that your affairs are likely to be brought to a satisfactory conclusion, and in the second, that you have made up your mind to settle in Seville for a short time—which, I assure you, I consider to be the most agreeable retreat you can select, and the most advisable one, for *there* the growls of your enemies will scarcely reach you . . . .

"What could have induced you to believe that any parts of my last last letter display a tone which betrays want of confidence? You find fault with my using the phrase 'I took the liberty,' etc.; but I think if you refer to the letter you will see that the sentence could not have been rounded off without that expression, which was my sole motive for using it. It is a saying of great use in English composition, especially in let-

[1] *Zincali*, ii., *134—"Los Chores."
[2] *Ibid.*, ii., *132—"Odores ye Tiliche."
[3] *Ibid.*, ii., *63–81—"Brijindope."

ter writing, and is a particular favourite of mine ; therefore, I beg you will drop your most unreasonable antipathy to it.

"Do not think that Spain is like England, or that you will find its ways and habits anything similar to what you have accustomed. I smiled—nay, I laughed outright—when you informed me that your counsellor had advised you against taking a house and furnishing it. Houses in Spain are let by the day : and in a palace here you will find less furniture than in your cottage at Oulton. Were you to furnish a Spanish house in the style of cold winterly England, you would be unable to breathe. A few chairs, tables, and mattresses are all that is required, with of course a good stock of bed linen. During the whole of the summer and autumn the people of Seville reside in their court-yards [*patios*] over which an awning is hung. A very delicious existence it is—a species of dream, of sunshine and shade, of falling water and flowers.

"Bring with you, therefore, your clothes, plenty of bed linen, etc., half a dozen blankets, two dozen knives and forks, a mirror or two, twelve silver table spoons, and a large one for soup, tea things and urn (for the Spaniards never drink tea), a few books, but not many,—and you will have occasion for nothing more, or, if you have, you can purchase it here as cheap as in England . . .

"You must apply to the Peninsular Steam Navigation Company, which is, I believe, in Bishopsgate Street. You must have a passport for yourself and Hen which you will obtain at the Foreign Office, and it must likewise be signed by the Spanish Ambassador in London. The Steamboat starts every Thursday night at twelve, but I would advise you to be on board by three in the afternoon. The ship stops four and twenty hours at Lisbon, but be sure not to go on shore there ; it is a very dangerous place . . .

"In a few days I start for Andalusia, the province in which Seville is situated. Nevertheless you had better write to me at my present address whenever you need advice or information. On my arrival, however, I shall write again. Best remembrances to Sir Robert.[1]—Ever yours," etc. [*no signature.*]

[1] Sir Robert Paston, Earl of Yarmouth.

30. *J. Derbishire to G. Borrow*

"[Madrid] Wednesday [17th April, 1839].

"My dear Sir,—I went yesterday to see the 4th Guards march, having heard that they were in a state of mutiny. They were so; and a very interesting sight I had. The Captain General was obliged to march with them as a hostage for payment of money which they claimed and for payment of which they refused to take his word. I went on to the village of Fuencarral, two leagues, and on coming back was obliged to walk from the gate of Fuencarral round the walls to Puerta Atocha—a good league, I think. It was 2 o'clock before I got home. Thus you see I had no opportunity of seeing Mr. Yuda, your amanuensis, yesterday, and I sent the first messenger that came to me this morning. Perhaps Gayangos will let you have the book out of the library,—if not, the extract may be sent after you.—Yours most truly,

"J. Derbishire."

31. *María Díaz to George Borrow*

"Madrid, 24 de Mayo de 1839.

"S^r D^n Jorge Borrow, Muy S^r mio,—He recivido su apreciable la que me ha sacado de un grandísimo cuidado por hacer tanto tiempo que no tenía noticia de V. Mucho siento que esté tan triste, como dice; aunque yo [lo] estoy bastante tambien. Sin duda se [ha] olvidado V. de decirme donde devo escrivirle y por lo mismo no le quiero decir á V. nada tanto de cuentas cuanto de lo demás, pues esta carta me temo no llegue á sus manos.

"La muger de Antonio está muy afligida por no haber tenido carta de su marido, y á no ser por mí no sabria si habia llegado á esa, y me encarga mucho que V. se lo diga y le haga escrivir. Al chiquitin no se le ha olvidado la copla, pues yo se la hago repetir muchas veces.

"Calzado ha estado aquí á ver si quería venderle los quinqués de la tienda, que darian cuatro duros por ellos, y dice que costaron cinco. Con que, si V. quiere que se los venda,

puede avisarme. Parece que va á poner una tienda de cerveza, que ya le echó de su casa el Principe de Malbrun.

"Páselo V. bien y mande como guste á su af^ta S^a Q.B.S.M.

"María Díaz."

[*Translation.*]

"My dear Sir,—I have received your favour which relieved me from much anxiety on account of the length of time that has elapsed since I heard from you. I am very sorry you are so gloomy, as you say, although I am sufficiently so myself. Without doubt you forget to tell me where I am to write you, and therefore I shall say nothing of accounts and other things, since I fear that this may not reach you at all.

"Antonio's wife is much grieved because she has had no letter from her husband, and had it not been for me she would not have known that he had arrived at Seville. She begs me to ask you to tell him of this, and to make him write. The little one has not forgotten the verses, and I make him repeat them often.

"Calzado has been here to see if I would sell him the lamps that belonged to the shop. He is willing to give four dollars for them, and he says they cost five, so if you want me to sell them to him, you must let me know. It seems he is going to set up a beer shop now that the Prince of Malbrun has made him vacate the house.[1]

"Farewell, and command as you please your affectionate servant who kisses your hands.

"Mary Díaz."

32. *Rey Roméro to Borrow*[2]

(In Spanish.)

"Santiago, June 22nd, 1839.

"My dear Sir,—Pursuant to your instructions, I wrote to D. José Manuel García of Pontevedra to make up the account of the New Testaments I sent to him to sell. I enclose his

[1] Because of his connection with Borrow. Doubtless it was fumigated by the Romans after Pepe's departure. [2] *Bible in Spain*, ii., 200–209.

statement with mine, whereby you will see that 35 copies remain on hand here and in Pontevedra, and 950 rs. vn. [£9 10*s.*] in money for which you can draw on me at sight.

"On receipt of this I trust you will inform me where I am to despatch the Testaments and by what port. You must also send me a document on which the authorities here and at Pontevedra can act, otherwise they will not be able to carry out the orders of the Government.[1]

"The German of the Treasure [see vol. i., p. 270].

"I learned also by the *Voz de la Religion* that they arrested poor Antonio and took him to Alcalá and from there to Madrid because he distributed copies of the New Testament, which has so alarmed our clergy on account of the lack of Notes.[2]

"My family are grateful for your salutations, and desire me to present theirs in return, especially Ramon who will very soon be as tall as you.—Yours . . .

"F. Rey Roméro."

33. *Mr. Southern to Mr. Borrow*

Madrid, July 13, 1839.

"My dear Sir,—I have addressed a Note to the Government on the subject of your books and I have learned personally from the Minister that he saw no difficulty in giving orders for their exportation.

"The Government has become excessively severe respecting *heretical* proceedings, and I caution you most particularly to be on your guard.

"I am sorry I cannot give you a recommendation to Mr. Drummond Hay; I do not know him. I spoke of *Spanish* Consuls, over whom we have some authority.—Very truly yours,

"Henry Southern."

[1] The Archbishop of Santiago.

[2] This is a new version of the Guadalajara affair. See *Bible in Spain*, iii., pp. 163–166.

34. *George Borrow to Mr. Usóz*

(In Spanish.)

"Seville, July 28, 1839.

"My dear Friend,—I have received two letters from you —the last dated, Rome, 17th June. In that you speak of *two* former ones having remained unanswered; I assure that I can only account for one, the first in reply to mine [of February]; the other has doubtless perished on the way, since it has not reached me.

"I was greatly delighted with your last, and the news it gives me of the two men of letters with whom you have become acquainted in Rome; but I tell you plainly that you did very wrong not to call on Mezzofante and talk with him, notwithstanding the opinion of your friends that it was not worth the trouble. *No es bueno poner mucha confianza en las palabras de filólogos cuando se trata de la reputacion de los que siguen la misma carrera; porque no existe en el mundo, como ya le he dicho á V. repetidas veces, hombres más envidiosos y despreciables.*[1] Perhaps the only exception was Sir William Jones; but he was rather a philosopher than a philologer, and only made use of his knowledge of languages to facilitate his investigations in history and the study of man. He was a gentleman of large wealth, incapable of a mean action and accustomed to render to the men of letters of whom he spoke the full measure of praise that was due to them. He was not one of those contemptible characters who wallow like swine in the dust and gather a few roots with which they claim the reputation of a Scaliger or a Salmasius, founding it on four or five sorry emendations in the text of Tibullus or Pindar.

"As for the philological discoveries of your friend the Roman professor, which will 'serve to correct the nonsense found in the Vulgate,' I beg you to allow me to tell him that I do not believe one word of them. I make no doubt that your Lanci is a man of learning—you say so, and hence it must be true; but mere erudition, unaccompanied by sound judgment, is of

[1] See our *Preface* for the translation.

very little value. I know what keys for Bible interpretation are worth when they are derived from Oriental languages. Some years ago an acquaintance of mine proved to a demonstration with one of those keys that Eve was not deceived by a serpent, but by a baboon ! This extraordinary man was from Wales. He made a new translation of the entire Bible, with learned notes in which he tries, by means of the Oriental languages, to give a new sense to almost every line of the sacred text. The work is a most curious one and but little known, at least in England. By the way, I should not be surprised if the Italian had derived the greater part of his *discoveries* from this crazy Englishman's book—for crazy he was, although he knew sixty-four languages (!) Too well I know how far the people of the South are wont to dress themselves in the spoils of the North, and especially in those of the English.

" I have not forgotten that I promised to dedicate to you my *Gabicote ye Chipe Cali* which I hope to put to press in a few months. There is not a man in the world whom I esteem more, and I shall be glad to be able to offer you the *reliquiæ* of a language that has always interested me more than any other. Since I have been in Andalusia this last time, I have made efforts to collect all that those who call themselves *Maestros del Caló* had noted down. These people were not Gypsies, had no definite ideas about the language, and were, moreover, most illiterate men ; nevertheless they have written songs and even poems in what they call Gitano, although the Gitanos do not understand it. It is my intention to publish selections from those songs with observations on them. I should like to know whether you intend to return to Spain soon, for in that case I should hope to count on your co-operation. . . .— Yours . . . " George Borrow."

35. *Mr. Brackenbury to Mr. Borrow*

" British Consulate, Cadiz, Sept. 27, 1839.

" My dear Sir,—Your two letters were forwarded by the Steam Packet which sailed this morning, as was mine to Mr.

Brandram, of which, according to promise, I have great pleasure in sending you a copy.[1]

"I cannot fulfil my promise of handing you a copy of poor Davidson's letter,[2] for my son, the pro-consul, accompanied the sisters of J. N. R. Rycroft to San Lúcar, whence he has not returned, and I know not where the letter is.

"It will afford me much pleasure to hear from you, and great gratification to be in any manner useful to you within the limits of my Consular Jurisdiction.—Ever most sincerely yours,

"J. M. BRACKENBURY."

36. *Mr. Brackenbury, Cadiz, to Mr. Borrow, Madrid*

(Private.)

December, 27, 1839.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I wrote to the Captain General on the subject of the outrage perpetrated on you at Seville. As the redress was sought for and is to be obtained at Madrid by yourself and the British Minister, I did not take the same grounds that I should have taken had you remained at Seville. I however called for the punishment of the offender in this instance and for the Captain General's protection of British subjects hereafter—thus throwing the responsibility of good management in future upon him. I cannot send you a copy of my letter; indeed it would be of no value, for you have laid the axe at the root of the tree, and you will obtain redress, I have no doubt, through the best of all channels—that of the Representative of your Sovereign at this Court.

"We Consuls do very well for local grievances and with local Authorities; but your case is a national question, and will, as it ought to be, be dealt with accordingly. If you call on Mr. Jerningham and ask it for yourself, I dare say he will show you my letter to him and its enclosures. . . .—Yours ever faithfully and most obliged,

"J. M. BRACKENBURY."

[1] See our Vol. I., p. 325.

[2] See *Bible in Spain*, vol. iii., pp. 252–255—the Welshman's story.

37. *Hon. G. S. Jerningham to Mr. Borrow*

"Madrid, January 3rd, 1840.

"SIR,—In reply to your letter of the 26th ultimo, I have the honour to acquaint you, that I addressed a Note upon the subject of it to the Minister of State, which His Excellency has answered in a satisfactory tone.

"I enclose a Copy of the Minister's communication.

"I have the honour (etc.),

"G. S. JERNINGHAM.

"George Borrow, Esq."

38. *Mr. Brackenbury to Mr. Borrow*

"British Consulate, Cadiz, February 18th, 1840.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have been reflecting a good deal upon your two last letters—those I mean of the 19th ultimo and of the 4th inst.—and I really think that it would be better for you to address me officially upon the subject, which letter, together with my reply, I would transmit to Her Britannick Majesty's Legation at Madrid. You would in that case have their support in their representation to Government of the hardship of Protestants being debarred from entering into the holy state of Matrimony in Spain without being compelled to subscribe to the forms of the Roman Catholic Religion. Because, if we cannot get the system amended diplomatically, you will have your own strong case to bring before Parliament, should you resolve on calling the attention of the Legislature to a subject of so much importance to Protestants residing in Spain.

"The horse which I enquired about was not the one which you purpose taking to England [Sidi Habismilk], but the one which you do not—and that with a view to my own riding, if the hack in question be in your opinion strong enough to carry me. Of this you will perhaps take the trouble to acquaint me.—Faithfully yours,

J. M. BRACKENBURY."

39. *Mr. Brackenbury to Mr. Borrow*

" Cadiz, March 16th, 1840.

" My dear Sir,—In reply to my enquiries, I am told by the agents of the Peninsular Steam Navigation Company, that they will take care to have a Box provided for your horse ; but that the horse must be shipped by yourself, as they have no boats adapted for the shipping of cattle.

" Your places—or rather berths—I will have secured. The first packet which leaves here after the first of April will, in due course, be on Friday the third of April. Fares to be paid at Cadiz—in cash.

" The Packet which arrived yesterday brought me a letter from Mr. Jackson. They are very anxious in Earl Street about you, and have written one letter to me, and another to Mr. Williams ; but I have a discretionary power to withhold the letter, in case I should be able 'to favour the committee with some account respecting Mr. Borrow, of whose safety they are beginning to be somewhat apprehensive, as his last letter was dated Madrid, the 2nd January, which began thus : " To-morrow I depart in order to return to Seville, and I hope in a very short time I shall be able to bid adieu to the shores of Spain." From this intimation we have been led to expect his return without delay ; but one steamer has arrived after another, and yet no news of Mr. Borrow. I take the liberty of asking if you have heard anything of him since the beginning of the present year ; whether he has passed through Cadiz on his way home, or, in short, whether you know anything of his movements since the date of his last letter to us.'

" To these anxieties I shall reply that I had been requested some time ago to bespeak places in the first steamer from Cadiz after the 1st of April, which I had accordingly done in the one appointed to sail on the 3rd of April. Might it not be as well that you write a few lines also by the steamer of Friday morning?

" Respecting your horse. It may be difficult to get him on board the Steam Packet if the wind blows hard—if as it did last week, impossible. I mention this that you may make up

your mind what you will take for him at Cadiz in the event of your being forced to leave him here.

"United kind wishes from all at the Consulate.—Yours ever sincerely,

"J. M. BRACKENBURY.

"P. S.—My boatman, Medina, says he can sling your horse into a large *falucho* and out of it on board the Steam Packet. . . ."

40. *George Borrow to Mr. Murray*[1]

"58, Jermyn St., London [November, 1840].

"MY DEAR SIR,—I return you my best thanks for the remedy, from which I have already derived considerable benefit. When poured into the ear I found that, besides removing the pain to a great degree, it produces delicious slumber. Don't you think that it might be administered to horses having the influenza? This complaint is becoming quite alarming. Mrs. B. writes to me this morning that almost all the carriage horses in the neighbourhood [of Oulton] are afflicted by it, and she is anxious for her own.

"About the manuscript [of the *Gypsies of Spain*] I wish to observe that is was written by a country amanuensis and probably contains many ridiculous errata—such things will happen. I can at any time add two or three more chapters of personal narrative, should you wish it. I beg leave to direct your attention to the Sixth Chapter of the Second Part, where the Gypsy hags tell Queen Christina her *bahi* or fortune. I have the honour . . .

"GEORGE BORROW."

41. *Richard Ford to George Borrow*

"Hevitre [*sic*], Exeter, Feb. 14, 1841.

"MUY AMIGO MIO,[2]—I am again taking up my *Hand-Book on Spain*, and am now at the point of travelling on horseback, through the country [p. 49]. It is so long since I performed

[1] Mr. Murray's Collection.

[2] My dear friend.

one of these grand tours on my *jaca cordobesa*,[1] that I am anxious to have my recollections refreshed by your more recent, and I dare say greater, knowledge and experience in horse-flesh.

"I have just put down on the enclosed paper a few heads, on which I should be much obliged to you to note down, *any how*, at your leisure moments, what you think would be useful. If you will just put down what occurs to you, I will work it in, and I should like very much to send you that part of the book in proof, to have the benefit of your suggestions.

"I hope the *Zincali* gets on, and that *el crallis* Murray[2] animates his *Busnee* printers. I am, indeed, most curious to see the book, and you may count on an article in the *Q. Review*, which is the best of all advertisements. The weather here is now turned to rain and mud, instead of ice and snow; but I console myself with *pollo con arroz*[3] and *vino legitmo de Valdepeñas*[4], which I can give you here *cuando usted guste favorecerme. En el interin, mande v.m. con toda franqueza á este S.S.S. y amigo Q.S.M.B.*[5]

"RICHD. FORD.

"P.S.—The sooner you can send me my hints, the more I shall be obliged for them."

42. *Ford to Borrow*

"Hevitre, Feb. 18, 1841.

"MUY AMIGO MIO,—Many thanks for your letter. I shall work in much of the contents, especially your advice on travelling, which is pretty nearly what I used to adopt, except the *two* feeds of a morning.

"'*Misa y cebada*
No estorban jornada.
El ojo del amo engorda al caballo.'[6]

---

[1] Cordova pony.

[2] King Murray.

[3] Chicken boiled with rice, Spanish-peppers, and *almejas*.

[4] Genuine Valdepeñas wine.

[5] When you please to favour me with a call. Meantime command with all freedom this faithful servant and friend of yours, who kisses your hand.

[6] Mass and barley delay not the journey [nothing lost by prayer and provender]. The master's eye fattens the horse.

"You may depend upon my doing the *Gitanos* in the *Q. Rev.*; and what I should most like would be that you would run down here and look over the paper before it is finally printed. . . .

"What you have said about horses comes in very much with my experience. I have given a page or two to the ancient horses of Spain, and the causes of the present decay. From all I hear from there, the breed of the good *jaca andaluza*[1] bids fair to become extinct.—Ever yours most truly,

"RICHD. FORD.

"P.S.—Some of the *chalanes*[2] at the *feria de Mairena*[3] were rogues enough to have 'done' Mr. Tattersall himself. I think they only wanted the greater practice of our *sin par*[4] Jockies to come very near them. But England is far before the world in hunting, coaching, driving, and other matters in which the horse is the moving machine. There was an old *Picador*,[5] a rough rider, at Seville, who would have done honour to Smithfield. I agree with you, however, in giving the palm to our knowing ones.

43. *Dr. John Bowring to George Borrow*

"Exeter, 23rd April, 1841.

"MY DEAR BORROW,—I have written and sent a short notice of your Book to the *Westminster*, as much as I could obtain room for, and I will try to aid you in the *Chronicle*.

"By the way, you do not appear to have seen Genl. Harriott's Notice of the Gypsy Language of Hindostan. I think I called your attention to it formerly. You will find it—if not elsewhere—in the Library of the Asiatic Society[6] (etc).—I am, yours truly,

"JOHN BOWRING."

[1] Andalusian pony.
[2] Jockies.
[3] May fair at Mairéna, near Seville.
[4] Matchless.
[5] Mounted pikemen in bull-fights.
[6] *Observations on the Oriental Origin of the Romnichal, etc.*, 1830. In *Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society*, vol. ii., pp. 518–588.

44. *Richard Ford to George Borrow*

"[Hevitre, Apr. 24, 1841], Saturday Evening.

"MI APRECIABLE AMIGO,—The *Gipsies* are arrived, and I have again run them through with increased information and pleasure. You may depend on a light and agreeable article; but you must wait at least until the October number, for the next is full and so are my hands. Meantime, I have several times mentioned the work in my Hand-Book, and now send you the proof-sheet more particularly *Gitanesque;* in case you would like to make any alterations, pray do so in pencil, on a separate slip, and I will attend to them. . . .

"RICHD. FORD."

45. *Richard Ford to George Borrow*

"Hevitre, Monday, June 7, 1841.

"MI ESTIMADO AMIGO,—I am glad that you think me one of the *Errate.* I am half afraid that John Murray *hijo*, showed you sundry critiques which I wrote to him on the *Gipsies* in manuscript. Therefore it is needless to say more than that I then gave my honest opinion and one which has not altogether turned out so wrong. . . .

"You should look at a book which is just come out—*Sephardim, or the History of the Jews in Spain*, by James Finn [Lond., 1841]. It contains a good deal of stuff, although I do not agree with him in his earlier opinions, thinking that the Jews were settled in Spain from a very remote period.

"When do you think of publishing [the *Bible in Spain*]? I repeat this question on account of the review. The *Q. R.* will soon be out, and I shall certainly not be able to undertake *Gipsies* before the October number, if even then, but I meditate it certainly for the January. Now, if your book be out this winter, both might be taken together, and it would help them both. So let me know. . . .

"It will be very curious indeed if you would work out your notions on the Basques. You should look at a book of Wilhelm von Humboldt, one of the greatest Philologists we ever

had, and who went into Biscay on purpose to study the subject. It is called *Urbewohner von Hispanien.* I do not think people would care much about Pushkin. Russian subjects do not interest. People regard them as barbarians, and what is more, heavy uninteresting barbarians—Scythians in Paris-cut coats. I would much rather—and I think it will be more to your credit—quote your adventures and languages from your own book. As to my book, half is done and printed. I have rather made it too good, which has taken so much time. I have given some two or three hundred pages—one of which would make two of common type—to Spanish literature, religion, manners, etc. I am now going to begin the practical part. Have you kept the names of any of the Inns in any towns, or have you merely put down '*la* posada'? If you have any, especially in the Lugo country, pray give me a list of them. . . .

"Richd. Ford."

46. *George Borrow to John Murray, Jun.*

"Oulton Hall, Augt. 23, 1841.

"My dear Sir,—It is quite possible that you will be glad to hear from me, and therefore I send you a line. I am tolerably well and have no doubt that I should be better, provided the weather were a little more genial; but it is truly melancholy—scarcely a gleam of sunshine. The farmers say that we shall have a wet harvest, which is a sorry prospect for me to whom the sun is so necessary.

"I live here quite retired, and have not the least idea of what is going on, save in my immediate neighbourhood. I still scribble occasionally for want of something better to do, and hope by the middle of November to have completed my *Bible in Spain.*

"A queer book will be this same *Bible in Spain*, containing all my queer adventures in that queer country, whilst engaged in distributing the Gospel, but neither learning, nor disquisitions, fine writing or poetry. A book with such a title and of this description can scarcely fail of success. It will make two

nice foolscap octavo volumes of about five hundred pages each.

"I have not heard from Ford since I last had the pleasure of seeing you. Is his book out? I hope he will not review the *Zincali* until the *Bible* is forthcome, when he may, if he please, kill two birds with one stone.

"I hear from St. Petersburg that there is a notice of the *Zincali* in the *Revue Britannique* which has been translated into Russian. Do you know anything about it?—Most sincerely yours,

"George Borrow."

47. *Ford to Borrow*

"123, Park St., Friday, Sept. 3d, 1841.

"Mi estimado Don Jorge,—I am going this afternoon out of town, to Cheltenham, and intend to amuse myself, while drinking the waters, with writing a paper on *los Zincalés* for the January *Quarterly*. I have got the review in *Blackwood's Magazine* of this month, which is worth your looking at. My object in now writing is to ask you in what other periodicals your book has been noticed. I rather think it was in the *Athenæum* and *Literary Gazette*. If you have the Numbers, either let me know what they are or send them all per post, and I will return them when I have looked them through.

"I am afraid the recent enactments in the Spanish Córtes[1] will deal a serious and a heavy blow to the Church, and that the fine Cathedrals will soon assume the beggarly and dilapidated appearance of those in infidel France. The clergy are now to be paid by the State, and it requires very little knowledge of *las cosas de España*[2] to guess that the pittance will *not* be paid, and then *adiós!*[3] all the pomp and circumstance of ecclesiastical art. . . .

"*Hand-Book* progresses slowly. It will come out next spring.

"I hope the waters [at Cheltenham] will put me in good

[1] Under the Regency of Espartero, 1841–43.

[2] Spanish ways.

[3] Good-bye to.

humour with you. I mean to make a light and agreeable paper, *si Dios quiere.* [1]

"Richd. Ford."

48. *Ford to Borrow*

'Cheltenham, Sept. 12th, 1841.

"Mi estimado Don Jorge,—I duly received the reviews. . . .

"How I wish you had elaborated the lexicon [of the *Gypsies*]! No one will ever be able to do it so well as you who possess not seven, but thirty, jargons. I enclose you a few additions which I dotted down this morning while reading it carefully over. It might be made a singular monument of curious philological research. I shall recur to this in my review. Now tell me :—

"1. Do you believe the *Callees* ever saw Christina at Madrid (vol. i., 317)?

"2. What is the meaning of the word *Kurreh* in *Corajai*, the Moors?

"3. Who assisted you in the information about the *Comunéros?* You are mistaken in thinking it new. Look into Robertson's *Charles the Fifth.* There is, moreover, an English translation of *Guevára.*

"4. Are many Gipsy words in English the same as those of the Spanish *Zincali?*

"5. *Focky*, whip, is not in your Lexicon. What is the exact word? or is it merely the staff, the word of authority of the leader—*Fokenan* [read *Fojenan*]?

"6. What is the particular dress Gypsies were enjoined to wear? Does it at all resemble the peculiar Jewish *arba*, the *four*-cornered garment worn by men under their dress? How I wish you had worked out the many strange resemblances between the Jews and Gypsies—those 'peeled people,' nations *in* nations, hated and despised, hating and despising! I think of giving a page to this.

"7. I intend to prove metempsychosis by your case and that

[1] If God please—God willing.

of Father Manso *muy manso*. I see all the reviewers have their joke at you ; they have all overlooked *Manso* and *Lillax* [ii., 57 and *68].

" 8. How do you account for the singular substantial chastity of the *Callees*, and their prurient practices? Is it oriental —a fear of mingling the pure *rate* and injuring the caste? . . . How much of the *diclé* is Egyptian, and of the other curious ceremonies—both Jewish and old Spanish? . . .

" Murray talked to me of [reviewing] the *Bible in Spain*. I am not sorry to review the *Gypsies* first, as I shall repeat the hints I gave you in writing. I do hope that you will avoid poetry and Spanish prose.

" If you wish me to say or add anything, now is your time, I am here because I am a little bilious and Hand-Booky. I intend to give three weeks to the waters and your *gabicote*. I am sorry to hear of your African projects ; that is a land from which few travellers return. You had better go to charming *Safacoro* and complete your lexicon, which the Oriental Society would be glad to print.

" You do not seem to know a book earlier than the one you mention [ii., 150] : ' The Life and Death of the English Rogue, to which is added an alphabetical canting dictionary, English before the Canting, for the better understanding of mumpers, and maunders, priggers and prancers, rum pad and rum padders. London, printed for Charles Sapinger (?) at the seven stars on London Bridge, 1679 '—a year before your book It is now before me, *y está muy á la disposicion de v. m.*" [End cut off].

49. *George Borrow to John Murray, Jun.*

" Oulton Hall, January 13, 1842.

" My dear Sir,—I have received the MS. and likewise your kind letter enclosing Mr. Murray's note for £127 8*s*. I stopped in Norwich a day or two longer than I had originally intended, or you would have heard from me ere now.

" Pray thank the Gentleman who perused the MS. in my name for his suggestions, which I will attend to. I find that

it was full of trifling mistakes, the fault of my amanuensis ; but I am going through it, and within three days shall have made all the necessary corrections.

"With respect to the Dialogues, I wish to observe that the lower classes in Spain are generally elevated in their style of conversation and scarcely ever descend to vulgarity, on which account such expressions as *can't* and *don't* may be dispensed with. . . . Each volume will consist of from 460 to 480–90 pages of highly interesting matter, of which I have more than a sufficiency. I am determined that not one dull chapter shall find its way into the work.

"With respect to terms, I have no doubt that we shall agree. I have the greatest respect and regard for both Mr. Murray and yourself, and I think of your interests fully as I do of my own. *Basta !*

"With respect to the *Quarterly*, cannot two birds be struck with one stone ? Cannot both books be noticed with one article ? The grand question is, by whom ? I should say by Ford and only by Ford. He is wonderfully up to everything which relates to Spain, and I am sure that no one could do the thing so well as he, provided he would but take pains. . . .

"Perhaps, however, I am interfering in what does not concern me ; in which case pray excuse me.—With kind remembrances to Mr. Murray, I remain,

"G. B."

50. *George Borrow to John Murray, Jun.*

"Oulton Hall, 22 Jany., 1842.

"My dear Sir,—We are losing time. I have corrected seven hundred consecutive pages of MS., and the remaining two hundred will be ready in a fortnight. I do not think there will be a dull page in the whole book, and I have made one or two very important alterations. The account of my imprisonment at Madrid cannot fail, I think, of being particularly interesting.

"I should have returned the MS. ere now, but I do not

know Mr. Woodfall's address ; perhaps I had better send it to yourself. Pray let me hear from you as soon as convenient. During the last week I have been chiefly engaged in horse-breaking. A most magnificent animal has found his way to this neighbourhood—a half-bred Arabian ; he is at present in the hands of a low horse-dealer. He can be bought for eight pounds, but no person will have him. It is said that he kills everybody who mounts him. I have been *charming* him, and have so far succeeded that at present he does not fling me more than once in five minutes. What a contemptible trade is the Author's compared with that of the jockey.—Ever yours,

"G. Borrow."

51. *Dawson Turner to George Borrow*

"Yarmouth, 17th February, 1842.

"A thousand thanks to you, my dear Sir, for your very interesting present,[1] which I shall prize among the principal treasures of my collection [of autograph MSS.], and trust that, if it please God I live, I may one day have the satisfaction of showing it to you in such a binding as may best illustrate the value I set upon it. You asked me if I had the Autograph of Peter the Great. I assure you I could not honestly say that I do not set a higher value upon your *Gypsies ;* for I have always endeavoured, in looking at my collection, to banish all idea of its worth in Pounds, Shillings, and Pence ; and of the Czar I could have only a signature, whereas, in the other case, I have the reflection of the mind, which is what I particularly wish for.

"It is not, however, the Autographs, for which I have alone or even principally, to thank you. For your kindness in calling upon me[2] I feel in the greatest degree obliged, and I hope I shall give you the strongest proof how much I was gratified by your society, when I earnestly beg that you will give me as much of it as you can, before you start for Constantinople.[3]

[1] Autograph MS. of the *Gypsies of Spain.*

[2] January 10 to 12, 1842.

[3] Did not start till 1844.

Next week I am engaged to pass with Mr. Hudson Gurney, but I shall be home on Saturday sennight [26th], and the sooner after that you will favour me with your company and allow me to show you Mr. Gunthorpe's pictures and Mr. Sherrington's Cromes—(name your own day, for I have not a single engagement)—the more agreeable will it be to,—My dear Sir, yours most truly,

"Dawson Turner."

52.—*George Borrow to John Murray, Jun.*

"Oulton Hall, February 22nd, 1842.

"My dear Sir,—By this night's mail I send you the first volume of the *Bible in Spain*, which, as far as I can judge, will consist when printed of 460 to 470 pages. You will find it complete, with the exception of the Chapters XVIII. and XIX., which chiefly contain extracts from letters relative to the printing of the New Testament at Madrid. The present volume comprises nearly one hundred pages which you have not yet seen, and gives, amongst other things, a description of the insurrection at Madrid (Chapter XIV.), and the death of General Quesada.

"The second volume contains an equal number of pages, about two-thirds of which you have already seen. Some hundred and sixty pages are devoted to my imprisonment at Madrid and certain adventures in the two Castiles and Andalusia, from which latter Province I flee into Barbary, and there I think it will be best to bring the book *suddenly* to a conclusion. . . . I have no doubt of the success of this work, the subject being quite new and treated in a popular manner.

"I spent a day last week with our friend Dawson Turner at Yarmouth [Feb. 16th]. What capital port he keeps! He gave me some twenty years old and of nearly the finest flavour that I ever tasted. There are few better things than old books, old pictures, and old port, and he seems to have plenty of all three.—Ever truly yours,

"George Borrow."

53.—*George Borrow to John Murray, Jun.*

"Lowestoft, May 10, 1842.

"My dear Sir,—Happening to be at Lowestoft I have just received your note. It is extraordinary enough that I was coming up to London to-morrow. I hope to see you on Thursday [12th]. I make no doubt that we shall be able to come to terms. I like not the idea of applying to second rate people.

"I have been dreadfully unwell since I last heard from you —a regular nervous attack.[1] At present I have a bad cough, caught by getting up at night in pursuit of poachers and thieves. A horrible neighbourhood this—not a magistate that dares do his duty. With best respects to Mr. Murray [Sen.]—I remain . . . "G. B.

"P. S.—Ford's book *not out yet!*"

54.—*George Borrow to John Murray, Jun.*

"Oulton Hall, [July 4th, 1842].

"My dear Sir,—As I suppose that by this time you have received the balance [of copy] which I caused to be remitted to London a week ago, I herewith send the account which I will trouble you to receipt and then return.

"I have received a letter from Mr. Woodfall,[2] in which he informs me that the work is at a standstill for want of paper, giving me at the same time to understand that it is intentionally delayed. You are aware that when I had last the pleasure of seeing you, it was agreed that the book should be brought out on the first of October, which, as every one is aware, is the best time in the year for publishing, and at which time a great many of my friends expect to see it. Now I do not wish them to be disappointed, more especially as I have frequently assured them since my return from London [in May] that there was no doubt of its appearance at that time. I therefore must beg an immediate answer to the ques-

[1] See the dog-correspondence, or the Rev. Denniss and Geo. Borrow in our Vol. II., pp. 38–39, for the cause of the nervous attack.

[2] Geo. Woodfall & Son, Angel Court, Skinner Street, were the printers of Borrow's works. This is the son—H. D. Woodfall.

tion : Why this delay ? I have been expecting to hear from you for some days past. Mr. W. tells me that the state of the trade is wretched. Well and good ! But you yourself told me so two months ago when you wrote requesting that I would give you the preference, provided I had not made arrangements with other publishers.

" Between ourselves, my dear friend, I wish the state of the trade were ten times worse than it is, and then things would find their true level ; an original work would be properly appreciated, and a set of people who have no pretentions to write, having nothing to communicate but tea-table twaddle, could no longer be palmed off upon the public as mighty lions and lionesses.

" But to the question. What are your intentions with respect to the *Bible in Spain ?* I am a frank man and frankness never offends me. Has anybody put you out of conceit with the book ? There is no lack of critics, especially in your neighbourhood. Tell me frankly and I will drink your health in Rommany.

" Or, would the appearance of the *Bible* on the first of October interfere with the avatar, first or second, of some very wonderful lion or divinity, to whom George Borrow, who is neither, must of course give place ? Be frank with me, my dear Sir, and I will drink your health in Rommany and Madeira.

" In case of either of the above possibilities being the fact, allow me to assure you that I am quite willing to release you from your share of the agreement into which we entered. At the same time I do not intend to let the work fall to the ground, as it has been promised to the public. Unless you go on with it I shall remit to Woodfall the necessary money for the purchase of paper, and when it is ready offer it to the world. If it be but allowed fair play, I have no doubt of its success. It is an original book, on an original subject.

" To-morrow, July 5th, I am thirty-nine. Have the kindness to drink my health in Madeira.

" With kind rememberances to Mr. Murray—I remain . . .

" George Borrow."

55. *G. Borrow to J. Murray, Jun.*

"Oulton, Hall, November 25, 1842.

"My dear Sir,—I returned yesterday the last proof, consisting of the Preface, etc., so that at present the book is complete. A capital thought that of your father's—a Table of Contents at the commencement of each volume. I glanced over them all; what a strange bill of fare! *Eh bien, nous verrons.*

"All last week the printing people were employed upon almanacks which rather delayed the work. I wish, however, to say that more comfortable folks to deal with, or more obliging, can scarcely be found. . . .

"Only think, poor Allan Cunningham dead![1] A young man—only fifty-eight—tall and strong as a giant. Might have lived to a hundred and one, but he bothered himself about the affairs of this world far too much. That statue-shop was his bane; took to book-making likewise—in a word, too fond of Mammon. Awful death—no preparation—came literally upon him like a thief in the dark. Am thinking of writing a short life of him. Old friend—twenty years' standing. Knew a good deal about him. *Traditional Tales* his best work; first appeared in *London Magazine.*

"Pray send Dr. Bowring a copy of *Bible.* Lives No. 1, Queen Square, Westminster—another old friend. Send one to Ford—capital fellow. Respects to Mr. Murray. God bless you. Feel quite melancholy.—Ever yours,

"G. Borrow."

56. *Richard Ford to George Borrow*

"Hevitre, Thursday [December 1, 1842].

"Bátŭschcă Borrow,—The enclosed—you will think my letters are enclosure acts from Murray—will let you see that I have unwittingly aided the purchase of the Argeline colt,[2] but I have written to tell him that there was no collusion to

[1] 1784–1842. [2] The foal of "Sidi Habismilk."

'do' the *Busnó de los Gabicotes*,[1] or to *hockawar* him out of his *barias*.[2]

"I have got the Third Volume and the Preface [of the *Bible in Spain*]. The latter is truly well written, modest, winning, and effective. Depend upon it the book will take, will *sell*, and that your name will be up in the Row. The *Q. Review* is detained by an accident, but will soon be out, and usher in your work like a pilot balloon. I am sure justice will be done you, not perhaps so *in extenso* as I am now doing [for the *Edinburgh Review*]. The last volume [of the *Bible*] is most delectable, and to me who delight in Brackenbury, knew Hay—'a consul, *ergo* a prig'—most interesting. As for *el Greco*,[3] I have bought hundreds of volumes of him, and was his best customer at Seville; but I cut him at last, because—unlike Antonio—he was a Greek and had no honour.[4]

"I am here interrupted and must conclude. . . . Murray tells me that the *Bible* will come out about the 10th. Ere that, *Deo volente*, my review will be in the Editor's hands at Edinburgh. *Vive valeque.*

"Whenever you are low spirited, remember that in fifty-four hours you are at Coruña from Falmouth, and you can take me in the way and smoke a calumet. Depend upon it, the *Bible in Spain* will be successful, if I can tell *bahi*." [5]

57. *Mr. Borrow to Mr. Murray, Jun.*

"Lowestoft, December 5th, 1842.

"My dear Sir,—I received your kind letter containing the bills. It was very friendly in you, and I thank you, though, thank God, I have no Christmas bills to settle. Money, however, always acceptable. I dare say I shall be in London

[1] The Gentile of the Books—Mr. Murray.

[2] To cheat him out of his money.

[3] Dionysius, the Seville (afterwards Madrid) bookseller. See *Bible in Spain*, 277.

[4] *Bible in Spain*, p. 112.

[5] Fortunes—*baji*, in *Spanish Gypsy*. No signature—only a *rúbrica*.

with the entrance of the New Year ; I shall be most happy to see you, and still more your father, whose jokes do one good. I wish all the world were as gay as he. A gentleman drowned himself last week on my property. I wish he had gone somewhere else.

"I can't get poor Allan [Cunningham] out of my head. When I come up I intend to go and see his wife. What a woman !

"Had another letter from Ford ; wonderful fellow ; seems in high spirits. Yesterday read *Letters from the Baltic ;*[1] much pleased with it ; very clever writer ; critique in *Despatch* harsh and unjust ; quite uncalled for ; blackguard affair altogether.—Ever yours,

"George Borrow."

58. *Mr. Ford to Mr. Murray*

"Hevitre, Exeter, December 10, 1842.

"Dear Sir,—. . . I read Borrow with great delight all the way down per rail, and it shortened the rapid flight of that velocipede. You may depend upon it that the book will *sell*, which, after all, is the rub. It is the antipodes of Lord Carnarvon,[2] and yet how they tally, in whatever they have in common, and that is much—the people, the scenery of Galicia and the suspicions and absurdities of Spanish Jacks-in-office, who yield not in insolence or ignorance to any liberal red-tapists hatched in the hotbeds of jobbery and utilitarian mare's nests. . . . Borrow spares none of them. He hits right and left and floors his man wherever he meets him. I am pleased with his honest sincerity of purpose and his graphic abrupt style. It is like an old Spanish ballad, leaping in *res medias*, going from incident to incident, bang, bang, bang ! hops, steps and jumps like a cracker, and leaving off like one, when you wish he would give you another touch or *coup de grâce*. He was improved as a writer ; there are fewer

[1] By Elizabeth Rigby, of Norwich (Lady Eastlake). London, 1842.

[2] *Portugal, and Gallicia, with a Review of the State of the Basque Provinces*. London. Murray, 1836, 2 vols., 8vo.

sticking places, less poetry and quotation from ponderous Spaniards. He has taken my advice in good part. Here and there he has got swamped in that damnable slough—fine writing ; but on the whole he has been true to himself and his theme. He really sometimes puts me in mind of Gil Blas ; but he has not the sneer of the Frenchman, nor the gilding of the bad.

" He has a touch of Bunyan, and, like that enthusiastic tinker, hammers away, *á lo Gitano*, whenever he thinks he can whack the Devil, or his man-of-all-work on earth—the Pope. Therein he resembles my friend—and everybody's friend—*Punch*, who, amidst all his adventures, never spares the black one.

" However, I am not going to review him *now ;* for I know that Mr. Lockhart has expressed a wish that I should do it for the *Quarterly*. Now, a wish from my liege master is a command. I had half engaged elsewhere, thinking that he did not quite appreciate such a *trump* as I know Borrow to be. He is as full of meat as an egg, and a fresh-laid one—not one of your Inglis breed, long addled by over book-making. Borrow will lay you golden eggs, and hatch them after the ways of Egypt. Put salt on his tail and secure him in your coup, and beware how any poacher coaxes him with raisins or reasons out of the Albemarle preserves.

" When you see Mr. Lockhart tell him that I will do the paper. . . . I owe my entire allegiance to the *Q. R.* flag, and when 'called out' will ever fall into the ranks. . . . By the way, you really should print at the end [of the *Bible in Spain*] a glossary of the words used in the text. Borrow is a polyglot, and talking to Jews and Mesopotamians—*entre Duero y Miño*—each in their own lingo, forgets that country gentlemen at home do not understand these strange things. Of course, having all these idioms at the tip of his tongue, he selects exactly that one which best hits off the exact intention of his mind ; and all languages have some of their own phrases, which, like national dishes, are peculiar and have a flavour—an *ajo*—a *borracha*—which is lost in translation. Perhaps my understanding the full force of this '*gracia*'

makes me overpartial to this wild missionary; but I have ridden over the same tracks, without the tracts, seen the same people and know that he is true, and I believe that he believes all that he writes to be true. . . .—Ever yours,

"RICHD. FORD."

59.—*George Borrow to John Murray, Jun.*

"Oulton Hall, 27 December, 1842.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Could you manage to have the enclosed letter conveyed to the Editor of the *Times* newspaper? In his review of the *Bible* he infers that I am not a member of the Church of England. This of course must be contradicted. There is likewise another point to which I have called his attention. I should wish the letter to appear, if possible, in the *Times*.

"I often wonder how we are getting on. I knew the book would cause a sensation, but the public is a queer jade after all, and 27*s*. do not suit every person's finances. Should another edition be likely to be called for, let me know.

"Best respects to Mr. Murray and a merry Christmas to you all.—Sincerely yours,

"G. B."

60.—*George Borrow to John Murray*

"Oulton Hall, 31 Decbr., 1842.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in acknowledging your very kind letter of the 28th, and I am happy to hear that matters are going on so prosperously. It is quite useless to write books unless they sell, and the public has of late become so fastidious that it is no easy matter to please it.

"With respect to the critique in the *Times*, I fully agree with you that it was harsh and unjust, and the passages selected by no means calculated to afford a fair idea of the contents of the work. A book, however, like the *Bible in Spain* can scarcely be published without awaking considerable hostility; and I have been so long used to receiving hard knocks that they make no impression upon me. After all, the abuse

of the *Times* is better than its silence. It would scarcely have attacked the work unless it had deemed it of some importance —and so the public will think. All I can say is that I did my best, never writing but when the fit took me, and never delivering anything to my amanuensis but what I was perfectly satisfied with.

"You ask my opinion of the review in the *Quarterly*. Very good—very clever—very neatly done. Only one fault to find—too laudatory. I am by no means the person that the review had the kindness to represent me.

"I hope you are getting on well as to health. Strange weather this—very unwholesome, I believe, both for man and beast. Several people dead and great mortality amongst the cattle. Am tolerably well myself, but get but little rest—disagreeable dreams—digestion not quite so good as I could wish. Been on the water system—won't do—have left it off, and am now taking lessons in singing.

"I hope to be in London towards the end of next month, and reckon much on the pleasure of seeing you. On Monday I shall mount my horse and ride into Norfolk to pay a visit to a few old friends. Yesterday the son of our excellent Dawson Turner rode over to see me. Our friend, Joseph Gurney, seems to be in a strange way—Diabetes, I hear.—Yours,

"George Borrow."

61. *Mr. Borrow to Mr. Murray, Jun.*

"Oulton Hall, January 21, 1843.

"My dear Sir,—I have been absent during the last fortnight on a wandering tour about Norfolk; putting up at dead of night in country towns and small villages. I am just returned, myself very tired and my horse knocked up.

"With respect to the reprint [of the *B. in S.*], the alterations required will not be very important, so the printers can get to work when they please. I intend to introduce fewer Spanish words, putting the English equivalents instead. I shall alter nothing else. The *B. in S.* was not written in a

hurry. Pray tell Woodfall's people to be very careful, as they will not have me now to inspect the proof. I am glad the book sold, as much on your account as on my own. I do not forget, dear Sir, that it was you [who] brought me out, and I feel deeply grateful for all the kindness I have experienced at your hands.

"Of how many copies did the first edition consist? Pity that you did not stick to your original intention of printing 1500! I was conscious that there was vitality in the book and knew that it must sell. *I read nothing, and drew entirely from my own well.* Will you have the kindness to send me a rough estimate of the profits? . . .

"I think it will be as well to write a brief Preface for the second edition. What do you think? Next Monday about 'Gypsies.' Can you inform me whether I was reviewed in the *Despatch*, *Satirist*, etc.? Should like to see what they said. —Ever sincerely yours,

"George Borrow."

62. *Mr. Borrow to Mr. Murray, Jun.*

"Oulton Hall, January 27, 1843.

"Don't be offended, but when I got home yesterday I looked over the *Gypsies* and find that there is far more connection between the first and second volumes than I had imagined. I therefore beg you as a favour to let the matter be as it is. I should be loath to send anything into the world save what perfectly satisfies me, and it would take nearly a month to refashion the book, and I believe a month's mental labour at the present time would do me up. Now do not misunderstand me. There is no pretence, humbug, or affectation in all this. I assure you that I am above that kind of thing, and when I tell you that I am far from well I have told you the naked truth. . . .

"I think we shall be able to make a fine thing of the *Bible*. From all quarters I receive complimentary letters from people whom I know nothing about. When will this new edition be out? When it is, pray send me two copies. I dare say you

are quite right about the trade, but we certainly ought to have had a much larger edition from the first. The past, however, cannot be recalled. Perhaps next time we may publish an edition for the million. Why not? People will have it that the book is quite as entertaining as one or two which I forbear to mention.

"I wish to know at what expense you have been for packet from Russia—newspapers, etc. Pray charge all in account, not forgetting *Quarterly*. Ford out yet? Secure copyright of *Gypsies*; otherwise there may be a pirated edition.—Ever yours,

"George Borrow."

63. *Mr. Borrow to Mr. Murray, Jun.*

"Oulton Hall, February 25, 1843.

"My dear Sir,—I have received your letter of the 24th with the cards and letters. With respect to the Royal Institution, I hardly know what to say. Had it been the Royal Academy I should have consented at once, and do hereby empower you to accept in my name any offer which may be made from that quarter. I should like very much to become an Academician, the thing would just suit me, more especially as 'they do not want *clever* men, but *safe* men.' Now I am safe enough; ask the Bible Society, whose secrets I have kept so much to their satisfaction that they have just accepted at my hands an English-Gypsy Gospel *gratis*.

"What would the Institute expect me to write? I have exhausted Spain and the Gypsies. Would an essay on 'the Welsh language and literature' suit, with an account of the Celtic tongues? Or, would something about the ancient North and its literature be more acceptable?—I have just received an invitation to join the Ethnological Society (who are they?) which I have declined. At present I am in great demand. A Bishop has just requested me to visit him. The worst of these Bishops is that they are all skinflints, saving for their families; their *cuisine* is bad and their Port wine execrable, and as for their cigars—— I say, do you remember those

precious ones of the Sanctuary? A few days ago one of them turned up again; I found it in my great coat pocket. I thought of you.

"I have read the article in the *Edinburgh* about the *Bible*[1] —exceedingly brilliant and clever, but rather too epigrammatic —quotations scanty and not correct. Ford is certainly a most astonishing fellow; he quite flabbergasts me—hand-books, reviews, and I hear that he has just been writing a life of Velasquez for the *Penny Cyclopædia*. Who wrote the article *Ministerial Misrepresentations*? Could not be Macaulay—very poorly done—heavy to a degree—could not get through it.

"It was the printer's fault, and not mine, that there has been delay; they had copy enough; all this week I have been expecting a proof in vain. I have written a second Preface, very funny, but wild. I should wish you to see it before it is struck off.[2] Do you think another edition of the *Bible* [the 3d] will be wanted soon? If so, I must write another preface for that also.[3]

"Kind remembrances to Mr Murray (II) and the Ladies.—Ever sincerely yours,

"George Borrow."

64.—*George Borrow to John Murray, Jun.*

"Oulton Hall, March 13, 1843.

"My dear Sir,—I have received your letter of Saturday, (Mch. 11th), and in the first place I am sorry to hear that Mr. Murray is unwell. Many others are in the same situation. My wife has a bad cold which distresses me much; but there is little but trouble in this world. I am nearly tired of it.

"So the Second Edition [of the *Bible in Spain*] is disposed of. Well and good. Now, my dear friend, have the kindness to send me an account of the profits of it, and let us come to a settlement for the two editions; after which I shall be happy

[1] *Edinburgh Review*, Feb., 1843, p. 105.

[2] All this refers to the second edition of the *Gypsies*, March, 1843, 2 vols., 8vo.

[3] Which was *not* done.

to print the edition you propose on the same terms. Up to the present time I do assure you I have not made a penny by writing, what with journeys to London and tarrying there. *Basta!* I hate to talk of money matters.

"Let them call me a nonentity if they will. I believe that some of those who say I am a phantom would alter their tone provided they were to ask me to a good dinner. Bottles emptied and fowls devoured are not exactly the feats of a phantom. No! I partake more of the nature of a Brownie or Robin Goodfellow—goblins, 't is true, but full of merriment and fun, and fond of good eating and drinking.

"As for my blowing my own trumpet—*absit.* Do you know that I have been more lauded abroad than at home. Do you read the *National*—no flatterer in general—the *Revue Britannique*, etc., etc.? The very *Sibernia Pshela* [*Sievérnaïa Ptchelá*] or *Northern Bee* is full of extracts and praises.

"With kind remembrances to Mr. Murray and all,—I remain (etc.),

"George Borrow."

65.—*George Borrow to John Murray, Jun.*

"Norwich, Willow Lane, March 27, 1843.

"My dear Sir,—I have received your account for the two editions [of the *Bible in Spain*]. I am perfectly satisfied. We will now, whenever you please, bring out a Third Edition.

"I am at present in Norwich with my mother who has been ill, but is now, thank God, recovering fast. She begs leave to send her kind remembrances to Mr. Murray. She knew him at Sandgate in Kent *forty-six* years ago, when he came to see his mother, Mrs. Paget. She was also acquainted with his sister, Miss Jane Murray, who used to ride on horseback with my mother on the Downs. She says Captain Paget once cooked a dinner for Mrs. P. and herself, and sat down to table with his cook's apron on. Is not this funny? Does it not 'beat the Union,' as the Yankees say?[1]

[1] Mr. John Murray, No. 1, died in 1793. His widow married, Sept. 28, 1795, Lieut Henry Paget, of the West Norfolk Militia. Her children by

"I hope by the end of next year that I shall have part of my Life ready for the press in three volumes, and that it will have as much success as the *Bible*. Should we get through with the present [2d] edition of the *Gypsies*, perhaps we may bring it out next in a cheaper shape. Pray let one copy be sent to Dawson Turner, and one to Mr. [Samuel] Roberts, Park Grange, Sheffield.

"With kind remembrances to Mr. Murray,—I remain . . .

"GEORGE BORROW."

66.—*George Borrow to John Murray, Jun.*

"Oulton, April 4th, 1843.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have hitherto delayed returning an answer to your last, from not having been able to form an opinion respecting the best course to be pursued in a third edition of the *Gypsies*. I scarcely know what to say. I am afraid that if we drop the price, former purchasers will consider themselves unfairly used. Perhaps it will be as well to wait until all the copies in the hands of the trade may have gone off, though I shall always be willing to defer to your very superior judgment in matters of business.

"By the by, what a fool that man Colburn has been making of himself in his prosecution of the *Atlas!* What do you think of the state of affairs? I hope the old Duke will at last give salt eel to that cowardly bawling vagabond O'Connell. I dare say the fine old chap knows what he is about. A friend of mine calls the present policy Fabian tactics, which are always best in the long run. I think the end of the Dublin bully will be a disgraceful one. I trust it will, for he is a humbug, without courage or one particle of manly feeling.

"Pray remember me to Ford, who is no humbug and is one of the few beings I care something about. . . . You were talking of two letters; they did not come in the parcel. I receive plenty, but rarely answer them.—Ever yours,

"GEORGE BORROW."

Mr. Murray were John Murray, No. 2 (b. 1778, d. 1843), Jane, and Mary Anne. The West Norfolk Militia were at Sandgate in 1797. See Vol. I., p. 22, *note*.

67.—*George Borrow to his Wife*

"[London, May 22, 1843], Monday.

"My dear Carreta,[1]—I received your letter this morning which I was glad of. I saw Cooke[2] on Saturday; he dined with us; and I saw John Murray to-day. About 2500 copies of the book have been sold—no bad number; but I shall talk to you about it when I come home. I dine with Cooke to-night and with Murray to-morrow.

"I hope you will take care of yourself, my dear. Kiss old hen, and believe me ever affectionately yours,

"George Borrow."

68. *George Borrow to John Murray, Jun.*

"Oulton, Lowestoft, June 17, 1843.

"My dear Sir,—I write you a line or two for the purpose of informing you concerning my whereabouts. I got home quite safe *viâ* Norwich and am happy to say have been tolerably well since I saw you last.

"Any thing worth mentioning? Have you seen the *picture* lately?[3] If so, how do you like it? Remember me kindly to Phillips when you see him. Horrible news from Ireland. I wish sincerely the blackguards would break out at once; they will never be quiet till they have got a sound licking, and the sooner the better. How is Mrs. Murray? better I hope. With kind regards to your father and sister—I remain, . . .

"G. B."

69. *Mr. Murray to Mr. Borrow*

"Albermale St., June 21st, 1843.

"My dear Borrow,—I was glad to hear of your welfare and am obliged by your note. I have now the agreeable intelligence to give you that the *Bible* is again out of print—and my father proposes to reprint 750 copies as before. These

[1] "Carréta" means a Spanish *dray-cart*. He probably intended *carita*, but he always uses the former.

[2] Robert Cooke, Esq., Mr. Murray's business associate.

[3] Borrow's portrait, painted by Phillips in May, '43.

in the same form would yield as much or more than 2000 in a cheaper form, and I fear we must not innovate.

"I met Mrs. Opie at dinner the other day and found that she knew both you and Mrs. Borrow.[1] I have seen your portrait. Phillips is going to saw off a bit of the panel, which will give you your proper and characteristic height. Next year you will doubtless cut a great figure in the Exhibition. It is the best thing young Phillips has done.

"Did you receive a note from Mme. Simpkinson which I forwarded about ten days ago? I have not seen her since your abrupt departure from her house.

"I am glad to hear that you are better. I have no doubt the long walk which I gave you from Richmond contributed to your improvement. When are you to come up again?—Yours, my dear Borrow, very sincerely,

"J. Murray, Jr."

70. *George Borrow to John Murray, Jun.*

"Oulton, Lowestoft, June 24, 1843.

"My dear Sir,—I have received your letter and am not sorry to hear that the *Bible* is once more out of print. What can have caused this sudden start? When I left town only three weeks ago 170 of the last thousand remained unsold.

"I perfectly agree with you with respect to the inexpediency of a cheap edition; it would moreover be acting unfairly towards former purchasers who would consider that they had been defrauded, and who in the event of any further publication would doubtless say: 'We will wait for the cheap edition.' I have strong hope that we shall be able to make something yet out of the *Bible*, as I have good reason for believing that it is making its way into private libraries. Have you seen the French Translation?

"You can give Mr. Woodfall your orders whenever you think proper. I should wish, however, to communicate with him, as I wish to make an alteration or two.

[1] Amelia Opie, daughter of James Alderson, of Norwich, born 1769, died December 2nd, 1853, aged 84. Miss Brightwell, of Norwich, wrote her Life, 1854.

"Would it be as well to write a Preface to this *fourth* edition, with a tirade or two against the Pope, and allusions to the great North Road; or shall the book go into the world again as it has done hitherto?

"If you please you may cause the account for the third edition to be be made out, and may get Papa to send me a bill as usual. I begin to take considerable pleasure in making money, which I hope is a good sign; for what is life unless we take pleasure in something?

"How many copies of the *Gypises* remain unsold? Why does not the public call for another edition of them? You see what an unconscionable rascal I am becoming. I say: When you advertise the fourth edition what do you think of an extract from Sir Robert Peel's eulogium on my labours in Spain?—I remain. . .

"G. B."

71. *Mr. Murray to Mr. Borrow*

"Albemarle St., July 10, 1843.

"My dear Sir,—Tribulation and deep distress have befallen me, as you must be aware, since I received your note of June 24th; and I have no doubt you will in consequence excuse my delay in replying to it.[1] I now, however, enclose you the accounts both of the *Bible* and the *Gypsies*, together with a note for the amount due to you from them, viz. £381 7*s.* 9*d.*, payable at the usual date nine months from 1st July.

"The new edition of the *Bible* [the 4th] is making rapid progress, but with due submission to you as author I would suggest that you should not abuse the Pope in the new preface. It is only raising up an ill-feeling against yourself, and I doubt if it will promote the sale.[2]

"In the course of a few weeks I shall be able to form an

[1] Mr. John Murray II. died the 27th June, 1843. The *three* John Murrays whom Borrow knew were the—

IInd. born 27 Nov., 1778, died June 27th, 1843—aged 65 years.
IIIrd, born 16 April, 1808, died April 2nd, 1892—aged 84 years.
IVth—the present publisher.

[2] The *Bible* had no new preface after the 1st edition.

opinion of the probable demand for a new edition of the *Gypsies* [the 3rd]. By all means write out for me Sir Robert Peel's eulogium.[1]

"I feel very desolate and sick at heart; but I am obliged to be on the alert; business cannot stand still. I feel assured of your kind sympathy, and remain, my dear Borrow,—Yours very sincerely,

"J. Murray.

"(The writer of the enclosed note is a worthy canon of St. Paul's, and has evidently seen only the 1st edition.)"

72. *Mr. Ford to Mr. Borrow*

"Hevitre, July 13, 1843.

"Batuschca Borrow,—I am delighted to have assurance under your hand and seal of your well doing, physically and financially. . . .

"I shall be rejoiced to do the needful in the way of an article,[2] and shall do it honestly and *con amore*, *derramando sal y canela*, *ajo y pimientos*. *Más vale una salsa pobre y pimientos asados*, *que no tener á su lado un usía desaforado*.[3] Your popularity is much owing to your taking the popular line, and scouting that scum of the earth *los Usías y Señorías* of Spain —*gente despreciable*.[4]

"Poor Alcalá [Galiano] is *moderado y muy moderado*.[5] I see Mendizábal and some others of the Beni Israel are again at the helm.[6] But as the Duke said, 'What can be done for this lost nation,' where jobbing, intrigue, lying and robbery, pervade every fraction of authority?

"I am meditating going to Weymouth with my Noah's ark,[7] as I am obliged to paint the house, and I am wanting a little

[1] Eulogium on Borrow's pluck in overcoming difficulties in Spain—speech in House of Commons, April 11th, 1843.

[2] Supposing that *Lavengro* was coming out soon.

[3] (Throwing in salt and cinnamon, garlic and Spanish peppers. Better poor sauce and baked peppers than to be forced to sit by the side of a pompous lordling.)

[4] Spanish lordlings—rubbish.

[5] A Tory of the Tories.

[6] *Bible in Spain*, p. 70, sm. ed.

[7] MS. Hand-Book.

rest after this Hand-Book job, which almost passes pleasure, it is so long, and I made it so much too long. However, *está por acabar*,[1] and I suppose Murray will soon be ready with his types. It will be a queerish book, and please neither Gaul nor Iberian—but it will be true.

"Poor old Murray! We shall not see his like again. He was a neutral ground between the trade and the author, and was a fine fellow in every respect. He has lived in great times—Bonaparte and Wellington, Byron and Scott! He will go down *bound* up with them, immortal as the English tongue. How the Son will reign in his stead, *qué sé yo? quién sabe? Dios sabe. Es asunto muy difícil y va largo. Pues, cachaza y verémos.*[2]

"If our distances were not so enormous, I would run down and have a look at the MS. [*Lavengro*] some time in the winter; or, if you liked to try a touch of our mild air and myrtles, *esta casa está muy á la disposicion de usted.*[3] There are some queer detachments of Gypsies in these parts, and we might find their *trail.* There are Valdepeñas and *garbanzos*, and, what is better, an earnest welcome.—Ever most truly yours,

"Richd. Ford."

73. *Mr. Borrow to Mr. Murray*

"Oulton, Lowestoft, July 14, 1843.

"My Dear Friend,—I received your letter of the [10th] inclosing the bills. Mr. Woodfall informs me that the 4th edition of the *Bible* will be printed off to-day, so that you may advertise immediately. I send you an extract from Sir Robert Peel's speech; he said a great deal about me in the House but the report in the newspaper was very scanty. I hope the present edition will be as successful as the last, for really the times are becoming so bad that money is highly acceptable. . . .

[1] It is all but finished.

[2] Favourite phrases of the old Spanish quidnuncs and *ojalateros*. (How do I know? Who knows? God knows! It is a very difficult question, and has far-reaching consequences. But patience, and we shall see.)

[3] (This house is quite at your service.)

"I have taken your advice and shall let *well* be. I have made no additions. The book has gone through three editions in its pristine shape, therefore why not let it be?

"Pray present my best respects to the Canon of St. Paul's and tell him from me that he is a *burro*, which meaneth Jackass, and that I wish he would mind his own business, which he might easily do by attending a little more to the accommodation of the public in his ugly Cathedral.

The person that wrote the *Letters from the Baltic* is a female —one Bess Rigby, whilome of Norwich and now giving concerts at Edinburgh. She is an old acquaintance of the *Bible in Spain*.

"Pray keep up your spirits, and that you may be able to do so, take long walks and drink plenty of Scotch ale with your dinner. Stick to business and publish nothing save what is sure to sell, viz., the works of Norfolk authors.—God bless You, "G. B."

74.—*Mr. Murray to Mr. Borrow*

"Albemarle St., July 27th, 1843.

"My dear Borrow,—We published your 4th edition [of the *Bible*] last week and have disposed of 301 copies. I have not yet ventured on sending [the 3rd edition of] *Gypsies* to press, but I hope 750 more will be called for.

"*Bible* was sent you to-day. Ford is coming up to town on Monday next. Thanks to a walk to and from Hampstead hill *daily* I am better—much obliged to you.—Very sincerely yours.

"J. Murray."

75.—*Mr. Borrow to Mr. Murray*

"Oulton, Lowestoft, August 24, 1843.

"Dear Friend,—I received your note, but too late to answer it by return of post.

"I should prefer an unmutilated edition of 750 copies to an abridgment of 1000. Therefore if it meets your approbation we will reprint the last edition [of *Gypsies*]. No alterations

are necessary. Watts will do the vocabulary and Woodfall the rest. I received a letter from the latter on Sunday [20] in which he tells me that business is flat. As far as you and myself are concerned I do not think he can complain. Six editions in seven months ! ! He is a thorough good fellow, however, and for his sake as well as for our own I wish they were sixty. I hope that by October another of the *Bible* will be called for. I must say that I should like to see it in a sixth edition ; but as you justly observe one must not lie upon one's oars.

"I must be getting ready something else ; I think what I am about will be as good as the last ; indeed, unless I were quite sure of the matter I would not publish it. How does your Hand-Book sell? How is Ford?—Ever yours,

"G. Borrow."

76.—*Mr. Borrow to Mr. Murray*

"Oulton, Lowestoft, Sept. 18, 1843.

"My dear Sir,—According to promise I write by to-day's post. I had a long chat with Mr. Dundas and think that such an edition as you propose is a speculation worth trying.[1] Indeed I have no doubt of its success. I therefore accept your terms of half profits. I likewise accept your offer of one half of the profits of the 4th edition which Mr. D. says is to be considered as sold from the present moment [there were only 750 copies printed]. Therefore you may disburse as soon as you please as I purpose buying a blood horse with the plunder. You might even send *part* in cash, if agreeable, as the bills come round rather slowly. I beg leave strongly to press upon you that the price of each number be half-a-crown instead of two shillings. Quite as many will be sold, and our profits will be greater. We must look to our interests, therefore my dear friend, pray be awake. One of the magistrates of this district is just dead. Present my compliments to Mr.

[1] A new edition of the *Bible in Spain* for the Home and Colonial Library, in two vols. or parts, the union of which form the present small edition, stereotyped since 1843.

Gladstone and tell him that the *Bible in Spain* would have no objection to become 'one of the great unpaid.'—Ever yours,

"G. Borrow.

"P. S.—I send two or three pages in which I wish an omission or two to be made. *Pray let me see a proof sheet of this part.* Tell the printers that they must leave out 'strange proposal' in the heading of Chap. V. as I have struck it out, but I repeat I must have a proof of all this Part."

77.—*Mr. Borrow to Mr. Murray*

"Oulton, Lowestoft, Oct. 2nd, 1843.

"My dear Friend,—I received your letter of the 29th Septr. and am glad to hear that we have made so prosperous a beginning, and hope sincerely that the future sale will correspond with your expectations. I hope also that the entire speculation, *vizt.* the Colonial Library, will be a successful one, but I tell you candidly that you must be cautious. In what you print there must be lots of interest and entertainment, but at the same time something more. Crisp the bookseller at Lowestoft no sooner saw the announcement of *Bracebridge Hall* than he shook his head and said 'This won't do, *an old book and a novel.*' For my part I am an admirer of *B. H.* and have no objection to it on the score of its being a novel, but I am afraid every person has read it. However it is no business of mine, and you may with great propriety tell me to mind my own business, but you know that I have a kind of sneaking regard—not for you, but for Albemarle St.

"Of how many copies will this first stereotyped edition consist? five thousand? Mr. Dundas told me so, and that my share would amount to about £260. I suppose however that the profits of the 2nd five thousand will be still greater, as there will be no expense for composition. If we can manage to sell 20,000, as you seem to hope, it will have been a capital hit and an encouragement to something more. . . .

"I have not yet seen the books you sent me. I shall dispatch two of them to the Bible Society. Dowton [or Dowson]

is broke and gone. *Mind whom you trust in Lowestoft.* With kind remembrances to Mrs. Murray and your sisters—I remain, Dear Sir, Ever Yours,

" G. Borrow.

" *P. S.*—Have the kindness to show this note to no person. " *2nd P. S.* I take the *Quarterly.* The last is a capital number ; the political article is particularly good."

78.—*Richard Ford to George Borrow*

" Hevitre, Oct. 3 [1843].

" Batuschca Borrow,—. . . I have returned here from Weymouth, and find my house and buildings very nice, and have only the bill to pay. *Friolera !*[1] Hand-Book is done, and will now take its chance on the waters. It is a *rum* book and has queer stuff in it, although much expurgated for the sake of Spain. There are some legends in it which will make you chuckle and expose the Mystery of Iniquity in all its real and working practice.

" Lockhart will review the book in the *Quarterly Review.* How I should like you to do it for the *Edinburgh Review !* Hayward who writes the droll papers says *he* will ; but then he knows nothing of Spain *y las cosas de España* What I want is something redolent of *Ajo* and the true flavour of the pig-skin. That only can be done by one who knows the land. Compare my papers on your *gabicotes* with those of Lockhart [in *Q. R.*] and Merivale—*Arcades ambo* and well-known men of talent. Think over this. Napier will rejoice and his pay is grand. *I had forty guineas for the 'Bible.'*

" There is just founded in London a sort of literary club and institute, which seems to me to be likely to succeed. It is very cheap—a country member is to pay £1 1*s.* per annum, and £2 2*s.* entrance. You will have food for the body and the mind. The enclosed will explain matters. Buckingham, I dare say, for a man of your celebrity, would do you the same turn which he has done me of small notoriety. Think there-

[1] A trifle ! (L. [*res*] *frivolaria.*)

fore of this, and when we meet in London we will dine quietly together and talk of the 'things of Egypt.' . . .

"I am alive—*y sin novedad.* I meditate a paper in the *Q. R.* on Sherry wine—*muy seco y oloroso.* . . . *Manténgase V. bueno y mande siempre a S.S.S., Q.S.M.B.*

"RICHD. FORD.

"Gayangos and Alcalá-Galiano are at Madrid. I will back Espartero against Narvaez." [Lost !]

79.—*Mr. Borrow to Mr. Murray*

"Oulton, Lowestoft, Oct. 25, 1843.

"MY DEAR SIR,—During the last fortnight I have been absent from home on a visit to my mother which must be my apology for not returning an early answer to your letter of the 17th. I am glad to learn that you have derived benefit from your trip into Essex. You wanted a little relaxation after so much application to business, and wear and tear of mind and body. . . . [ii. 37.]

"I wish the government would give me some command in Ireland which would call forth my energies. If there be an outbreak there, I shall apply to them at once, for my heart is with them in the present matter. I hope they will be firm, and they have nothing to fear. I am sure that the English nation will back them ; for the insolence and ingratitude of the Irish, and the cowardice of their humbug chief, have caused universal disgust.

"I am glad to hear that [the] Colonial goes on well. Pray let me know from time to time how many numbers of the *Bible* have been sold. Thank you for the *Banbury Guardian.* The notice in it of the book was a good and fair one. . . . —God bless you, my dear Friend,

"GEORGE BORROW."

80.—*Mr. Ford to Mr. Borrow*

"Hevitre, Thursday, Oct. 26 [1843].

"QUERIDO COMPADRE,—I am curious to know whether you have heard anything from Murray or Lockhart on the subject

of your proposed article. I have written several letters to Murray, recommending them to *bag* you forthwith, unless they are demented. I have not heard now for more than a week from my last letter to him in reply to one touching you; he seemed anxious to have your co-operation.

"I know the unbusinesslike habits and procrastinations (so do you) of Albemarle Street and can make allowance for the great pressure of correspondence, etc., and particularly now. '*Res dura* (bad times for the Row) *et regni novitas.*' The death of that Prince of Bibliopoles, poor dear old Murray, must have been a heavy and a serious blow. He will not be replaced in a hurry.

"Let me have a line as to what, if anything, has passed between you and the *Q. Review.* If they are so silly as to give themselves airs about the affair, you, as well as myself, know your value. Where will they get another? I who am much interested from political and past recollections for the *Q. R.* wish to see you among the brethren. If you cannot make your *own* terms, your name is a sufficient passport and introduction to any other editor.

"I can get no positive answer from Murray as to printing Handbook. I suppose it will be deferred until the Spring. No harm in that, as few people just now think of venturing into the Peninsula hornet's nest, and it will give me time to simmer and condense. Gayangos is at Madrid, and is appointed Arabic Professor with a salary of 20,000 reals [£200!]. Don't you wish he may get them? They talk of moving the Escorial library to Madrid. He has been of great use answering me sundry *preguntas* as to recent changes. It appears in spite of all the rows that Madrid is much improved. *Pobre España!* What is wanting is repose.—Ever most truly yours,

"Richd. Ford."

81.—*Mr. Borrow to Mr. Murray*

"[Oulton], Novr. 6th, 1843.

"My Dear Sir,—Many thanks for the perusal of Mr. Gladstone's letter. I esteem it a high honour that so distin-

guished a man should take sufficient interest in a work of mine as to suggest anything in emendation. I can have no possible objection to modify the passage alluded to. It contains some strange language, particularly the sentence about the 'scarlet lady,' which it would be perhaps as well to omit.[1] Should the work be taken up in the way you have mentioned, I should wish of my own accord to make two or three alterations. In the first vol. in treating of Portugal, a page or two of matter crept in which from the first I intended to cancel, indeed I wrote to the printers about the matter. We were, however, so pressed for time at last, and my mind was so overstrained and occupied in completing the work, that the affair was passed by. Yet in justice to myself I must be permitted to say that I believe no book ever yet issued from the press which contains less which the author could wish to be modified or omitted than the *Bible in Spain*, and the manner in which the public has received it (fastidious enough in these days), seems to warrant me in this belief.

"What horrible weather! You cannot think how wretched and desponding it makes me. It is strange, however, that I always write best in such a state. . . . By the by, I wish the Government had never entered on the prosecution of that trumpery fellow O'Connell; he would have sunk into contempt had he been left alone. As it is he will slip through their fingers like an eel, with the credit, too, of being a martyr.

I wish I were acquainted with Sir Robert Peel; I could give him many a useful hint with respect to Ireland and the Irish. I know both tolerably well. Whenever there's a row, I intend to go over with Sidi Habismilk and put myself at the head of a body of volunteers.—Ever Yours,

"George Borrow."

82. *Mr. Borrow to Mr. Murray*

"Oulton, Lowestoft, 15 Nov. [1843.]

"My Dear Friend,—I send herewith the alterations. The contents of the large paper are intended to be inserted in

[1] See following letter and note.

the first section of p. 28 (*Bible in Spain*—Colonial library) after 'their traffic in Lisbon,' in lieu of the rest of the Chapter about the Jews of Lisbon.

"The contents of the little slip relate to p. 316, 2nd part, and are intended to fill up the blank caused by the omission of the sentence about the strumpet etc.[1] We must not make any farther alterations here, otherwise the whole soliloquy which is full of vigour and poetry, and moreover of *truth*, would be entirely spoiled. As it is, I cannot help feeling that it is considerably damaged. I should be very much obliged to you for any observations on the other alteration when printed, for then you will be best able to form an opinion. I think it contains some curious and interesting matter. Pray let me have a proof.

"I return you many thanks for the papers. The notices of the book are certainly very flattering; I hope my next will not lower me in public estimation. I wish you had given me a hint some six months ago about that confounded club. It was our friend Ford that got me into it. I suppose it was merely a scheme to raise money. I have received a circular in which I am requested to persuade my friends whom I deem eligible, to join it—a likely affair, truly !—I remain, my Dear Sir, Ever Yours,

"George Borrow.

"The heading of Chap., V., Vol. I., must be altered. 'Bad Faith' must be omitted."

83. *Mr. Borrow to Mr. Murray*

"Oulton, Nov. 24, 1843.

"My dear Sir,—I return the proof and hope that the errata will be carefully attended to. I am glad to hear that the Colonial Library is going on so well. I hope, however,

[1] "No scarlet strumpet with a crown of false gold sat nursing an ugly changeling in a niche."—*Bible in Spain*, iii., 343. Replaced in small edition by: "The besetting sin of the pseudo-Christian Church did not stare me in the face in every corner." But this change would scandalize Mr. Gladstone and his High Church party no less than the original reading, to whom the Papal idolatry is *not* a pseudo-Christian Church.

that you will not be offended if I recommend you to be cautious. As long as it answers, go on. But the moment you find yourself playing a losing game, *back out.*

"I thank you for the papers. With respect to the one to which you have alluded in particular, I have only to observe that I pity the poor creatures who write in it. They are beneath contempt and must certainly be either old women or ——, I should say the latter, from the sound of their voices. So let them rail. They know full well that I possess something which they do not. They are a privileged race so let them rail—Pusey, Newman, or Wiseman—until the next 'Exaltation of the Holy Cross,' or till the day of doom.—Ever yours,

"George Borrow."

84. *Mr. Borrow to Mr. Murray*

"Oulton, Lowestoft, 29th Decbr., 1843.

"My dear Sir,—A merry Christmas! I hope you are well; I am tolerably. I have just heard from Ford who tells me that he is troubled with Bronchitis.

"A good *Quarterly;* but I am afraid that the review of Taylor will not dispose the public to think very advantageously either of the book or the man. I knew the latter well, and must become acquainted with the book on the first opportunity.[1]

"Any more copies of the *Bible* sold? I hope *Heber* is doing well. Good book, but rather dry. Poetry better than prose. Mrs. Heber a great bore. I remain, . . .

"George Borrow."

85. *Mr. Ford to Mr. Borrow*

"123, Park St., Grosvenor Square [Jan. 16, 1844.]

"Batuschca Borrow,—Here I am in the great *Ulilla*[2] and in all the usual fret and hurry, wear and tear of mind and bowels. I shall be truly glad to have a quiet day or so with you, far from pen and ink, attorneys and worries. How

[1] Robberds' *Life of William Taylor, of Norwich.* London, 1843.

[2] Ulilla, one of Borrow's Gypsy names for *Seville*—here London (—the *great* Seville).

would Wednesday the 24th suit you for me to come and remain until Saturday morning? Let me know, for a friend of mine is the Colonel of the Scots Greys at Ipswich and I would dine and sleep at his quarters on the 23d. How am I to get to Ipswich and then how am I to get on to you? Let me have my 'route.' . . .

"Hand-Book will go forthwith to press. I dine to-day at Lockhart's to meet sundry Blues—*eruditas á la violeta*—not that I admire that species of the feminine genus.—Ever most truly yours, "RICHD. FORD.

"*A los piés de la Señora.*"

86. *Mr. Borrow to Mr. Murray*

Oulton, Lowestoft, Feby. 3d, 1844.

"MY DEAR SIR,—It is so very long since I heard from you that I am anxious to know how matters are going on.

"You would oblige me by informing me how many copies of the Colonial Ed. of the *Bible in Spain* have been sold up to the 31st Jany. and likewise how many remain unsold of the 4th (27*s.*) edition.

"Mr. Ford has been on a visit to me [Jany. 24–27]. I took him to Yarmouth and Norwich, both of which places pleased him very much.

"I meditate coming up to London in the beginning of March with Mrs. B., who I am sorry to say has been very ill of late; perhaps a change of air may do her good.—Ever yours, "GEORGE BORROW."

87. *Mr. Borrow to Mr. Murray*

Oulton, Lowestoft, Feby. 5, 1844.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have received your cheque and likewise the account up to the 31st of Decr. last. Pray be careful that all future copies which are struck off appear with my last alterations. . . .

"I received the other day a copy of the *Life of William Taylor* from Mr. Robberds. It is admirably done, but unfortunately contains of necessity much which cannot fail to

shock the feelings or prejudices, call them which you will, of people in general. When you next write, pray tell me how it sells. I thought it was coldly reviewed in the *Examiner*, to say nothing of the *Quarterly*.

"We are coming up, not in June, but in the beginning of March. Mrs. B. requires not only change of air but scene.—I remain . . . "GEORGE BORROW."

88. *Mr. Ford to Mr. Borrow*

"123, Park Street, Feb. 6th, 1844.

"BATUSCHCA B.,—How is the bronchitis? *Y cómo está la Señora?* I hope this untimely frost and snow has not made her cough worse. Here we are all miserable enough. London is encased with a sloshy sooty snow, and filled with unfortunate mendicants. I have seen John Murray and whispered something in his ear. I hope ere this that the grand Colt is yours and paid for. The *Bible in Spain* continues to sell—*Vaya, vaya!* I enclosed Hayward's autograph to our Yarmouthian *huésped*, and have received an answer of thanks written in the choicest Armenian.[1]

"I am here for about a week longer, busy with *Hand-Book*, of which Section 1st, the most important and preliminary portion, is printed. The revising the press, etc., militates with Morpheus, and I lack those slumbers sound and sweet which I enjoyed so much *en la casa del necio*,[2] the result of pleasant chat, open air occupations, and no book or pen. Such are the pleasures of *el cueldo en la agena*,[2] and I consider you as my *proto-médico*. If your Bronchitis does not yield to time and sudorifics, why should you not come down to me and try my mild soft Western air? *Hay de todo en la casa del necio de allá, y buen agrado.*[3] Think of this.

[1] Mr. Dawson Turner—whose fine difficult penmanship is referred to.

[2] Spanish proverb: *Más sabe el necio en su casa, que el cuerdo* (*cueldo*) *en la agena* (*i.e.* the fool knows more in his own house than the wise man in a strange one); the fool's house was the host's, and the wise man in a strange one was the visitor, and so *vice versâ* when the host and guest exchanged places.

[3] There is a little of everything in the fool's house there, and earnest welcome.

"I have been trying my hand at *puro Rommany*. I met the other day a flock or flight of Gitanos, driven, I suppose, by stress of weather into town. I stopped one girl, saying: *Sharkin, Pen—Kosco devuss, Rommany chai.*[1] Had she been shot she could not have jumped more. She responded in a flood of the unknown tongue. I was chary of exposing my ignorance, and having muttered something about *staripen* and *pockliss*, crossed her palm with silver and vanished into thick fog with a *Kosko bakh.*

"If we wander over Russia together, I shall come back a perfect *Rum chabo.* "RICHD. FORD."

89. *Mr. Ford to Mr. Borrow*

"Hevitre, Feb. 17 [1844].

"BATUSCHCA BORROW,—I have not put together a volume of my reviews, because I have some thoughts of doing a paper for the *Q. R.* on 'Sherry wines,' which is a subject *muy legítimo generoso y oloroso.*[2] I have this day received a letter from Madrid, from Gayangos, *y dice: 'Si ve V. á Borrow, déle V. espresiones de mi parte, y dígale que Borrego está en Madrid, y que su Sancho (Antonio) anda tambien hecho un perdido, por esas calles de Dios. Dias pasados logré recoger un ejemplar de su Embeo e Majaro Lucas.'*[3] Gayangos seems to think that the Death of La Carlota may turn out to the advantage of her son, '*quien no seria estraño se casería con la Reina.*'[4]

"I much grieve to hear that Bronchitis still infests your dwelling, and that *la Señorita* (*C. P. B.*[5]) is now suffering. Keep her indoors and in bed until all symptoms are past.

[1] In Borrow's papers I find a slip in his handwriting, which evidently belongs here:—

"*Sarshin, Pen?* How are you, sister?—*Kosko divvus*, good day. *Rommany Chi*, Gypsy daughter."

[2] Very genuine, generous, and fragrant.

[3] And he says: "If you see Borrow, give him my kind regards, and tell him that Borrego is in Madrid, and that his Sancho (Antonio) is going about the streets like a veritable rapscallion. Some time ago I picked up a copy of his Gypsy St. Luke."

[4] And it would not be surprising if he married the young queen.

[5] *Cuyos Piés Beso* (whose feet I kiss).

Shake off the *shadows*, and, as soon as you can, run up to London and mix in the bustling stream and hurry of life, where burs are rubbed off men's coats and dark thoughts driven away. I hardly know what to say about whom you ought to call on. *Eso va largo.* My maxim in friends as in wines and books is—*pocos y rancios—los libros y amigos pocos y escogidos.*[1] At all events, do not forget Billy Harper and his bogys (?) If I had been in town, I might possibly have thought some Pals of mine worth your knowing. If London climate disagrees, you can come down here *á esta su casa*, in a few hours, and we will go and find some of the *chabos* in a lane about two miles off.—*Sharkin, Pen.*

"You will find Buckingham's club very nicely managed and tacked on to an excellent restaurant and hotel.

"Here we have delicious weather, with crocusses and snowdrops. A near neighbour of mine is very intimate with the family at Herringfleet [Leathes] and talks to me of the capital wild fowl shooting. *Con que, manténgase V. bueno y chistoso y mande siempre á su af^mo. S. Q. S. M. B.*[2]—

"Richd. Ford."

90. *Mr. Ford to Mr. Borrow*

"Hevitre, Feb. 24th, 1844.

"Querido Pal,—. . . *Hand-Book*, I hope, progresses. When you are in town Murray shall let you have Section 1st —preliminaries, which contain curious and queer matter. It depends now on him to print, as the *copy* is in his hands—at least enough for Vol. 1st, and the rest is almost ready, as I am putting the last finish to it.

"I should not think that the Spaniards would ever translate the *Bible*. It tells too many truths; '*Qué infamia!*' will be the cry of *Nosotros*, from the Bidasóa to the Guadalquiver. Let them alone. *Al loco y al toro, dáles corro. Quien lava cabeza del asnon, pierde tiempo y jabon.*[3]

[1] Few and genuine—"Books and friends few and select."—*Proverb.*

[2] So then, keep well and sparkling, and always command your affectionate servant who kisses your hands.

[3] "To the fool and the bull give a wide berth." "He who washes an ass's head loses time and soap."

"Lay me at the feet of la Señora y la Señorita. *Alzase* [*álcese*] *Vd. Espavillase* [*espabílese*] *Vd.*[1] and lighten up the 'shadow' with a calumet of peace.

"RICHD. FORD."

91. *Mr. Ford to Mr. Borrow*

"Hevitre, Dec. 1st, 1844.

"QUERIDO BATUSCHCA Y COMPADRE,—I must rejoice to hear that you have returned safe and sound to the household gods, with braced nerves and new sunshine to cheer the valley of the shadow. . . .

"You will say: Physician, heal thyself: let not the *Necio* prescribe to the *Cueldo* in his own house. But my book has swelled into *two* tomes. However, it is done and is rapidly printing, and I hope early in the new year that you may have it all in type to exercise thereon your scalpel, *cachas y navaja*, *cuchillo y glandi*, *churi y sedañi*.[2]

"What think you of our *bendita España?* The braves are having it all their own way, clubbing and shooting one another like madmen. Dear me, dear me! Tell me how you are and how you found the ladies. They must be glad to have you cheering the lake again; and now that you have had your gallop, there is no place like one's own paddock.—*Con que* . . .

"RICHD. FORD."

92. *Mr. Ford to Mr. Borrow*

"Hevitre, January 8th [1845].

"QUERIDO BATUSCHCA!—A letter from [Don Pascual] Gayangos received this morning from Madrid contains the following messages for you: 'Tell him that his old Greek servant [Antonio], the companion of his travels and peregrinations, is now in Madrid, cook to General Narvaez![3]—that Doña María [Díaz][4] is dead, and last—not least—that copies

[1] Get up—wake up.

[2] Scissors, clasp-knife, knife; *id.* in Gypsy.

[3] Don Ramón María Narváez, duke of Valencia (1800–1868), and Don Leopoldo O'Donnell, count of Lucena (1808–1867), were the scourges of Spain during the rule of Isabel II. (1843–1868).

[4] *Señora* María—not *Doña*, according to Spanish *tratamiento*.

of his edition of the Gospel, both in Cingali and in Basque, are being sold upon every stall for a peséta.' I am glad to see that the Gospels sell so commonly in Spain. They will be read, and then *adiós* to the old *embustero* on the Seven Hills. Who do you imagine is now the great bookseller of Madrid—the Payne and Foss of Spain? You will never guess—*Dionysio Cariano*, the Greek whom you knew at Seville and who recollects you well as one of the *caballeros ingleses* who used to pay him very high prices for his books.[1] Madrid seems, according to Don Pascual, to be flourishing; in fact, the rogues require a rod of iron, and like Orientals only respect a despot. Indeed they have no other idea of Government than despotism, with a sort of practical equality amongst each other—*bajo el rey ninguno. . . .—Su pal y camerá*, "RICHD. FORD."

[I regret that the want of space forbids much further exhibition of the Borrow Correspondence. I will only add a few letters to make up one hundred.]

93. *Mr. Simpson to Mr. Borrow*

"20, Bedford Row [London], 12th February, 1851.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I would not intrude on you except to discharge a debt of gratitude.

"With tearful eyes, yet smiling lips, I have read and re-read your kind yet faithful portrait of my dear old Father. I cannot mistake him—the creaking shoes, the florid face, the polished pate—all serve as marks for recognition to his youngest son.[2]

"Accept my hearty thanks for the pleasure you have given me, and believe me to be,—Your sincere well-wisher,

"PALGRAVE SIMPSON."

94. *Mr. Ford to Mr. Borrow*

"123, Park St., March 8, 1851.

"QUERIDO COMPADRE,—I much rejoiced to see once more your perpendicular penmanship, for it is a long time since we have exchanged these postal messages.

[1] *Bible in Spain*, pp. 277, 281, 282. [2] *Lavengro*, p. 70, chap. xix.

"I duly got the copy of *Lavengro* which you were so good as to send me. It is much read and much talked of. Murray seems in excellent spirits, and I hope in these bad times—about soon to be much worse—that your purse is well lined with his ducats . . . [vol., ii., p. 163.]

"Mind when you come up to see the *Exhibition*, that you look in here, for I long to have a chat on the *cosas de España*, *Egypto* (sic), *G. B. y R. F.* How many events have occurred since we last met!

"I am rather in the valley of the shadow. Both my daughters will soon be gone into other nests—one has already. I do not like the aspect of things either, religious, political and social, and much fear we are on the eve of serious events. We are all skating on rotten ice, with the deep dangerous whirlpools of Democracy below. With my best regards and respects to your ladies—Yours most truly,

"Richd. Ford."

95. *Mrs. Borrow to Mr. Murray*

"Oulton, 11th March, 1851.

"My dear Mr. Murray,—I received your packet, and in return beg to send you a little simple notice of the Book appearing in our home paper, although we are quite ignorant of the person who inserted it, but this we do know that it expresses the sentiments of a large majority in England, at least of the unprejudiced party—Believe me, etc.,

"Mary Borrow."

96. *Dr. Hake to Mrs. Borrow*

"Bury St. Edmunds, March 13, '51.

"My dear Mrs. Borrow,—I now send the promised *proof* of my regard for and high opinion of Mr. Borrow; you can keep it, as I have another which I return to the publisher. My feeling now is that I have only done a fragment of justice to *Lavengro*.

"You are not to suppose from Mr. Ainsworth's notice that I have claimed any supernatural acquaintance with the facts

of Mr. Borrow's life: it is a mere inference drawn from the character of my review and perhaps from my mention of Mr. Borrow being a friend of mine, which I hope is true;—unless some day while walking he should stop as Petulengro did, and tell me, I must fight—in which case I should come off second best!

"The tone of my 'Another View' is very much in reply to an article in *Fraser* written by a rich Scotch dandy named Stirling (at least so I suspect), a writer of bulky volumes on Spanish pictures. He speaks disparagingly of the scholarship, which accounts for my coming out so strong on that head.

"It is now absolutely necessary for Mr. Borrow to get all his translations to rights for the press; and he had better carry on his biography in three volumes up to his Spanish campaign!

"I have got all the books safe in a locked-up drawer. Shall I send them or keep them until some of us meet? If you had another proof to spare of the *Mandchou*, I should like to send it up to Mr. Ainsworth.

"I shall now be anxious to hear from you, as I wish to know how my notice *takes* with Mr. Borrow. Do not forget to mention how you and all of you are. We continue well, and with united best regards—Believe me, dear Mrs. Borrow, sincerely yours, "T. G. HAKE."

97. *Dr. Hake to Mrs. Borrow*

"Bury St. Edmunds, March 24, 1851.

"MY DEAR MRS. BORROW,—We were exceedingly pleased and surprised, as you may suppose, at seeing Mr. Borrow [on the 18th]. We shall now expect him in the same way [*i. e.* unannounced].

"I return the Danish volume and letter,[1] and shall be glad to have the translation of the passages which are marked, as soon as possible.

[1] Eilert Sundt's work on the Gypsies of Norway, 1850, containing a flattering note on Borrow. Also Hasfeldt's article in the *Athenæum* of March, 1836.

"I saw Mr. Donne an hour after Mr. Borrow's departure; he had returned the night before from town. He has not succeeded in obtaining the *Edinburgh* for *Lavengro*; it has been bespoke this twelvemonth by a person *now abroad*. Does this give you any clue? Donne did not like to ask until his article on Southey was out, it being contrary to usage to have done so; but on Thursday he wrote and got this for answer—XXX XXXX XXXXXXX XXX.[1] The editor said he did not know what the contributor's object was in engaging the *Review* so long ago. Donne wrote yesterday putting the editor in possession of his view of *Lavengro*, as regards verisimilitude, vouching for the Daguerreotype-like fidelity of the pictures in the first volume, etc., etc., in order to prevent him from being *taken in* by a spiteful article. Donne was to write to *Tait* last evening to see if he can get a hearing in his magazine (which is read everywhere), all the other magazines being pre-occupied. Should *Tait* fail, a second notice in the *New Monthly* will, I think, be possible. Therefore we shall be glad of the translations at once. . . .

"You must make Mr. Borrow take exercise in the direction of that beautiful *heath*, on which he will find the wind worth living for.[2]—Believe me, . . .

"T. G. Hake.

"Tell Mr. Borrow I look on his use of my name with a small *h* as personal.

"P.S.—If the man abroad does not forthcome, the *Review* may yet fall to Donne. I keep the other books for the present."

98. *Edward FitzGerald to George Borrow*

"Boulge [Hall], Woodbridge [Suffolk], July 22nd, 1853.

"My dear Sir,—I take the liberty of sending you a book, of which the title-page and advertisement will sufficiently explain the import.[3] I am afraid that I shall in general be set down at once as an impudent fellow in making so free

[1] Sir John Bowring, LL.D.

[2] *Lavengro*, p. 46.

[3] Six Dramas of Calderon. Freely translated, 1853.

with a Great Man ; but, as usual, I shall feel least fear before a man like yourself, who both do fine things in your own language and are deep read in those of others. I mean, that whether you like or not what I send you, you will do so from knowledge and in the candour which knowledge brings.

"I had even a mind to ask you to look at these plays before they were printed, relying on our common friend Donne for a mediator[1] ; but I know how wearisome all MS. inspection is ; and, after all, the whole affair was not worth giving you such a trouble. You must pardon all this, and believe me,—Yours very faithfully,

"EDWARD FITZGERALD."

99. *Edward FitzGerald to George Borrow*

"31, Gt. Portland St., London, October 27, 1856.

"MY DEAR SIR,—It is *I* who send you the new Turkish Dictionary which ought to go by this Post[2] ; my reasons being that I bought it really only for the purpose of doing that little good to the spirited Publisher of the book (who thought when he began it that the War was to last),[3] and I send it to you because I should be glad of your good opinion, if you can give it. I am afraid you will hardly condescend to *use* it, for you abide in the old Meninsky[4] ; but if you *will* use it, I shall be very glad. I don't think *I* ever shall ; and so what is to be done with it now it is bought ?

"I don't know what Kerrich[5] told you of my being too *lazy* to go over to Yarmouth to see you a year ago. No such thing as that. I simply had doubts as to whether you would not rather remain unlookt for. I know I enjoyed my evening with you a month ago. I wanted to ask you to read some of the *Northern Ballads* too ; but you shut the book.

[1] William Bodham Donne, as above.

[2] Redhouse's *Turkish and English Dictionary*. London, B. Quaritch, 1856–57. First part only referred to here.

[3] The Crimean War of 1854–56.

[4] *Turkish, Arabic and Persian Dictionary*, 1680, 1780, 1832.

[5] John Kerrick, Esq., of Geldeston Hall, Beccles.

"I must tell you. I am come up here on my way to Chichester to be—married! to Miss Barton (of Quaker memory) and our united ages amount to 96 !—a dangerous experiment on both sides. She at least brings a fine head and heart to the bargain—worthy of a better market. But it is to be, and I dare say you will honestly wish we may do well.

"Keep the book as long as you will. It is useless to me. I shall be to be heard of through Geldeston Hall, Beccles. With compliments to Mrs. Borrow, believe me,—Yours truly,

"Edward FitzGerald.

"P.S.—Donne is well, and wants to know about you."

100. *Edward FitzGerald to George Borrow*

"Albert House, Gorleston, July 6th, 1857.

"Dear Borrow,—Will you send me عمر خيّام ['*Omar Khayyâm*] by bearer?[1] I only want a look at him, for that Frenchman has been misquoting him in a way that will make E. Cowell answerable for another's blunder, which must not be.[2] You shall have '*Omar* back directly, or whenever you want him, and I should really like to make you a copy (taking my time) of the best Quatrains. I am now looking over the Calcutta MS. which has 500 !—very many quite as good as those in the MS. you have ; but very many in *both* MSS. are well omitted.

"I have been for a fortnight at Geldeston where Kerrich is not very well. I shall look for you one day in my Yarmouth rounds, and you know how entirely disengaged and glad to see you I am here. I have two fresh Nieces with me—and I find I gave you the *worst* wine of two samples Diver[3] sent me. I wish you would send word by bearer you are better—this one word written will be enough, you see.

[1] The *Rubdiyát* (Quatrains) of Omar Khayyam.
[2] Professor Edward B. Cowell, of Cambridge.
[3] Diver, Yarmouth wine merchant.

My old Parson Crabbe[1] is bowing down under epileptic fits, or something like, and I believe his brave old white head will soon sink into the village Church-sward. Why, *our* time seems coming. Make way, Gentlemen !—Yours very truly,

"Edward FitzGerald."

NOTE TO PAGE 183.

We said under the year 1859 (p. 183) that there was no Note-Book or other memorial of the Irish tour in our possession. But since that portion of our work was printed, an autograph Borrow MS. has come to light through our excellent friend, Professor Langley, of Washington, D.C., which contains the unpublished remarks we print below.

[IRELAND AND THE IRISH.

BY

George Borrow.]

"Ireland was a great place for Druidism ; indeed it was always a great place for some kind of religion or other, notwithstanding it has always been a receptacle for different tribes and nations. The *Kongs Skuggsjă*, or *Speculum Regale*, an Icelandic book of the twelfth or thirteenth century—one of the best books ever written—says, that so religious a people were the Irish, that, though they had less regard for the taking of human life than any other people, there never was an instance of any clerical person being killed among them.

"Amongst the tribes and nations who colonized the country in the old times were the Tuatha de Danaan, the Firbolgs, and the Milesians. The first of these nations, if we may judge from their name, were the same people as the Danes. The Firbolgs were probably of the same race as the Belgians and Bulgarians, whatever race that may have been. The Milesians are said to have come from Spain under the leadership of

[1] Rev. Geo. Crabbe, died September 16, 1857, aged 72,—vicar of Bredfield, near Woodbridge.

Milesius and Heber. Both of these names are of Celtic or Gaulic origin. These Milesians who came the last of the three tribes, speedily subdued the other two, and became the dominant race, and their dynasty reigned in Ireland until, and some time after, the conversion of that country to Christianity.

"Now for the introduction of Christianity into Ireland.

"The first Christian Missionary in Ireland was one Palladius. He was not successful, and speedily left the country, to which he never returned.

"The second missionary was one Peter, a native of Armorica, said to have been born in the year 387. When about sixteen he was captured by Irish pirates and carried to Ireland; from which country, after being a slave for about a year, he escaped and returned to the Continent where he became a priest. In the year 432 he returned to Ireland as a missionary, and was eminently successful, converting the greatest part of the country seemingly without much difficulty. This is the person who under the name of St. Patrick became renowned through the whole world. Padruegh [Padruic] is the Irish word for Peter, and the Irish called him *Padruegh na Voor*, Patrick of the monastery, and *Padruegh na Vacul*, Patrick of the staff. It is from this Irish name that the Hiberians are called Paddies. When he was about" . . . [*wanting*].

"What a strange country is Ireland! How strange every thing belonging to it—its hills, lakes, and rivers! Where will you find anything like them? Its *bearnas*—Where will you find such *bearnas* in the world universal? What are *bearnas?* —What are they? Why Gaps to be sure; compared with any of which the Ginnunga Gap of the Voluspa would seem a very poor affair indeed. There is the Bearna Mor, or Big Gap, in the wondrous mountains to the west of Temple More—called by the idiotical English 'the Devil's Bite.' Then there is the Gap leading to Redmond O'Hanlon's country in the far North, called tautologically Barnes's Gap—a name bestowed upon it by some ignorant Scotch Presbyterian settler; for Barnes's Gap means Gap's Gap. What a strange country; how strange all belonging to it! Its people, merry in misery; foaming with rage when they have nothing to complain of. Its language,

well called an impossible one, with its mutable consonants, irregular verbs—all of them the most useful ones ; its accent —the French by the by has something of it, and no wonder, having Irish for its great grandmother. Then its towers, its round towers, steeples of its primitive Christians, Culdees—servants of God, *Gillie Di.* Its *sheeburghs*, fairy-hills, fortresses of the ancient Lochlanders ; its ruined castles, and the songs connected with some of their chieftains. O that song about Grace of Courtstown—*Ballie na Curtie Grasach abo !* Then its faction cries, as they are called, seemingly so meaningless, yet capable of doing so much harm ! What is the meaning of 'Three year olds for ever,' and 'Four year olds for ever ?'—the shouting of which, either in Connaught or in Westminster, would cause a riot which a regiment of infantry would find it hard to quell ? The writer who, though not an Irishman, has from his boyhood belonged to the three year old faction—t'other is the strongest side—really cannot say ; he is sure no Irishman can ; though he has sometimes thought that it may have had its origin in the cries of the rival bullock-drivers of the three year olds and four year olds at the fair of Bally na Sheagh in Dungarvon times of old. Then its political cries, seemingly as meaningless and far more dangerous. What is the meaning of the generality of them, more especially of that electrifying one 'Fenians all ! Fenians all !' Ask any one who has been electrified by that cry, or who has electrified others by raising it, what is the meaning of it, and see if he can tell you—he can't. The writer himself who knows a good deal about Irish matters, or thinks he does, and is generally nigh at hand when something Fenian is going on, and who, on a late Fenian affair, was very nigh being taken up by a detective for saying something in Irish to an apple woman—can't positively say, though he has sometimes thought it may have someting to do with the Fenian Militia, 'in Dungarvon times of old' commanded by Finn Mac Coul, and he would not have minded betting a trifle to that effect, and indeed would not mind now ; but then it must be a trifle—a half crown at most—for the writer can't afford to bet more than half a crown on anything Irish : for Ireland is such an odd country, that

the writer has frequently doubted whether there was such a country, and thought it a mere myth, a fly-away-country, a Saint Brandon's Isle—for who in his senses can think otherwise of a country where a man shows his love for his friend by knocking him down, and is always ready to share his loaf or potatoe with his bitterest enemy—a country where everything is different from what it is in other countries—a country . . . O now for an example to show the difference of Ireland in every thing to other countries! Here's one—a regular clincher! The very Fairy Tales are different to those of other countries, fairy tales, in general so tiresomely alike in all other countries, for where else could one find such a fairy tale as the one with which the writer will conclude his rather lengthy disquisition?

"An Irish Fairy Tale
Told on a wild Road
By a wild Native."

"In the parish in which I was born, there was a parson of the name of Cuddon." [See vol. ii. 83–84.]

APPENDIX II.

CHRONOLOGICAL BIBLIOGRAPHY.
(1823-1874)

APPENDIX II.

CHRONOLOGICAL BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE WRITINGS OF GEORGE BORROW.

1. *Printed Works.*

(1823-1874.)

1. New Monthly Magazine. Vol. VII. 1823.

"The Diver, a Ballad translated from the German" [of Schiller]. Signed "*G. O. B.*" (pp. 540–542)—162 lines, commencing

"*Where is the man who will dive for his king?*"

2. Monthly Magazine. Vol. LVI. 1823.

1. "Ode to a Mountain Torrent, from the German of Stolberg. By George Olaus Borrow." (Oct. 1st, p. 244)—36 lines, commencing

"*How lovely thou art in thy tresses of foam!*"

2. "Death; from the Swedish of J. C. Lohman. By George Olaus Borrow." (Oct. 1st, p. 245)—24 lines, commencing

"*Perhaps 'tis folly, but still I feel.*"

3. "Mountain Song; from the German of Schiller. By George Olaus Borrow." (Oct. 1st, p. 246)—36 lines, commencing

"*That pathway before ye, so narrow and gray.*"

4. "Danish Poetry and Ballad Writing. With a Translation of 'Skion Middel.'" (Nov. 1st, pp. 306–309)—prose essay with a Ballad of 68 lines, commencing

"*The maiden was lacing so tightly her vest.*"[1]

[1] *Romantic Ballads*, 1826, p. 28.

5. "Lenora; a new Translation from the German [of Bürger], in the metre of the original. By George Olaus Borrow." (Nov. 1st, pp. 334–336)—256 lines, commencing

"*When morning's gleam was on the hill.*"

6. "Chloe; from the Dutch of Johannes Bellamy. By George Olaus Borrow." (Dec. 1st, p. 437)—24 lines commencing

"*Oh! we have a sister on earthly dominions.*"

7. "Sea-Song; from the Danish of Evald. By George Olaus Borrow." (Dec. 1st, p. 437)—36 lines, commencing

"*King Christian stood beside the mast.*"[1]

8. "The Erl-King; from the German of Göthe. By George Olaus Borrow." (Dec. 1st, p. 438)—32 lines, commencing

"*Who is it that gallops so late on the wild!*"

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3. Monthly Magazine. Vol. LVII. 1824.

1. "Bernard's Address to his Army: a Ballad from the Spanish. By George Olaus Borrow." (April 1st, p. 235)—36 lines, commencing

"*Freshly blew the morning breeze.*"

2 "The Singing Mariner: a Ballad from the Spanish. By George Olaus Borrow." (May 1st, p. 335)—36 lines, commencing

"*Who will ever have again.*"

3. "The French Princess: a Ballad from the Spanish. By George Olaus Borrow." (June 1st, p. 431)—48 lines, commencing

"*Towards France a maiden went.*"

4. "The Nightingale; translated from the Danish." (July 1st, p. 526)—21 lines, commencing

"*In midnight's calm hour the Nightingale sings.*"

[1] *Rom. Ball.*, 1826, p. 146; *Foreign Quarterly Rev.*, 1830, p. 70; *Targum*, 1835, p. 49.

4. Monthly Magazine. Vol. LVIII. 1824-5.

1. "Danish Traditions and Superstitions." With a Translation of "Waldemar's Chase." (Aug. 1st, pp. 19-21)—prose, with a Ballad of 20 lines, commencing

"*Late at eve they were toiling on Harribee bank.*"

2. "War-Song; written when the French first invaded Spain; translated from the Spanish of Vincente, by George Olaus Borrow." (Aug. 1st, p. 47)—32 lines, commencing

"*Arise, ye sons of injur'd Spain.*"

3. "Danish Songs and Ballads. No. 1. Bear Song." Signed "*B.*" (Dec. 1st, p. 432)—32 lines, commencing

"*The squirrel that's sporting.*"

4. "Danish Traditions and Superstitions." (Jan. 1st. 1825, pp. 498-500).

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5. Monthly Magazine. Vol. LIX. 1825.

1. "Danish Traditions and Superstitions." (Feb. 1st, pp. 25-26.)

2. "Danish Traditions and Superstitions." (March 1st, pp. 103-104.)

3. "The Deceived Merman; from the Danish." Signed "*G. B.*" (March 1st, pp. 143-144)—54 lines, commencing

"*Fair Agnes left her mother's door.*"

4. "Danish Traditions and Superstitions."(May 1st, p. 308.)

5. "Danish Traditions and Superstitions." (June 1st, p. 411.)

6. "Danish Traditions and Superstitions." (July 1st, p. 507.)

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6. Monthly Magazine. Vol. LX. 1825.

1. "Danish Traditions and Superstitions." (Nov. 1st, pp. 216, 217.)

2. "Danish Traditions and Superstitions." (Dec. 1st, pp. 424, 425).

7. Universal Review. Vols. I. and II. 1824, 1825.

No. 2. May, 1824
No. 3. July, 1824
No. 4. Sept., 1824
No. 5. Nov., 1824
No. 6. Jan., 1825
} Book reviews by George Borrow unsigned.

8. Celebrated Trials and Remarkable Cases of Criminal Jurisprudence, from the earliest records to the year 1825. In Six Volumes. Vol. I. (VI.)

London: Printed for Knight and Lacey, Paternoster Row. 1825. 6 vols. 8°. Plates. Published March 19th, 1825.

9. Faustus: His Life, Death, and Descent into Hell. Translated from the German [of Friedrich Maximilian von Klinger].—"Speed thee, speed thee | Liberty lead thee, | Many this night shall hearken and heed thee. | Far abroad. | Demigod, | Who shall appal thee! | Javal,[1] or devil, or what else we call thee."—*Hymn to the Devil.*

London: W. Simpkin and R. Marshall. 1825. Sm. 8°. pp. xij, 251. Coloured Plate. Published April 18th, 1825.

——. *Id.* London, 1840 (new title only), and 1865 (reprinted).

Translated from: *Fausts Leben, Thaten und Höllenfahrt, in fünf Büchern. St. Petersburg: bey Johann Friedrich Kriele.* 1791. 12°. ll. 3 ,pp. 412. Engraved title. First Edition.

10. [The Life and Adventures of Joseph Sell, the great Traveller.] London, 1825 or 1826. An undiscovered story in a Book of Tales by various authors.

11. Romantic Ballads, | translated from the Danish: | and | Miscellaneous Pieces; | by | George Borrow.—"Through gloomy paths unknown— | Paths which untrodden be, | From rock to rock I roam | Along the dashing sea." | *Bowring.* |

[1] "Goblin," as explained in *Targum*, p. 17.

Norwich : | Printed and Published by S. Wilkin, Upper Haymarket. | 1826. | 8°. pp. xi., 187. Published May 10th, 1826, in 500 copies.

—— *Id.* Printed by S. Wilkin, Norwich ; and published at London by John Taylor. 1826.

Contents :

Dedicatory verses by Allan Cunningham—42 lines, commencing (p. ix.)

" *Sing, sing, my friend; breathe life again.*"

1. " The Death-Raven. From the Danish of Œhlenslæger" (*sic*)[1]—380 lines, commencing (p. 1)

" *The silken sail which caught the summer breeze.*"

2. " Fridleif and Helga. From the Danish of Œhlenslæger." —88 lines, commencing (p. 21)

" *The woods were in leaf and they cast a sweet shade.*"

3 " Sir Middel. From the Old Danish."—68 lines, commencing (p. 28)

" *So tightly was Swanelil lacing her vest*"[2]

4. " Elvir-Shades. From the Danish of Œhlenslæger."—78 lines, commencing (p. 32)

"*A sultry eve pursu'd a sultry day.*"

5. " The Heddybee-Spectre. From the Old Danish."—40 lines, commencing (p. 37)

" *I clomb in haste my dappled steed.*"

6. Sir John. From the Old Danish."—51 lines, commencing (p. 40)

" *Sir Lavé to the island stray'd.*"

7. " May Asda. From the Danish of Œhlenslæger."—44 lines, commencing (p. 44)

" *May Asda is gone to the merry green wood.*"

8. " Aager and Eliza. From the Old Danish."—84 lines, commencing (p. 47)

" *Have ye heard of bold Sir Aager ?*"

[1] Œhlen*s*læger or Œhlen*sch*læger—the author himself spelled it *both* ways in the first and second volumes of his poems (1803, 1811). [2] See **2**, 4.

9. "Saint Oluf. From the Old Danish."—80 lines, commencing (p. 53)

"*St. Olaf was a mighty king.*"

10. "The Heroes of Dovrefeld. From the Old Danish."—44 lines, commencing (p. 58)

"*On Dovrefeld in Norway.*"

11. "Svend Vonved. From the Old Danish."—355 lines, commencing (p. 61)

"*Svend Vonved sits in his lonely bower.*"

12. "The Tournament. From the Old Danish."—264 lines, commencing (p. 82)

"*Six score there were, six score and ten.*"

13. "Vidrik Verlandson. From the Old Danish."—224 lines, commencing (p. 99)

"*King Diderik sits in the halls of Bern.*"

14. "Elvir Hill. From the Old Danish."—40 lines, commencing (p. 111)

"*I rested my head upon Elvir Hill's side.*"

15. "Waldemar's Chase."—20 lines, commencing (p. 115)

"*Late at eve they were toiling on Harribee bank.*" [1]

16. "The Merman. From the Old Danish."—32 lines, commencing (p. 117)

"*Do thou, dear Mother, contrive amain*
How Marsk Stig's daughter I may gain."

17. "The Deceived Merman. From the Old Danish."—50 lines commencing (p. 120)

"*Fair Agnes alone on the sea-shore stood.*" [2]

18. "Miscellanies. "Cantata." [From Œhlenschlæger.]—131 lines, commencing (p. 127)

"*This is Denmark's holyday.*"

19. "The Hail-Storm. From the Norse."—32 lines, commencing (p. 136)

"*When from our ships we bounded.*"

[1] 4, 1. [2] 5, 3.

20. "The Elder-Witch."—40 lines, commencing (p. 139)
"*Though tall the oak, and firm its stem.*"

21. "Ode. From the Gaelic."—28 lines, commencing (p. 142)
"*Oh restless to-night are my slumbers.*"

22. "Bear Song. From the Danish of Evald."—32 lines, commencing (p. 144)
"*The squirrel that's sporting.*" [1]

23. "National Song. From the Danish of Evald."—36 lines, commencing (p. 146)
"*King Christian stood beside the mast.*" [2]

24. "The Old Oak."—30 lines, commencing (p. 149)
"*Here have I stood, the pride of the park.*"

25. "Lines to Six-Foot-Three."—60 lines, commencing (p. 150)
"*A lad who twenty tongues can talk.*"

26. "Nature's Temperaments. From the Danish of Œhlenslæger."—70 lines, commencing (p. 155)
"*Lo, a pallid fleecy vapour.*"

27. "The Violet-Gatherer. From the Danish of Œhlenslæger."—80 lines, commencing (p. 159)
"*Pale the moon her light was shedding.*"

28. "Ode to a Mountain-Torrent. From the German of Stolberg."—36 lines, commencing (p. 164)
"*How lovely art thou in thy tresses of foam.*" [3]

29. Runic Verses."—24 lines, commencing (p. 167)
"*O the force of Runic verses.*"

30. "Thoughts on Death. From the Swedish of C. Lohman."—24 lines, commencing (p. 169)
"*Perhaps 'tis folly, but still I feel.*" [4]

31. "Birds of Passage. From the Swedish."—24 lines, commencing (p. 171)
"*So hot shines the sun upon Nile's yellow stream.*"

32. "The Broken Harp."—16 lines, commencing (p. 173)
"*O thou, who 'mid the forest trees.*"

33. "Scenes."—130 lines, commencing (p. 175)
"*Observe ye not yon high cliff's brow.*"

[1] 4, 3. [2] 2, 7; 13, 5. [3] 2, 1. [4] 2, 2.

34. "The Suicide's Grave. From the German."—41 lines, commencing (p. 182)

"*The evening shadows fall upon the grave.*"

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12. Memoirs of Vidocq, principal agent of the French police until 1827 : and now proprietor of the paper manufactory at St. Mandé. Written by himself. Translated from the French. In Four Volumes.

London : Whittaker, Treacher, and Arnot, Ave-Maria Lane, 1828–1829, 4 vols. 12°.

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13. Foreign Quarterly Review. Vol. VI. June, 1830.[1]

1. "King Olaf the Saint."—102 lines, commencing (p. 59)

"*King Olaf and his brother bold.*"

2. "The Brother Avenged."—60 lines, commencing (p. 61)

"*I stood before my master's board.*"

3. "Aager and Eliza."—88 lines, commencing (p. 62)

"*'T was the valiant knight, Sir Aager.*"[2]

4. "Morning Song." [By Thomas Kingo, b. 1634.]—32 lines, commencing (p. 65)

"*From eastern quarters now.*"

5. "National Song." [By John Evald, 1743–1781.]—36 lines, commencing (p. 70)

"*King Christian by the main-mast stood.*"[3]

6. "The Seaman." [By Evald.]—20 lines, commencing (p. 71)

"*A seaman with a bosom light.*"

7. "Sir Sinclair." [By Edward Storm.]—76 lines, commencing (p. 73)

"*Sir Sinclair sail'd from the Scottish ground.*"

8. "Thorvald." [By Storm.]—81 lines, commencing (p. 74)

"*Swayne Tveskieg did a man possess.*"

[1] Article on Danish poetry ; the prose part by John Bowring, and the metrical translations by Borrow. See *Targum* (No. **16**), p. 15, *n.*

[2] 11, 8. [3] 2, 7 ; 11, 23.

9. "When I was little." [By Jens Baggesen]—36 lines, commencing (p. 76)

"*There was a time when I was very tiny.*"

10. "Birth of Christ." [By Œhlenschlæger]—42 lines, commencing (p. 78)

"*Each Spring when the mists have abandoned the earth.*"

11. "Time's Perspective." [By Œhlenschlæger]—80 lines commencing (p. 79)

"*Through the city sped a youth.*"

12. "The Morning Walk." [By Œhlenschlæger]—88 lines, commencing (p. 80)

"*To the Beech-grove with so sweet an air.*"

13. "The Aspen." [By Ingemann.]—44 lines, commencing (p. 82)

"*What whispers so strange at the hour of midnight.*"

14. "Dame Martha's Fountain." [By Ingemann.]—44 lines, commencing (p. 83)

"*Dame Martha dwelt at Karisegaard.*"

15. "Peter Colbiornsen." [By Rahbek.]—81 lines, commencing (p. 84)

"*'Fore Fredericksteen King Carl he lay.*"

16. "The Ruins of Uranienborg." [By Heiberg.]—96 lines, commencing (p. 85)

"*Thou by the strand dost wander.*"

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14. Norfolk Chronicle. Augt. 18th, 1832.

"Origin of the Word 'Tory.'"—Signed, "George Borrow. Norwich, Augt. 6."

15. Mexican Luke.—El Evangelio segun San Lúcas traducido del Latin al Mexicano ó mejor dicho Nahuatl por el Doctor Pazos Kanki.

Londres: Impreso por Samuel Bagster. 1833. 16°, pp. 139. 250 copies printed.

Specimen: Chap. 1, v. 79—

Ic ce tenonotzal quaitl.

"In ic quin tlanextiliz in tlayo-ayan yhuan itlan in icecahuil in miquiliztli yehuaticatê: in ic quin ômacaz in to ic xi huan pacayeliz ôhuipan.

16. TARGUM. | or | Metrical Translations | from Thirty Languages | and | Dialects. | By | George Borrow. | "The raven has ascended to the nest of the nightingale." | *Persian Poem.* |

St. Petersburg. | Printed by Schulz and Beneze. | 1835. | 8°, pp. viii., 106. Published June 3/15, 1835, in 100 copies.

Contents.

1. "Ode to God. From the Hebrew."—9 lines, commencing

"*Reign'd the Universe's master ere were earthly things begun.*"

2. "Prayer. From the Arabic."—14 lines, commencing

"*O Thou who dost know what the heart fain would hide.*"

3. "Death. From the Arabic."—12 lines, commencing

"*Grim Death in his shroud swatheth mortals each hour.*"

4. "Stanzas. From the Arabic."—8 lines, "On a Fountain." "The Pursued."

5. "Odes. From the Persian" [of Hafiz].—34 lines, commencing

"*Boy, hand my friends the cup, 'tis time of roses now.*"

6. "Stanzas. From the Turkish of Fezouli."—8 lines, commencing

"*O Fezouli, the hour is near.*"

7. "Description of Paradise. From the Turkish."—54 lines.

"*Eight Gennets (!) there be, as some relate.*"

8. "O Lord! I nothing crave but thee. From the Tartar."—40 lines, commencing

"*O Thou, from whom all love doth flow.*"

9. "Mystical Poem to Foutsa. From the Tibetian."—148 lines, commencing

"*Should I Foutsa's force and glory.*"

10. "Moral Metaphors. From the Chinese."—40 lines, commencing

"*From out the South the genial breezes sigh.*"

11. "The Mountain Chase. From the Mandchou."—66 lines, commencing

"*Autumn has fled and winter left our bounds.*"

12. "The Glory of the Cossacks. An Ode from the Russian of Boris Fedorow."—56 lines, commencing

"Quiet Don—Azure Don!"

13. "The Black Shawl. From the Russian of Pushkin."—32 lines, commencing

"On the shawl, the black shawl, with distraction I gaze."

14. "Song. From the Russian of Pushkin."—20 lines, commencing

"Hoary man, hateful man."

15. "The Cossack. From the Malo-Russian."—29 lines, commencing

"O'er the field the snow is flying."

16. "The Three Sons of Budrys. From the Polish of Mickiewicz."—48 lines, commencing

"With his three mighty sons, tall as Ledwin's were once."

17. "The Banning of the Pest. From the Finnish."—28 lines, commencing

"Hie away, thou horrid monster."

18. "Woinomoinen. From the Finish."—37 lines, commencing

"Then the ancient Woinomoinen."

19. "The Words of Beowulf. From the Anglo-Saxon."—8 lines, commencing

"Every one beneath the heaven."

20. "The Lay of Biarke. From the Ancient Norse."—32 lines, commencing

"The day in East is glowing."

21. "The Hail-Storm. From the Ancient Norse."—32 lines, commencing

"For victory as we bounded."

22. "The King and the Crown. From the Suabian."—6 lines, commencing

"The King who well crown'd does govern the land."

23 "Ode to a Mountain Torrent. From the German of Stolberg."—36 lines, commencing

"O stripling immortal thou forth dost career."

24. "Chloe. From the Dutch of Joh. Bellamy."—24 lines, commencing

"O we have a sister on earthly dominions."

25. "National Song. From the Danish of Evald."—36 lines, commencing

"*King Christian stood beside the mast.*"

26. "Sir Sinclair. From the Danish of Edward Storm."—76 lines, commencing

"*Sir Sinclair sail'd from the Scottish ground.*"

27. "Hvidfeld. From the Danish."—56 lines, commencing

"*Our native land has ever teem'd.*"

28. "Birting. From the Ancient Danish."—60 lines, commencing

"*It was late at evening tide.*"

29. "Ingeborg's Lamentation. From the Swedish of Tegnér."—44 lines, commencing

"*Autumn's winds howl.*"

30. "The Delights of Finn Mac Coul. From the Irish."—24 lines, commencing

"*Finn Mac Coul 'mongst his joys did number.*"

31. "Carolan's Lament. From the Irish."—16 lines, commencing

"*The arts of Greece, Rome, and of Eirin's fair earth.*"

32. "To Icolmcill. From the Gaelic of MacIntyre."—32 lines, commencing

"*On Icolmcill may blessings pour.*"

33. "The Dying Bard. From the Gaelic."—44 lines, commencing

"*O for to hear the hunter's tread.*"

34. "The Prophecy of Taliesin." From the Welsh—18 lines, commencing

"*Within my mind.*"

35. "The History of Taliesin." From the Welsh.—56 lines, commencing

"*The head Bard's place I hold.*"

36. "Epigram on a Miser. From the Welsh."—16 lines, commencing

"*Of every pleasure is thy mansion void.*"

37. "The Invitation. Goronwy Owen."—78 lines, commencing

"*Parry, of all my friends the best.*"

38. "The Rising of Achilles. From the Iliad."—35 lines commencing

"*Straightway Achilles arose, the belov'd of Jove.*"

39. "The Meeting of Odysses (!) and Achilles."—73 lines, commencing

"*Toward me came the shade of Peleïdean Achilles.*"

40. "Hymn to Thetis and Neoptolemus." From Heliodorus. —14 lines, commencing

"*Of Thetis I sing with her locks of gold-shine.*"

41. "The Grave of Demos. From the Modern Greek."—15 lines, commencing

"*Thus old Demos spoke, as sinking sought the sun the western wave.*"

42. "The Sorceries of Canidia. From Horace."—104 lines, commencing

"*Father of Gods who rul'st the sky.*"

43. "The French Cavalier. From the Provençal."—10 lines, commencing

"*The French Cavalier shall have my praise.*"

44. "Address to Sleep." From Filicaia.—67 lines, commencing

"*Sweet death of sense, oblivion of ill.*"

45. "Spanish Ballad."—42 lines, commencing

"*Reduan, I but lately heard.*"

46. "The Forsaken. From the Spanish."—18 lines, commencing

"*Up I rose, O mother, early.*"

47. "Stanzas from the Portuguese."—8 lines, commencing

"*A fool is he who in the lap.*"

48. "My Eighteenth Year. From the French."—16 lines, commencing

"*Where is my eighteenth year? far back.*"

49. "Gypsy Song."—18 lines, commencing

"*The strength of the ox.*"

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17. The | Talisman | From the Russian | of | Alexander Pushkin | With other Pieces. |

St. Petersburg. | Printed by Schulz and Beneze. | 1835. | 8°, pp. 14. Published Augt. 25/Sept. 6th, 1835. One hundred copies.

Contents.

1. "The Talisman. From the Russian of Pushkin."—32 lines, commencing

"*Where fierce the surge with awful bellow.*"

2. "The Mermaid. From the Russian of Pushkin."—56 lines, commencing

"*Close by a lake begirt with forest.*"

3. Three "Ancient Russian Songs."—Lines 24, 22, 22.
4. "Ancient Ballad. From the Malo-Russian."—31 lines, commencing

"*From the wood a sound is gliding.*"

5. "The Renegade. From the Polish of Mickiewicz."—36 lines, commencing

"*Now pay ye the heed that is fitting.*"

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18. Mousei echen Isus Gheristos i tuta puha itche ghese.
St. Petersburg, Schulz & Beneze, 1835, 8 vols., 4°.
Published in 1000 copies.

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19. "The Gypsies of Russia and Spain." In the *Athenæum* for Augt. 20, 1836, pp. 587–588.

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20. El | Nuevo Testamento, | traducido al Español | de la Vulgata Latina, | por el | Rmo. P. Phelipe Scio de S. Miguel, | de las Escuelas Pias, obispo electo de Segovia.
Madrid : | Imprenta a cargo de D. Joaquin de la Barrera. | 1837. | 8°, pp. 534. Published May 1st, 1837, in 5000 copies.

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21. Embéo | e Majaró Lucas. | Brotoboro | randado andré la chipe griega, acána | chibado andré o Romanó, ó chipe es | Zincales de Sesé. |
El Evangelio segun S. Lucas, | traducido al Romaní, | ó dialecto de los Gitanos de España | † |
[Madrid] 1837. | 16°, pp. 177. Published in March, 1838, in 250 copies.

Reverse of title-page : Ocóna embéo lo chibó en Calo-romano George Borrow, lacro e Plastañi Biblica, andré o foros de Badajoz opré a mixa de Laloró, chaomo e berji de Jesunvais de 1836.

—— *Id.* Second Edition.—Criscote | e | Majaró Lucas, | chibado andré o Romanó, | ó chipe es Zincales de Sesé.

El Evangelio segun S. Lucas, traducido al | Romaní, ó dialecto de los Gitanos | de España.

Lundra : | 1872. | 16°, pp. 177.

Reverse of title-page : O Criscote e Majaró Lucas lo chibó en Calo-romano George Borrow, lacró yi Quimbila Biblica, andré o foros de Badajoz opré a mixa de Laloró, oben ye berji de Jesunvais de 1836, ta lo diñó á la suéti por la brotoba alicati, en Madrilati, crallico foros de Sesé, andré ye berji de 1837, ta acaná lo diñela á la suéti por la duita alicati, sar baribuias ennagraciones ta rechitamientos, andré Lundra, crallico foros de Britanniati, chim relliado de la doria, andré ye berji de Crisirné de milan otor gres efterdi ta dui (1872).

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22. Evangelioa San Lucasen Guissan, El Evangelio segun S. Lucas, traducido al Vascuence. Madrid : Imprenta de la Compañia Tipográfica. 1838. 16°, pp. 176. Published April, 1838, in 250 copies.

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23. The Zincali ; | or, | An Account | of the | Gypsies of Spain. | With | an original collection of their | Songs and Poetry, | and | a copious Dictionary of their Language. | By | George Borrow, | late Agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society | in Spain. | —" For that, which is unclean by nature, thou canst entertain no hope : no | washing will turn the Gypsy white."—*Ferdousi.* | —In Two Volumes. | Vol. I. [II.]

London : | John Murray, Albemarle Street. | 1841. 2 vols. 8°, pp. xii., 362 + ll. 2, pp. 156, ll. 3, pp. 135.* Published April 17, 1841, in 750 copies.

—— *Second Edition.* London : John Murray, Albemarle Street. 1843. 2 vols. 8°, pp. xxiv., 352 + vi., 155, 155.*—

Preface dated March 1, 1843. Published March, 1843, in 750 copies.

—— *Third Edition.* Published Sept., 1843, in 750 copies. The last ed. in 2 vols. with vocabulary.

—— *Fourth Edition.* THE ZINCALI; | or, | An Account | of the | Gypsies of Spain. | By | George Borrow, | (*&c.*) | Fourth Edition. | London: | John Murray, Albemarle Street. | 1846. | One vol., 12°, pp. xx., 264.—Published in the *Home and Colonial Library*, January, 1846, in 7500 copies.

—— (*Fifth Ed.*). London, 1870. 1000 copies.

—— (*Sixth Ed.*). London, 1882. 500 copies.

—— (*Seventh Ed.*). London, 1888. 1500 copies.

—— (*Eighth Ed.*). London, 1893. 1500 copies.[1]

American Reprints.

THE ZINCALI; | or, | An Account | of the | Gypsies of Spain. | With an | Original Collection of their Songs and Poetry. | By George Borrow, | late agent (*&c.*) | Two Volumes in One. | Volume I. [II.] | New-York: | Wiley and Putnam, 161 Broadway. | 1842. | 2 vols. in 1. 8vo, pp. xi., 323 + 135, *55.

THE ZINCALI; | or, | An Account of | The Gypsies of Spain. | With an | Original Collection of their Songs and Poetry. | By | George Borrow, | late agent (*&c.*) | Philadelphia: | James M. Campbell & Co., 98 Chestnut Street. | Saxton & Miles, 205 Broadway, New York. | Stereotyped by L. Johnson. | 1843. | Large 8vo, pp. 148. —Probably there were earlier editions; this is the first I have found.

THE ZINCALI; | or, | an Account of | The Gypsies of Spain. | With an | Original Collection of their Songs and Poetry. | By | George Borrow, | (*&c.*) | New York: | Robert Carter, 58 Canal Street, | Pittsburg, 56 Market

[1] The editions of 1861, 1872, etc., that are found, are simply of the stock of 1846, 1870, and following, with new title-pages. The above is *official.*

Street. | 1847. | Large 8°, pp. 148.—Probably there were earlier editions.

—— *Id.* New York : | Robert Carter & Brothers, | No. 530 Broadway. | (1887), 8°, pp. 148.

Italian Version.

Guglielmo Hudson. Gli Zingari in Ispagna. (Dai Viaggi del Borrow.) Milano, tipografia di Ambrogio Sanvito Via Pantano, 26, 1878, sq. 16°, pp. 254. Plate.

An Italian translation of portions of the "Zincali," without a word of William Hudson. England is changed to "Italia" throughout. The plate is a caricature of a Gypsy family.

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24. The | Bible in Spain ; | or, the | Journeys, Adventures, and Imprisonments | of an Englishman, | in | an Attempt to circulate the Scriptures | in | the Peninsula. | By George Borrow, | author of "The Gypsies of Spain." | In Three Volumes. | Vol. I. [II. III.]

London : | John Murray, Albemarle Street. | 1843. | 3 vols. 8vo, pp. xxiv, 370 + viii, 398 + viii, 391.—Published December 10, 1842, in 1000 copies.

—— *Second Ed.* London, Murray, 1843, 3 vols. 8vo, pp. xxiv, 370 + viii, 398 + viii, 391.—Published January, 1843, in 1000 copies.

—— *Third Ed.* London, Murray, 1843, 3 vols. 8vo, pp. xxiii, 370 + viii, 398 + viii, 391.—Published March, 1843, in 1000 copies.

—— *Fourth Ed.* London, Murray, 1843, 3 vols. 8vo, pp. xxiii, 370 + viii, 398 + viii, 391.—Published June, 1843, in 1000 copies.

—— *Fifth Ed.* London, Murray, 1843, 3 vols. 8vo.—Published July, 1843, in 750 copies.

Editions for Home and Colonial Library.

—— (*Sixth Ed.*). London, Murray, 1843, two parts. 12°, pp. x, 328.—Published Sept. and Nov., 1843, as follows :—

Pt. 1 : 5000 + 2500 + 1500 = 9000 copies.
Pt. 2 : 7500 + 1000 = 8500 copies.

—— (*Seventh Ed.*). London, Murray, 1844, in two parts. 12°, pp. x, 328.—Printed as follows :—

Pt. 1 : 2000, 500, 750, 2000 = 5250 copies.

Pt. 2 : 2000, 500, 1000, 2000 = 5500 copies.

—— (*Eighth Ed.*). London, Murray, 1846. 12°, pp. x, 328.—Printed in 1000 copies, the two parts in one.

—— (*Ninth Ed.*). London, Murray, 1847, 12°.—Printed in 1000 copies.

—— (*Tenth Ed.*). London, Murray, 1849, 12°.—Printed in 1000 copies.

—— (*Eleventh Ed.*). London, Murray, 1851, 12°.—Printed in 2000 copies.

—— (*Twelfth Ed.*). London, Murray, 1861, 12°.—1000.

—— (*Thirteenth Ed.*). London, Murray, 1870, 12°.—1000.

—— (*Fourteenth Ed.*). London, Murray, 1879, 12°.—500.

—— (*Fifteenth Ed.*). London, Murray, 1883, 12°.—500.

—— (*Sixteenth Ed.*). London, Murray, 1888, 12°.—1500. *Port.*

—— (*Seventeenth Ed.*). London, Murray, 1889, 12°.—2000. *Port.*

—— (*Eighteenth Ed.*). The Bible in Spain ; | or, the Journeys, Adventures, and | Imprisonments of an Englishman | in an Attempt to circulate | the Scriptures in | the Peninsula. | By | George Borrow.

A New Edition, with Notes and a Glossary, | by Ulick Ralph Burke, M.A., | author of "A History of Spain," etc. | In Two Volumes. | Vol. I. [II.] | With Map and Engravings.

London : | John Murray, Albemarle Street. | 1896. | 2 vols. 8°, pp. xviii, [12], (2), 411 + viii, 426.—Published (?)

The Bible in Spain | or, the | Journeys, Adventures, and Imprisonments | Of an Englishman, | in | an Attempt to circulate the Scriptures | in the Peninsula. | By | George Borrow, | (*&c.*) | With a Biographical Introduction | (by G. T. Bettany, M.A., B.Sc.)

Ward, Lock and Co., | London, New York, and Melbourne. | 1889. | 8°, pp. xx, 394. Plates.

—— *Fourth Ed.* 1891, 8°, pp. xx, 394. Plates.

American Reprints.

The | Bible in Spain; | (*&c., &c.*) | Philadelphia: | James M. Campbell, | Saxton & Miles, New York. | Stereot. by L. Johnson. | 1843. | Large 8°, pp. 232.

The | Bible in Spain; | (*&c., &c.*) | New York: | Robert Carter. | 1843. | 8°, pp. 232. With "Zincali."

——*Thirteenth Ed.* New York: R. Carter. 1848.

——New York. 1851, 8°, pp. 232. Bd. with "Zincali."

——New York (1887), 8°, pp. 232. Bd. with "Zincali."

Foreign Editions.

Fünf Jahre in Spanien. | (1835–1839) | Von George Borrow, | Abgeordnetem der englischen Bibelgesellschaft. | Nach der dritten Auflage aus dem Englischen übersetzt.

Breslau, | im Verlage bei Josef Max and Komp. | 1844. 3 vols. sm. 12°, pp. 362, 381, 374.

La | Bible en Espange | par | Georges Borrow | traduit de l'Anglais | sur la troisième édition.

Paris | Librairie d'Amyot, éditeur | 6, rue de la Paix | 1845. 2 vols. 8°, pp. xxv, 388 + 344.

Путевыя Записки Борро, англійскаго миссіонера въ Испаніи. St. Petersburg, 1858. 8°.

Borrow's "Bible in Spain" in Russian, as printed in Chapters I.—XVI. of the Библіотека для Чтенія for Jan. and Feb., 1858, pp. 71–124 and 125–194, under the title of "Journal of Travels by Borrow, an English Missionary in Spain."

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25. Lavengro; | the Scholar—the Gypsy—the Priest | by George Borrow, | author of "the Bible in Spain," and "the Gypsies of Spain." | In Three Volumes.—Vol. I. [II. III.]

London: | John Murray, Albemarle Street. | 1851. | 3 vols. 8°, pp. x, 360 + xi, 366 + xi, 426.—Published Feb. 7, 1851, in 3000 copies. Portrait.

——*Third Ed.*[1] Lavengro: | the Scholar—the Gypsy—the Priest. | By George Borrow, | author of | "the Bible in

[1] No 2nd edition is known to the publisher.

Spain," and "the Gypsies of Spain." | Third Edition. London : John Murray, Albemarle Street. | 1872. | 1 vol. 12°., pp. xxii, 329.—Published December, 1872, in 2000 copies at 5/-.

—— (*Fourth Ed.*) London, Murray, 1888.—2000 at 2/6.

—— (*Fifth Ed.*) London, Murray, 1896.—2000 at 2/6.

LAVENGRO : (*&c., &c.*) With an Introduction | by | Theodore Watts. | Second Edition. | London : | Ward, Lock, & Bowden, limited, | (*&c.*) | 1893. | 12°, pp. xxxv, 404. Plate.

LAVENGRO | (*&c., &c.*) | Illustrated by E. J. Sullivan. | With Introduction by Augustine | Birrel, Q.C., M.P. | London : Macmillan and Co. | and New York | 1896. | 8°, pp. xliii, 589. Plates.

American Reprints.

LAVENGRO ; | (*&c., &c.*) | Sixth Thousand. | New York : | G. P. Putnam. | 1851. | 8°, pp. x, 550. Port.

LAVENGRO ; | (*&c., &c.*) | New York : | Harper & Brothers. | 1857. | large 8°, pp. 198.

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26. The | ROMANY RYE ; | a Sequel to "Lavengro." | By George Borrow, | author of | "the Bible in Spain," "the Gypsies of Spain," etc. | "Fear God, and take your own part." | In Two Volumes.—Vol. I. | [II.] London : John Murray, Albemarle Street. | 1857. | 2 vols, 8°, pp. xi, 372 + vii, 375.—Published April 30, 1857, in 1000 copies.

—— *Second Ed.* London, Murray, 1858, 2 vols. in one, 8°. —Published in 750 copies.

—— (*Third Ed.*) London, Murray, 1872, 12°, pp. vi, 236.—Published in 2000 copies at 5/.

—— (*Fourth Ed.*) Lond., Murray, 1888, 12°.—2000 copies at 2/6.

—— (*Fifth Ed.*) Lond., Murray, 1896, 12°.—2000 copies at 2/6.

The | ROMANY RYE ; | (*&c., &c.*)—New York : Harper & Brothers. | 1859. | Large 8°, pp. 141.

27. The Sleeping Bard; | or | Visions of the World, Death, and Hell, | by | Elis Wyn. | Translated from the Cambrian British | by | George Borrow, | (*&c.*, *&c.*)[1]

London: John Murray, Albemarle Street. | 1860. | 8°, pp. vii, 128.

Printed June 27, 1860, at Yarmouth, by James M. Denew, in 250 copies. Mr. Murray lent his *imprint*, but did not publish the work. Cost £15 16*s.* 8*d.*

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28. "The Welsh and their Literature." Article by George Borrow printed in the *Quarterly Review* for January, 1861, pp. 38–63—written as a paper on the *Sleeping Bard.*

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29. Wild Wales: | Its People, Language, | and Scenery. | By George Borrow, | author (*&c.*) |

> "Their Lord they shall praise,
> Their language they shall keep,
> Their land they shall lose,
> Except Wild Wales."
>
> Taliesin: *Destiny of the Britons.*

In Three Volumes.—Vol. I. [II. III.] | London: | John Murray, Albemarle Street. | 1862. | 3 vols. 8vo, pp. xi, 410 + vii, 413 + viii, 474.—Published in 1000 copies.

—— *Second Ed.* London, Murray, 1865, 12°, pp. xii, 347.—Published in 3000 copies at 6/.

—— *Third Ed.* London, Murray, 1888, 12°.—2000 copies at 2/6.

—— *Fourth Ed.* London, Murray, 1896, 12°.—1000 copies at 2/6.

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30. Once a Week. Vol. VI. 1862.

1. "Ballads of the Isle of Man. Translated from the Manx.

[1] *Gweledigaethau y Bardd Cwsg: yn cynnwys:* I. *Gweledigaeth Cwrs y Byd.* II. *Gweledigaeth Angeu.* III. *Gweledigaeth Uffern. Gan Ellis Wynn.* Caerfyrddin, 1811. 12 mo, pp. 87.

By George Borrow."—'Brown William.' (Jan. 4th, pp. 37–38.) 21 quatrains, commencing

"*Let no one in greatness too confident be.*"

2. *Id.* 'Mollie Charane' (pp. 38–39). 9 quatrains, commencing

"'*O, Mollie Charane, where got you your gold?*'"

3. "Russian Popular Tales. Translated from the Russian by George Borrow." In prose. 'Emelian the Fool.' (March 8th, pp. 289–294.)

4. "Russian Popular Tales. Translated from the Russian." (Signed) "George Borrow." In prose. 'The Story of Yvashka with the Bear's Ear.' (May 17th, pp. 572–574.)

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31. Once a Week. Vol. VII. 1862.

1. "Harald Harfagr.—A Discourse between a Valkyrie and a Raven about Harald Harfagr, King of Norway, his Wars, his Wives, his Court, and his Company.—Translated from the Ancient Norse." (Signed) "George Borrow." (Aug. 2nd, pp. 152–155.) With an introduction and 172 lines of verse, commencing

"*Ye men wearing bracelets.*"

2. "Russian Popular Tales. Translated from the Russian by George Borrow." In prose. 'The Story of Tim.' (Oct. 4th, pp. 405–406.)

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32. Once a Week. VIII. 1863.

1. "The Count of Vendel's Daughter. From the Ancient Danish." (Signed) "Geo. Borrow." (Jan. 3d, pp. 35–36.) 26 quatrains.

2. "The Hail-Storm; or, the Death of Bui. Translated from the Ancient Norse." (Signed) "George Borrow." (Dec. 12th, p. 686.) 84 lines, commencing

"*All eager to sail.*"

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33. Gypsy St. Luke for Bible Society, 1872. See **21.**

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34. *ROMANO LAVO-LIL:* | Word-Book of the Romany; | or, English Gypsy Language. | With many pieces in Gypsy, illustrative of the way of | speaking and thinking of the English Gypsies; | With specimens of their poetry,

and an account of certain gypsyries | or places inhabited by them, and of various things | relating to Gypsy life in England. | By George Borrow, | author (*&c.*, *&c.*).

"Can you rokra Romany?
Can you play the bosh?
Can you jal adrey the staripen?
Can you chin the cost?" (*etc.*, *etc.*)

London: | John Murray, Albemarle Street. | 1874. | 8vo, pp. viii, 331. | Published in 1000 copies.

SUPPLEMENT.

Messrs. Jarrold and Sons of Norwich reprinted Borrow's *Targum* some years ago in 250 copies, and issued the following translations by him for the first time—

THE TURKISH JESTER; or, the Pleasantries of Cogia Nasr Eddin Effendi. Translated from the Turkish, by George Borrow. Ipswich, 1884, 8vo.[1]

THE DEATH OF BALDER. Translated from the Danish of Evald, by George Borrow. Norwich, 1892, 8°.

(*Reprint.*)

TARGUM; or, Metrical Translations from Thirty Languages and Dialects. Post 8vo. Cloth, 7/6.

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2. *MANUSCRIPTS.*

1. BOOK OF TRANSLATIONS—from Welsh, Danish, Arabic, etc., from 1820 to 1830. 8vo, pp. 300.
2. Mrs. Thomas Borrow's Account Book from 1824 to 1845—with important entries by George. 4to, bds.
3. THE DEATH OF BALDER translated from the Danish of Evald by George Borrow. 1830. 4to, pp. 97.—*Later copy by Mrs. B.*
4. "THE SLEEPING BARD. Or Visions of the World, Death, and Hell. By Ellis Wynn. Translated from the Cambrian British by George Borrow." Folio, pp. 74. 1830.—With emendations of 1857–8.

[1] The original title of this Turkish Jest Book, of the edition of 1834, is:—*Menâkibi Nâsir-Ed-Din Khojah*. Constantinople, A.H. 1249. It is reviewed in the *Athenæum* for December 27th, 1834, pp. 934–936.

5. Moorish Vocabulary. Tangiers. Augt. 1839. pp. 74, 18mo.

EXTRACTS TO ILLUSTRATE THE *BIBLE IN SPAIN*, &c.

(*The figures indicate the page of the Vocabulary.*)

Aoud, stallion, horse, 44.
Ashor, duty (ten %), 52, and al ashor, duties, 14.
Ayana, grasshopper (Fr. *hanneton*), 40.
Bahar and *bhar*, sea, 30.
Baraka, blessing, 59.
Barra, abroad, out, 61.
Bikra, virgin, 10.
Bint, bintz, binnitz, girl, 2, 10. See *María*.
Chali, shore, 55. See *Jorf*.
Crafs, *perra*, 36. Name of B.'s dog.
Dar, house, 13, 14, 23.
Darbushifal, *buena ventura*, 42.
Dar de daif, inn, *posada*, 13, 14, 23.
Dar de jennum, hell-house, 14.
Dar dwag, tannery, 50.
Dar senah, house of offices, 54.
Eblis, devil, 10, 49.
Garbi, West, 25. Algarbi, western; Mogreb, the West.
Gurseeān and guzzeah, *pita*, 46.
Habismilk, mustard, 72.
Haima (*khaïmeh*), tents, 58.
Haluf, pork, 26, and *Khaluf*, swine, 5.
Hamál and hmal, porter, 29.
Hanutz, shop, 45.
Herami, thieves, 29.
Hinai, here, 67.
Hna (*hona*), there, 23.
Huaige, huaïsh, things, 24, 32.
Inshallah (*in sha 'llah*), if God please, 16.
Jamah and jumah, church, 53.
Jennum and Djhinm, hell, 10, 14.
Jibil (jebel), mountain. Jibil bi'l-lunis, mt. of Ceuta, 28.
Johár, pearl (*aljófar*), 51.
Jorf del bhár, sea-shore, 30.
Kermous Indi, *chumbos* (*higos*), 44.
Kweer (*kebîr*), great, 13.
Mai cunshee, *no puede*, 52.
Mai dor shee, It does not signify, 62.
Makhasniah, *soldado*, 15.
Makhiah, *aguardiente*, 53.
Maraks (Marakash), Morocco.
Mareea bintz, bikra, 10.
María bint, Virgin Mary.
Mogarbi, Moor, 24.
Mushee, It is not, 65.
Rajil, 24; radjil, 8—man.
Reah, reat, riut, garden, 19, 25, 31.
Reah de noor, otto of roses, 25.
Riut de jinnah, garden of Paradise, 31.
Roakh, spirit, 10.
Sba al-kheir, good day, 21.
Shaitan, devil, 10.
Sharki, East, 35.
Sharra, witch, 23, pl. sharratz.
Shillam eidri, *mucho trabajo*, 58 (*Ejdri ?*)
Shrith and ishrith, to buy.
Soc de Barra, outer market.
Subbât, shoes, 64, and *sobat*, boots, 50.
Sweerah, Mogadore, 42.
Swîrî, of Mogadore.
Tafilaltz, Tafilet.
Timsah, crocodile, 8.
Waheed, one, a, 3.
Warda (wurd), rose, 12.
Wustiddar (*Wusti'l-dár*), court or patio, 53.
Youm, day, 11.
Youm al-Jumah, Friday, 11.

6. The Zincalis. Seville, 1839, f° & 4to.

1. *Sources in Latin and Spanish:* 8 pp. in 8vo., 36 pp. in folio.

2. *English Text of "Zincali,"* pp. 37 to end of Chap. I. (Vol. I.) Chapter 2nd entire; note to I. 72; Chap. V. pp. 80–86, and 88–94; pp. 107–123; pp. 125–127; pp. 219–237; pp. 276–345.

(Vol. II.) pp. 54–61; pp. 129–156. Pp. 24 additions to Ed. 1846.

3. *Gypsy Text of "Zincali."*

"Coplas de los Gitanos" (100—with English transl.) 26 pages folio.

El Brijindope, 1st and 2nd parts—with transl. pp. 30.

The Pestilence—with translation—4 pages.

The Lord's Prayer and 'Credo'—3 pages.

The 'Credo' in Rommanee—1 page.

Gypsy Poetry published in the Zincali and ined.—pp. 46.

4. *Vocabularies*, in folio and in 4to, pp. 208.

7. The Bible in Spain. 1841–2, 4to, and 8vo.

8. Article on Ford's Hand-Book. 1845.
Original Autograph in pp. 21, 4to.
Mrs. Borrow's Copy for printers, pp. 37 folio.
Printed Galleys, pp. 12, fol.

9. Lavengro. 1842–51.
Original Autograph in thick 4to.
Mrs. Borrow's Copy in folio.

10. Romany Rye. 1844–54.
Original Autograph in 4to.
Mrs. Borrow's Copy in folio.

11. Wild Wales. 1855–58.
Original Autograph in 4to.

12. Note Books of a Tour in Cornwall from Dec. 24th, 1853, to Feb. 6th, 1854. 2 vols., leather.

13. Note Books of a Tour in Wales from July 27th to Nov. 16th, 1854. 4 vols., leather.

14. Note Books of a Tour in the Isle of Man from Sept. 4th to Nov. 20th, 1855. 2 vols., leather.

15. Note Book of Tramps over Norfolk from April 28 to May 4 and July 28–31, 1856 ; also May 4–10, 1857. 1 vol., leather.

16. Note Book of Second Tour in Wales (Pembroke to Shropshire) from Aug. 23 to Oct. 1857. 1 vol., bds.

17. Note Book of a Tour in Scotland, the Orkneys and Shetland in Oct. and Dec., 1858. 1 large vol., leather.

18. Note Book of Tours around Belfast and the Scottish Borders from Stranraer to Berwick-upon-Tweed in July and August, 1866. 1 vol., leather.

19. Note Book of Tours in Western Wales in April, and Chichester, Portsmouth and New Forest in October, 1867. 1 vol., leather.

20. The Pleasantries of Cogia Nasr Eddin Efendi. Translated from the Turkish by George Borrow. 4to, pp. 71. 1854–5.

21. The Singular History of Count Julius Tanko. Translated from the Hungarian. [By George Borrow.] 4to, pp. 196.—1857–8.

The Title of his original was :

Grof | *Tanko Juliusnak* | *Különös Történetei* | *Miskólczon*, 1818, 8vo.

22. Buchedd Neu Hanes Gruffudd Ab Cynan. *O hên Lyvyr Sir Rich Gwynn OWydyr.* [Life or History of Griffith ap Cynan.] Sm. 8vo, pp. 46 — about 1855. In Welsh. Autog. of Geo. Borrow.

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23. Miscellanies. Vol. I. Sq. 12mo. cloth (1842–54).

Contents.

Original draft of *Lavengro.*—pp. 1–49.

"Song from the Hungarian Gypsy Language."—*W. W.*

III., 348 ; sm. ed. 308. *Life :* II. p. 238, *n.*

" *To the mountain the fowler has taken his way,*
There he doth eat and doth make himself gay
From the basket he slingeth his shoulder upon ;
Thou art the fowler so handsome of mien
Who often within the mountain art seen
Roving about with thy basket and gun."

Verses (7 pages), beginning

" *Old Homer, Grecian bard divine.*"—126 lines.

Isopel Berners (3 pages), beginning

" *My mind at present rather inclines.*"—*Life*, I. 107.

Verses from the Welsh (2 pages), beginning

" *Twice have I pledged my word to thee.*"—40 lines.

Portions of Appendix to *Romany Rye.*—7 pages.

" 22nd June, 1864." " Mande jaw'd to dic."—5 pages. *LL.* 155.

Portion of Appendix to *Romany Rye*—first draft.

" From Caedmon : The Creation of Eve."—7 pages, 130 lines.

Lists of Arabic and Turkish words.—7 pages.

Extracts from Olaus Wormius, ed. 1636.—7 pages.

Runic original, *id.* in Latin letters, and three translations (3 pages) of the verse commencing

" *Nine arts have I all noble.*"—*R. R.*, 203.

Extracts from Olaus Wormius.—2 pages.

Lavengro.—1 page.

Extracts from Olaus Wormius.—7 pages.

" Ode to Beinn Dorain. From the Gaelic of MacIntyre."—34 pages.

Hebrew Tales (apparently)—4 pages, commencing

" Rabbi Eliazar said : ' Repent one day before you die.' "

Copies of Italian poetry by various authors.—11 pages.

" April 3. Walked from Norwich over Mousehold to Yarmouth through Panxworth, South Walsham, Acle, Burgh and Caister. Wind blew very hard from the South. Saw a number of Gypsies' Carts and Tents on my right hand at the Eastern extremity of Mousehold."—1 page.

"Bear Song. From the Danish" (3 pages), commencing

"*The squirrel that's sporting.*"

"Numerals in Manx."—2 pages.

"Hungarian Gypsy Numerals."—"Transylvanian Gypsy."—"Russian Gypsy Words."—3 pages.

"The Rothenthurm Pass—the Pass by which I entered Wallachia—at about two leagues from Hermanstadt."—1 page.

Gypsy words and phrases.—2 pages.

"Billy Taylor: conversation with him.—Walks in the country—Thurtell—the Inn.—Parkinson the poet.—Taylor—Dinner—Bowring.—The bruisers.—Petulengro.—Radicalism.—Want of religion—strange views—discourse with my father.—The heath-ranters.—Father's death."—last page.

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24. Miscellanies. Vol. II. Small 8vo, 1/2 mor. (1848–1865).

"The Skull. From the Gaelic of Dugald Buchanan."—44 stanzas or 264 lines.—15 pages.

"Oct. 14, 1861. Saw the race at Brompton" [*vol. ii., p.* 203].—3 pages.

"Ode to Coire Cheathaich, or The Dingle of the Mist. From the Gaelic of MacIntrye," *Fragment.*—2 pages.

"The tawno foky." *LL* 130.

"His bitchenipenskie cheeros."—*LL.* 130.

"When yeck's tardad yeck's beti ten."—*LL.* 130.

"Prey Juliken yeckto Trydivvus."—*LL.* 132.

"Jinnes tu miro puro prala."—*LL.* 132.

"He jall'd on rokkring ta rokkring."—*LL.* 132.

"Yeckorus he penn'd to mande."—*LL.* 136.

"Does tute jin Rawnie Vardomescri?"—*LL.* 138.

"Does tute cam lati?"—*LL.* 142.

"Kek koskipen se to jal."—*LL.* 142.

"Mande will sollohaul."—*LL.* 142.

"If he had been bitcheno."—*LL.* 142.

"When he had kair'd the moripen."—*LL.* 144.

"Shoon the kosko rokkrapen."—*LL.* 144.

"Sau kisi foki has tute dukker'd to divvus?"—*LL.* 144.

"Sau bute luvvu did she del tute?"—*LL.* 144.
"Can tu rokkra Romanes?"—*LL.* 144.
"Coin se deya, coin se dado?"—*LL.* 13 and 174.
"Dui Romany Chals were bitcheney."—*LL.* 180.
"Romany Chalor—Anglo the wuddur."—*LL.* 325.
"Brittania mande shom."—*LL.* 242.
"Charlotta is my nav."—*LL.* 258.

"*Opré the rukh, adrey the wesh,*
Are chiricló and chiriclee;
Tuley the rukh, adrey the wesh,
Are pirenó and pirenee."

"As mande jaw'd to latch my maillors," etc.
"22nd June, 1864. Mande jaw'd to dick."—*LL.* 154.
"Romany Nevi Bersch Gillie."—37 pages.
Old Irish verses in the Irish character.—7 pages.
"Hymn. From the Manx."—2 pages.
"Song. From the Gypsy Language."—(*W. W.* III., 348; sm. ed., 308)—1 page.

"*The knight to the green wood has taken his way,*
The squirrels he shoots and the birds on the spray,
And he eats and he drinks when he lays down his gun.
Thou art the young nobleman's leman, I ween,
And rovest with him in the forest so green,
Bearing the basket thy shoulder upon."

"Prophecy. From the Irish."—1 page.
رباعیات حکیم عمر خیام (15 quatrains).—4 pages.

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25. Miscellanies. Vol. III. 4to, (1839–1855).

Contents.

1. Biografía de José Ripoll por Pascual Marin. Valencia, 1839, pp. 9. (In Spanish.)
2. Elegy of Hugh Morris on the Death of Barbara Middleton. Translated from the Welsh by George Borrow. 1849. Pages 11. (Autog. of G. B.)
3. "Gipsy Songs: Poisoning the Hog and the Rommany Lass."—pp. 8.

"To mande shoon ye Rommany Chals"—as in *R. R.*, I., 84–5.

"Penn'd the Rommany Chi ke laki Di."—*R. R.*, I., 86–7.
"As I was jawing to the gav yeck divvus."—*LL*, 182–3.
"Hungarian Gypsy Song:"—*W. W.*, III., 348. With it is another:—

> "*Drey o baro wesh cano,*
> *Odoy pivo ta khavo;*
> *Tu shan odoy miry piranee*
> . . . *oprey dumo.*"

4. Blue Beard translated into Turkish by G. B., 1855.—3 pp.

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26. Miscellanies. Vol. IV. (Mrs. Overton's MS. of George Borrow's Notes copied by me. Square 12 mo, pp. 126.)

Contents.

Autog. MS. of *Lavengro* (I., 238–258: ch. xix, xx.)—"Tugnis Amande."—"May Song. From the Danish."—Eng. Gypsy material.—Gypsy names of men and women.—Verses (apparently from the Danish).—"The Birds: a Moral Ditty."—Gyp. vocab. and verses.—"The Death of Bui."—Diary of Diving: 1850, 1851, 1852.—"Drabbing the Baulo."—"Lord's Prayer in Romany."—Gyp. vocab.—"Apostles' Creed."—Gyp. verses and phrases.—Verses.—"There's kekkeny Romany juva."—Gyp. names.—"Drabbing the Baulo" (in prose).—"Gyp. Song" (Ursula's).—"The Petulengres."—"Mang Prala."—"Romany Gillie."—Gyp. Vocab.—"The Song of Cædmon."—"Stanza from the Gaelic of MacDonald."—Gypsy and Gaelic. Dates: 1843, 1865, 1872.

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27. Miscellanies. Vol. V. 12 mo. (1854).
Rhanau y Corph (Parts of the Body), Welsh words.—2 pp.
Extracts from the Ven. Bede's Eccles. Hist.—26 pages.

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28. "Works by the author of the *Bible in Spain* ready for the Press."—13 pages. (Printed at the end of the *Romany Rye*.)

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Basque.	German.	Latin.	Spanish.
Chinese.	Greek.	Manchu.	Swedish.
Danish.	Gypsy.	Persian.	Turkish.
English.	Hebrew.	Portuguese.	Welsh.

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30. George Borrow's Letters, as stated in the Preface.

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31. The History of Blue Beard. Translated from the English into the Turkish language. By George Borrow. (*Lâjiverdî Sakâleh Târkhî Inglîz daldan lisan tûrkîyeh tarjomah ôlnân.*) 4°, ll. 12, sd. About 1856.—In the Turkish characters.

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32. Проповѣдь о нечестіи всего человѣческаго рода и объ осужденіи его на вѣчную смерть за грѣхи. (*Homily of the depravity of the whole human race and of their condemnation to eternal death on account of sin*).

Two Homilies of the Church of England translated into Russian by George Borrow. Autograph Original. Atlas folio, 12 pages. St. Petersb. 1835.

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33. Three Homilies on Christian Doctrine, translated into Manchu-Tartar by George Borrow. Autograph Original, largest folio, pp. 226. St. Petersb. 1835.

These two versions were to have been printed, but the Russian Government refused permission.

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34. The Langley Autograph MSS.[1]

Prose :—

Harry the Eighth and the Welsh Swordsman.

[1] Belonging to Professor S. P. Langley of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.

Henry the Eighth and the Pope.
Introduction to the Songs of Finland.
Finnish Arts.
The Blind Sculptor. From the Hungarian.
The Life of John Hunyadi (Hunyadi János).
The Story of the Frog and the Hero.
Brief Essay concerning the Isle of Man.
The Manx Language. A road conversation.
Harold Harfagr.
The Young Boxer. From the Persian.
Fables from the Persian.—9.
The Gaelic Highlands.
Lope de Vega's Ghost Story.
The Robber and the Sharper. From the Turkish.
The Story of Prince Peter.
An Account of Certain Marvellous Events.
An Adventure of poor Awleca Djelabi.
An Adventure with a Witch.
History of the Tudor Family.
Tale of the Piskeys. From oral tradition.
A Fairy Tale of the Isle of Man.
Irish Fairy Tale.

Verse :—

Songs of France (*La Marseillaise*).
Songs of the Moundeans or Gascons.—2.
Songs of Normandy.—2
Songs of the Troubadours.—4.
Songs of Italy.—10.
Songs of Spain and Portugal.—15.
Songs of Denmark.—17.
Songs of Sweden.—6.
Songs of the North (Norway and Iceland).—11.
Songs of England (Anglo-Saxon).—8.
Songs of Norfolk.—16.
Songs of Germany.—5.
Songs of Holland.—3.
Songs of Greece and Rome.—29.
Songs of Modern Greece (the Klephts).—20.

Songs of Cornwall. Tale from the Cornish.
Songs of the Isle of Man.—3.
Songs of the Gaelic Highlands.—11.
Songs of Wales.—9.
Songs of the Turks.—4.
Songs of Hungary.—2.
Songs of Russia.—13.
Songs of Poland.—5.
Songs of Finland.—3.
Songs of the Basques.—3.

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35. MSS. of Mr. John Murray.

1. "The North: Its Ancient Mythology and Heroes"—96 lines, beginning—

> "The pines yet nod over
> The Norroway steeps,
> And the tall head of Dovre
> The snow-crown yet keeps," etc.

2. "The Sword."—7 quatrains, 28 lines:—

> "Full twenty fights my father saw," etc.

3. "Song as if made by one girl to another. From the Gaelic of MacIntyre. See Orain Ghaidhealach, i., p. 90."—7 quatrains, 28 lines, commencing—

> "The Lassie of Rannach 's brought sorrow my soul on."

4. "The Expedition of King Diderik's Warriors to Berting's Land. From the Old Danish."—52 quatrains, 208 lines—

> "The King he o'er the Castle rules."

5. Seventy autograph Letters of George Borrow to Mr. Murray.

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36. Borrow MSS. in the British Museum.

1. "Bohemian Grammar" [*česka řeč*] Autograph of about 1827–8. Folios 17, mem. book size (34, 183).

2. "Vocabulary of the Gypsy Language as spoken in Hungary and Transylvania, Compiled during an intercourse of some months with the Gypsies of those parts, in the year 1844. By George Borrow." 4°, ff. 1–21.—With other Gypsy matter, a Grammar and Vocabularies, apparently part of the originals of the *Romanó Lavo-Lil.* Folios 22–54 (34, 201).

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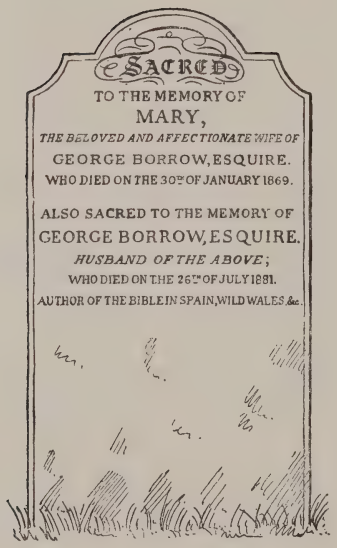
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